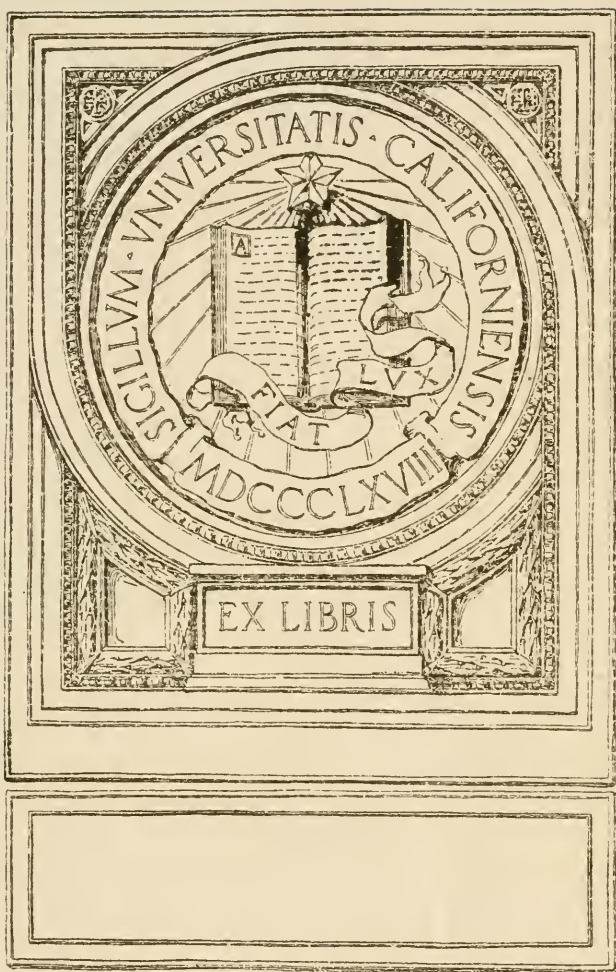


# SICILY & ENGLAND











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# SICILY AND ENGLAND









GARIBALDI AND KING VICTOR EMANUEL.

*First meeting on the Battle Field near Torno in 1860.*



# SICILY & ENGLAND

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL  
REMINISCENCES

1848-1870

BY

TINA WHITAKER

(*Née* SCALIA)

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

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TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE  
COUNCIL OF THE  
ROYAL SOCIETY

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.  
At the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

*In Memoriam*





## P R E F A C E

IN writing these memoirs I have not had the least pretension of giving a history of Italy's great struggles for independence—struggles which finally led to her freedom and unity. Those who would wish to follow this movement in its entirety cannot do better than read Bolton King's "History of the Italian Unity." No publication, even in Italian, can equal its concise and careful detail, and if a little undue importance is at times given to a few of the numerous works the conscientious author has consulted, this does not affect the impartial *resumé* of the events which led to the creation of the Unity, which he lays before the reader. Should the reader wish for a general *aperçu* of Italian history working up to this period, from the fall of the Roman Empire, through the Middle Ages, and up to the close of the nineteenth century, he will find it in Henry Sidgwick's "Short History of Italy." Clear and concise, with charming touches of humour and pathos, it not only describes the political vicissitudes of Italy, but gives us an insight into the progress of her arts and sciences, and possesses an individuality which its modest

title does not lead one to expect, and which one so often finds lacking in this class of book.

My reminiscences are only disconnected memories which, though carefully authenticated, have no literary pretensions, nor, as I have said, do they purport to give a continuous history of those times. They were not originally intended for the critical eye of the public, but merely for my daughters and a few intimate friends. These latter, however, have urged me to publish them, and I trust that, in yielding to their suggestion, I may be forgiven the presumption of writing in a language that is not my own. I have written in English, as these memoirs deal chiefly with the English friends of the Sicilian exiles, and the leading idea of my work, as will be seen, is to point out the many connecting links that have existed for centuries between England and Sicily.

For the Historical Introduction I have consulted many authorities upon the different periods, and have found special help in the *Storie Siciliane*, a work most carefully and conscientiously compiled from existing documents by my father's cousin, Isidoro la Lumia.

In the concluding chapter on Modern Italy my remarks on the value of the English hierarchy of the nobles, and on the importance of an hereditary peerage, come at an interesting moment. They were written before the present conflict



between the House of Lords and the House of Commons took place, and before the agitation in favour of reducing the powers of the Upper House had arisen. I may mention that I have consulted several eminent political men in Italy with regard to the facts in this chapter.

My warmest acknowledgments are due to Lord and Lady Amherst for their permission to use the letters of the first Lord Amherst, the ambassador of George III. to Ferdinand I. of Naples. These letters are of the highest historical importance, since they prove that Lord Amherst was not removed from his post—a statement that has been made by every historian of the period, English, Italian, and French; this in its turn removes the generally accepted idea of the attitude of Great Britain towards the Neapolitan Court at that difficult period in European history. Lord Amherst prepared the way for England's energetic policy under Lord William Bentinck, and returned to England at the time he himself had fixed when he accepted the appointment.

I have also to thank the Duchess of St. Albans, Lord Mount Edgecumbe, Lord St. Levan, Mr. Alexander Yorke, Lord Sanderson, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Baron Bordonaro, and, most especially, Mr. Frank Hird, for the help they have given me.



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THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN GARIBALDI AND  
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THE LAST MEETING BETWEEN GARIBALDI AND  
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OF THE QUIRINAL AT ROME . . . *To face page 291*

Both these pictures were painted for General de Medici ; they are now at the Castello della Mandria, near Turin, and are the property of a nephew of the General.





# SICILY AND ENGLAND

## HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

IN order that my readers may realise more clearly the condition of Sicily at the time of the revolution of 1848, as well as the many links which bound the island to England, I have thought it advisable to preface these reminiscences of my family by a sketch of the political events which produced the several risings against the Bourbons and culminated in the insurrection of 1848, when so many of our patriots were driven into exile after maintaining their island's independence for a year and a half against the power of Naples.

Before doing this, however, it will be well to glance at the earlier history of Sicily, and to remind my readers that the island was made a representative kingdom much about the same time as England, and by the same adventurous race that swept away the Anglo-Saxon dynasty. William the Conqueror conquered an island where civilisation was only beginning to dawn: when Count Roger made himself master of Sicily he found the laws, the culture, and magnificence of the Moors, which he wisely left

undisturbed. The reign of Count Roger and that of his son, who was crowned king and called Roger II., were the most brilliant in the history of the island, the fusion of the best elements of the two races placing Sicily in the vanguard of the nations. In art, in craftsmanship, and in science she led the way, and Palermo, with its five hundred mosques, its gorgeous palaces and gardens, its two ports, and its three separate colonies of Greeks, Moors, and Romans, living in different parts of the city and each speaking their own language, was only second in importance to Constantinople and Bagdad. Of the nine kings then reigning in Europe only two possessed vaster territory than the King of Sicily—the kings of England and of France; and although the two emperors—one the Holy Roman, the other the Emperor of the East—both proclaimed their rights to the island and its wealthy provinces on the mainland, the Normans continued to reign supreme, and to uphold the banner of their glorious sovereignty. During this period there were many connecting links with England. Stubbs, in his “Constitutional History of England,” attributes the organisation of the Sicilian treasury on English lines to one Thomas Brown, an Englishman who stayed for some time at the court of King Roger and was afterwards in the service of Henry II. of England. Michele Amari, however, a great authority, believes that Brown came to Palermo to learn, not to teach, and this seems more probable considering the advanced civilisation

already found established by the Normans, who had adopted or adapted many of the Moorish customs and laws as well as assimilating Moorish art.

At the death of King Roger II. the throne passed to his son William I., called "the Bad." The latter, dying in 1166, only left a young boy to succeed him, who, being a minor, was placed under the regency of his mother Margaret, daughter of the King of Navarre, and three of the leading men of the realm, one of whom was an Englishman (although of Norman origin), Richard Palmer, Bishop of Syracuse, afterwards Archbishop of Messina. Palmer was an energetic ecclesiastic, and, although continually intrigued against by his enemies, succeeded not only in withstanding them but also in gaining a dominant share of the power of the regency. It is not improbable that it was at Palmer's instigation that the Anglo-Saxon, Walter of the Mill, came to Sicily, and was appointed tutor to the young king. The origin of this singular individual was never known. Gualtiero Offamilio was the Sicilian rendering of his name. Mario Arezzo made him out to be of royal birth, but this could scarcely have been the case, as Peter of Blois congratulated him later on upon his rapid rise to celebrity from "such a humble origin." However, as early as 1167 he figures in the chronicles as an elder of the clergy of Girgenti and Canon of the Royal Chapel of Palermo. Shortly afterwards he was made Archbishop of Palermo; and the exquisite Mauro-Norman architecture of the cathedral



is due to him. It was about this time that Thomas à Becket found a warm supporter in Stefano, a man likewise supposed to be of royal birth, who had settled at the court of the Regent Margaret, and had been made Lord Chief Chancellor and loaded with honours. Stefano took up à Becket's cause warmly, and in the name of the young King William urged his suit with Pope Alexander III. against the King of England. Hospitality was offered to and accepted by à Becket for his persecuted family and retainers, who came to Sicily and received every kindness and attention.<sup>1</sup> Richard Palmer was at first eager in à Becket's support, but afterwards abandoned it, hoping thereby to ingratiate himself with the English court, and so gain the bishopric of Lincoln, which he coveted. Stefano, and the historian Peter of Blois, both eventually fell into disgrace at Palermo; but the latter ended his career brilliantly in England at the court of Henry II., ultimately becoming Deacon of Chester and Archdeacon of London.

The end of the regency, and the assumption of the regal power by William II., or William the Good, as he was called, was marked by a terrible earthquake which shook the whole island (1170). The king's words of encouragement, on this occasion, to the women and pages in his palace, for the most part Moslems, were remarkable for so young a man. "Let each one of you pray to the God he adores.

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Thomas à Becket exist in which he thanks Margaret, Stefano, and Richard Palmer for their kindness.

He who has faith in his God will have peace in his heart." Walter of the Mill (Gualtiero Offamilio) had a pupil worthy of the devotion and care he lavished upon him. Handsome, highly intelligent, studious, and courageous, the gods had showered all their gifts upon the young monarch. Writing of William II., fifty years after his death, Riccardo da San Germanio says he was "without comparison in the world; magnanimous in all his dealings, adorned by grace and beauty, courageous and wise, all powerful, an example to kings, a shining light to the Romans, the pride of his cavaliers, the hope of his friends, the terror of his enemies, the life of his subjects, the prop of the poor, the staff of the pilgrim, and the comfort of the suffering."

After many complications a marriage was arranged between William and Joan, daughter of Henry II. of England, and a deputation, with the Bishop of Norwich and the Archdeacon of Rochester at its head, was despatched to Sicily bearing the assent of the English Parliament, which had been voted unanimously. Richard Palmer, with a train of Sicilian nobles, went to England to fetch the bride, and she and William were married on the 13th February 1177 in the Royal Chapel at Palermo. That exquisite gem of Arabo-Sicilian mosaic work was then much as we see it now. The figure of Our Saviour in the semi-domed apse above the high altar, the hand raised in silent blessing, which in these days looks down upon the unheeding modern

tourist who, Baedeker in hand, hurries through the sights between arrival by train and departure by steamer, is the same beneath which the young English bride stood to be married to the unknown bridegroom with whom she was to live in a strange land and among a strange people; and to whom she had come after a perilous journey, now by sea, now by litter, then again by water, and at last through Sicily on horseback. The union was not blessed with children, and soon after William's death Queen Joan was sent back to her father, the King of England, who had demanded her return, together with her dowry. At one time her marriage with Malek-Adel, brother of Saladin, was seriously contemplated by the Plantagenet court, the political reason for this being the proposed creation of a kingdom of Jerusalem, with Malek-Adel and Joan as king and queen, under the ægis of England. Joan, however, finally married Raymond IV., Count of Toulouse, and died most unhappily at Rouen in 1200. If children had been born to William and Joan the subsequent history of Sicily would have been entirely changed. With England to uphold her the island would have continued to be one of the most influential powers in the Mediterranean, instead of being absorbed, as was ultimately the case, into the possessions of a northern monarch. Failing issue of his own, William's heir was his aunt, Constance, daughter of King Roger, and in 1186 he arranged a marriage between her and Henry, son of



Frederick Barbarossa, the great emperor. This alliance, however, was not popular with the Sicilian barons, who felt that Sicily would thus be absorbed into the possessions of the powerful northern dynasty and lose its independence. For this reason the Sicilian Parliament offered the crown to Tancred, the illegitimate grandson of King Roger. It was during his short reign that Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip, King of France, met at Messina in 1190, on their way to the Crusades. The two kings remained at Messina for nearly six months, and it was just before his departure for the Holy Land that Richard received his bride, Berengaria of Navarre, from the hands of his mother.

Tancred died in 1193, and Constance and Henry then found it an easy matter to conquer this part of the inheritance left them by William. Their reign however, was one of cruelty, slaughter, and civil war. The death of Henry in 1197 was welcomed as a blessing. Constance died a year later, and, by the accession of their son Frederick to the throne, Sicily passed to the Hohenstaufens, Frederick being not only Sovereign of Germany, but also King of Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Apulia, Burgundy, and Jerusalem.

Frederick was born and bred in Palermo. Besides being the sovereign of Sicily he was the largest landed proprietor in the island, and took a keen interest in his herds of cattle.<sup>1</sup> In the latter part of

<sup>1</sup> *Le finanze e la Corte di Federico 2ndo. di Svevia*, by Professor Paolucci.

his reign, however, he drained the finances of the fertile land of his birth by excessive taxation in order to pay for his ambitious attempts to increase his empire on the mainland. He was accused by his enemies of strong leanings towards Mohammedanism, which were supposed to have been fostered by his early life in Sicily, where, as I have said, Moorish customs were still very prevalent. This great monarch was of little service to his native island, and died in Apulia in 1250. He lies in the cathedral at Palermo, where his tomb is the only monument of his reign which now exists.

Frederick had four wives. The first was Constance of Aragon, by whom he had a son who died in 1235. Secondly he married Iolanthe, heiress to the crown of Jerusalem; by her he had a son, Conrad. His third wife was English—Isabella, the sister of Henry III. She was married to Frederick in Germany and never visited Sicily. She died at the birth of her son Henry, who was taken to Palermo by his father in 1249. Five years later the boy died whilst on a visit to his half-brother, Conrad, at Melsi. Conrad had been proclaimed emperor at his father's death, and by many writers of the time it was supposed that he had made away with his brother, fearing that Henry would be given the crown of Sicily. This, however, may have only been a report spread by the Guelfs to throw discredit on Conrad. At

all events the boy's death broke another precious link with England. Frederick's English brother-in-law, Henry, had supported him in his Ghibelline sentiments, and had this nephew lived and reigned as King of Sicily, English influence might have affected the future history of the island.

Conrad did not long survive his half-brother, and at his death his son, Corradino, was placed under the regency of Manfred, the legitimatised natural son of Frederick by his fourth wife, Beatrice Lancia, to whom he was married on his deathbed. Manfred, however, seized the throne for himself, and was eventually crowned King of Sicily and Calabria, successfully maintaining the independence of the island against the Guelfs.

But this independence did not suit the policy of the Vatican, and in the memorable year of 1265, which saw the birth of the great patriot poet, Dante Alighieri, Pope Urban IV., after first offering the throne to the King of England, who refused it, invited Charles of Anjou to Rome, and there crowned him King of Sicily and Apulia. Manfred fought heroically, but was defeated and killed at Benevento; Corradino tried to regain his throne, but was taken prisoner and beheaded at Naples in 1268.

Charles of Anjou was detested in Sicily, and the Angevin dominion became so insupportable that the islanders rose and practically annihilated their oppressors in the great revolution which was known

as the Sicilian Vespers (1282), of which Dante wrote in the eighth canto of his *Paradiso*—

“Se mala Signoria che sempre accuora  
Li popoli soggetti no avesse  
Mosso Palermo a gridar : Mora ! Mora !”

Sicily now offered her crown to a branch of the House of Aragon which was descended, through the female line, from her beloved Norman sovereigns, and for nearly twenty years successfully resisted the repeated attempts of the Angevins to regain their lost dominion. During the fourteenth century Sicily was governed by the successors of her elected king, but in the fifteenth century this family became extinct, and Alfonso, King of Aragon, as next-of-kin, claimed the Sicilian throne as his heritage. After some hesitation the islanders accepted the situation on the condition that, although united to Spain, she should retain her independence, her constitution, and a separate Parliament. This was the first time she had come under the dominance of Naples, for Alfonso was also king of that country as well as of Aragon; he reigned over Sicily for sixteen years. Early in the sixteenth century, when Ferdinand the Catholic wore the crown of Naples as well as of Spain, Sicily once more became part of the Neapolitan kingdom for about ten years; but these were the only two occasions before 1735.

Under the Spanish dominion Sicily rapidly



declined : her wealth, refinement, and culture became history ; her international commerce ceased to exist, her industries were entirely destroyed ; agriculture was so neglected that the former granary of the Roman Empire could scarcely support her rapidly diminishing population, which, at the close of the fifteenth century, and at the moment of Italy's great Renaissance, scarcely numbered more than half a million souls. Entire forests were ruthlessly cut down to supply the needs of Spain and Naples, with the result that the climate was materially affected, and the rainfall being lessened, there was no water for irrigation, consequently large areas of land fell out of cultivation every year. Notwithstanding her increasing poverty and distress, Sicily still held her head high in pride and independence. Through all her vicissitudes she had preserved her free institutions, her Parliament and her flag—blessed remnants of her brilliant past. What matter if she gained no real benefits from Spain, so long as she could still vaunt the empty glory of ranking amongst the great nations of Europe, and take precedence over Poland, Hungary, and Venice ? The Sicilians had given themselves of their own freewill to Spain ; they had not been conquered. And in these empty words Sicily found cause for pride. When Tripoli, seized by Spain, was given to Sicily as a dependent State, she was flattered by the compliment to her vanity, utterly disregarding the fact that, as she was given no power over Tripoli, the gift was valueless.

Although his creator<sup>1</sup> was not then born, the countrymen of Don Quixote had already introduced him to the island in fullest panoply and accoutrement of war! And cajoled, trifled with, and satisfied with the assertion of rights and an independence which existed only in the words in which they were written, Sicily remained for four centuries and a half as a portion of the great Spanish Empire.

In 1700 Charles II. of Spain, dying without a direct heir, named the second son of the Dauphin of France, who had a claim to the Spanish throne by descent through the female line, as his successor. The Austrian imperial family possessed an equal right, but Charles passed it over in favour of the French Bourbons. His choice being recognised by the Spaniards and accepted by the Sicilians, the French prince ascended the throne as Philip V. In 1713, however, the long suzerainty of Spain came to an end, and Sicily was ceded to Vittorio Amedeo, the Duke of Savoy. This prince had married in 1684 Anne, the daughter of Philip of Orleans (brother of Louis XIV.) and of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I. of England, and consequently, through his wife, was cousin to Queen Anne of England.

It was the object of the latter country to prevent France, Austria, or Spain from having a preponderance of influence in the Mediterranean, and this family connection undoubtedly was used by

<sup>1</sup> Cervantes was born in 1547.

England in her diplomatic *pourparlers* which closed the War of the Spanish Succession. As early as July 1712 a despatch of Lord Bolingbroke to the Marquis de Torcy, Minister of Foreign Affairs to Louis XIV., made the cession of Sicily to Vittorio Amedeo a *sine quâ non* to an understanding. At first Vittorio Amedeo hesitated to accept the sovereignty of the island because of the difficulties of governing possessions so far apart as Savoy and Sicily. His ambitions were fixed upon Lombardy, which would have made his kingdom more compact; but finally he gave way, and accepted the island when it was offered to him by the Treaty of Utrecht. He, in common with all the members of his house, both predecessors and successors, was a true soldier; he was considered also to be a subtle diplomatist, and a worthy disciple of the author of *Il Principe*. He gave his small kingdom a prestige it had never reached before, and as Macaulay says of him, "No sovereign in modern Europe had with so small a principality exercised so great an influence during so long a period." The treaty was ratified in the presence of the duke himself, the Bishop of Bristol and Lord Strafford acting as witnesses. Thus England played a great part in this change in Sicilian affairs, as she also did in the general settlement of politics in Europe at that period.

Philip, obliged to renounce his rights over Sicily, tried to save his dignity by saying that the idea



of the cession of the island to Vittorio Amedeo had been first mooted by the Queen of England, and that he acceded to her wishes on the condition that the liberties and independence of the islanders should be preserved; later he wrote that in surrendering Sicily he gave up the most beautiful jewel of his crown. The Sicilians, flattered by the thought that their new sovereign would come to live amongst them and restore Palermo to its pristine magnificence, showed no regret at the change. Despite the long Spanish dominion there were no ties of affection between that country and the Sicilians; indeed many of the Spaniards who had come to the island—and that these were numerous is proved by the still existing surnames and titles of the nobility—identified themselves with the Sicilian spirit, and soon forgot their mother-country. Many of the present noble houses in Sicily were founded by Spaniards, who, instead of colonising the island, as naturally would have been expected, became more Sicilian than the Sicilians themselves. A deputation of nobles was sent to congratulate Vittorio Amedeo, and to acknowledge him as King of Sicily; and a little later his Majesty and the queen, and the young Prince Tommaso (cousin of Vittorio Amedeo), with a suite of 850 people, besides bodyguards and a full staff amounting to 6000, were brought by an English fleet, under command of Admiral Jennings, from Villefranche to Palermo with great pomp and ceremony. Vittorio Amedeo was crowned

on the 24th December 1713 amidst the wildest rejoicings, Queen Anne sending as her ambassador and representative Lord Peterborough, so famous for his indomitable courage and feats of valour, and who, having three times lost his fortune, built it up again as often.

The reign of Vittorio Amedeo was not, however, as successful as might have been augured from the wild enthusiasm of the Sicilians upon his election. At the outset he offended their susceptibility by trying to introduce the austere manners and customs of Piedmont, and by giving important posts in the Government and about the court to his own personal followers. The Sicilians, whose greatest boast was that they had preserved their nationality after the four centuries and a half of Spanish suzerainty, were the last people in the world who could be expected to merge their identity into that of a northern kingdom. The king's life was also Spartan in its simplicity; there were no pageants and public festivals, to which the populace had become accustomed under the Spanish viceroys, and the people came to regard their sovereign as being both mean and miserly. Notwithstanding their disappointment, their national pride was flattered by the fact that Sicily once more possessed a sovereign of her own, and they at least hoped that Vittorio Amedeo would continue to live in the island. But after a year's residence, during which time he was most active in his efforts to introduce necessary reforms into legis-

lature and the Government—reforms the islanders did not understand or appreciate—Vittorio Amedeo returned to Turin, not even appointing a royal prince to represent him, but an able administrator, the Marchese Maffei.

England's interest in Vittorio Amedeo waned after the death of Queen Anne (1714), and the English fleet which had safeguarded and upheld his power in Sicily was withdrawn. This circumstance was no doubt partly the cause of Vittorio Amedeo's departure from the island. He did everything in his power to keep the friendship of England; sending an ambassador to George I. at Hanover in 1716 to make obeisance in his name, and to point out the importance of his tenure of the Sicilian throne being continued. But it was all to no purpose, and the island was left to its own resources. Philip thought this a propitious moment to send a fleet to seize his lost "jewel." Maffei was unable to withstand the Spanish invasion, and hurriedly left Palermo for the interior. This reassumption of the Spanish occupation in Sicily, however, did not suit England's policy, and she sent a fleet under the command of Admiral Byng, who defeated and routed the Spanish naval forces. At the same time Austria sent troops to occupy some of the Sicilian forts. England then made overtures to Vittorio Amedeo to reinstate him on the Sicilian throne, but it was too late; he would not listen, and finally a treaty was signed in London (1720) by which Sardinia was given to Savoy in

exchange for Sicily, which passed to the Austrians under Charles VI. Vittorio Amedeo in vain protested for some further compensation in Lombardy, but eventually accepted the barter.

Sicily welcomed the change, for, two years of uncertainty and struggle, with her forts occupied by Spain, Austria, and England, made her desirous of a sure and settled government, and for fourteen years she enjoyed the rule of Austria in peace and quietude.

In 1734, however, the Spanish Bourbons, under Charles, son of Philip, Duke of Parma, after defeating the Austrians at Bitonto, made an easy conquest of both Naples and Sicily, and they were thus united for the third time under one rule. Charles III. was a just and conscientious sovereign, and for the next twenty-five years Sicily enjoyed her former rights and privileges, her self-government, and her own administration.

By the peace of Vienna, Naples and Sicily had been settled upon Charles on the understanding that they should remain for ever separated from Spain. On the death of his half-brother, Ferdinand VI. of Spain, in 1759, Charles succeeded to the throne of that country. His eldest son, Don Philip, was an imbecile; his second son, therefore, became heir to the Spanish succession; and being obliged by the treaty to relinquish the crown of Naples and Sicily, Charles bestowed it upon his third son, Ferdinand. His last act before leaving Naples for Spain was to



invest Ferdinand with his sovereignty. Delivering the sword of state to his son, he said, "Louis XIV., King of France, gave this sword to Philip V., your grandfather. I received it from him, and now resign it to you, that you may use it for the defence of your religion and your subjects." This sword, which Ferdinand used more often against his subjects than in their defence, was subsequently presented by him to Lord Nelson.

Ferdinand was too young to govern, and Charles left him under a regency, at the head of which was Bernardo Tannucci, who had sole charge of the boy-king during his long minority, and who, although an able administrator, neglected his duties towards Ferdinand so completely that he grew up in the most idle and dissolute surroundings. Under the regency the affairs of the State cannot be said to have prospered, and in one of the publications of the Navy Records Society we find the following statement regarding it: "The Neapolitan Bourbon State was in fact a partnership of the Crown, the Church, and the mob, for the exploitation of the intellectual and commercial sections of the community. Add to this a rigorous suppression of all progressive thought and action among all classes, and the system is complete."<sup>1</sup>

Ferdinand himself with cynical brutality described his theory of government in the three words, "Festa,

<sup>1</sup> "Nelson and the Neapolitan Jacobins." Publications of the Navy Records Society, vol. xx.

forca, e farina," which may be freely translated as follows: "Feasting, the gallows, and grist to the mill"—the mill presumably being the State.

During this period Sicily, however, lived a life of her own, utterly apart from all European concerns. It was a period of relief and inaction after the painful and agitated years she had passed through under the latter part of the rule of Vittorio Amadeo. Palermo society became most brilliant, and enjoyed a Carnival which was in no way inferior to those of Venice and of Rome. But the great international events which were taking place in the outer world did not affect her; the complications between France and England, even the great War of American Independence, made no impression and excited no interest in an island that formerly had bled for her freedom. Beneath the glamour and brilliance of the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., which, like the rest of the world, she did her best to imitate, Sicily did not perceive that revolution in France was slowly but surely growing to bursting-point. She lived solely in a world of pleasure. The *villeggiatura* at the Colli, and especially at Bagheria, where some idea of the grandeur of those days may still be gauged by the few remaining palaces and villas, were the limits of the interests of the noble Palermitans of the time—and beyond the nobles and the capital the rest of the island counted for little. Voltaire and Rousseau were read, certainly, but only, as the great Sicilian poet Meli said, by the fair ladies

of fashion and their cavaliers, under shady trees, as a pastime made modish in Paris. Their deeper meanings, and their warnings against the frivolity of the moment, passed unperceived.

It was at this time of peace and gaiety (1770) that the Englishman Brydone made his tour in Sicily, which he described so charmingly, and with so much humour, in a series of letters to his friend William Beckford, the author of "Vathek." These letters had so much success that in a few years they ran through three editions. The letters from Palermo give delightful pictures of the society of that day, but what he says of the Government shows that beneath all the splendour and frivolity there was a serious under-current. "I feel most sincerely for the Sicilians, who I think are possessed of most admirable qualities. But the spirit of any nation must sink under an oppressive and tyrannical Government."

The Neapolitan viceroy, Caracciolo, on his arrival in Palermo in 1781, fresh from his prolonged stay as Neapolitan ambassador in Paris, where he had been the friend of Madame Geoffrin, d'Alembert, and the gay spirits who formed that little *coterie*, brought with him the latest fashions from France, and increased the merry *insouciance* which was the characteristic of Palermitan society. But he also brought the first breath of liberal ideas, and in 1782 struck a blow against the worst instrument of the Neapolitan tyranny by abolishing the In-



quisition. In a letter to d'Alembert describing the ceremony which confirmed the abolition he says, "To tell the truth, my dear friend, I was quite overcome, and shed tears. It is the sole and only time that I have actually thanked Heaven that I was removed from Paris to serve as an instrument for the carrying out of this great piece of work." Brydone says that the Inquisition was more a name than a fact during the last years of its existence in Sicily, but a stranger would not have the same facilities for learning the truth as the native writers, and their descriptions, as well as those of foreign writers, of the work of that terrible institution in Southern Italy and Sicily in no way bear out Brydone's statement.<sup>1</sup> Caracciolo had been Neapolitan ambassador in London before going to Paris, to which latter city he lost his heart, and was always inconsolable because he had been obliged to leave it. Marmontel describes him and his compatriot, the famous Abbé Galliani, as having "*de l'esprit jusqu'au bout des ongles.*" Caracciolo undoubtedly gave an impulse to the fires that were already beginning to smoulder beneath the gay surface of Palermitan life, but it was not until 1794 that the Sicilian barons ventured to complain of injustices and hardships

<sup>1</sup> For a description of the work of that body read "History of the Inquisition," by Mr. Baker, M.A., 1736, "from the origin of it in the year 1163 to its present state. Illustrated with many curious cases of unhappy persons imprisoned in that Holy (alias Diabolical) Office."

in Parliament, and to demand fuller meed of national liberty—complaints and demands that were hopeless under the rule of Ferdinand.

In 1768 Ferdinand, a year after he had attained his majority, had married Maria Carolina, a girl of sixteen, and daughter of the famous Empress Maria Theresa. By a curious clause in the marriage settlement it was arranged that the queen was to be admitted to the Council of State on an equal footing with her husband when she gave birth to an heir to the throne. This event did not happen until 1775, but as soon as the heir was born Maria Carolina promptly seized the reins of government. Her husband, although a man of splendid physique, and said to be the finest shot and rider in his kingdom, was of the most weak and vacillating character. He very quickly fell under the domination of his wife, and so much did he dislike the direction of public affairs and the duties of his position that he gladly yielded her all authority. When urged by his Ministers to occupy himself with any State business he would say, "*Ma femme sait tout,*" and go out hunting.

Beckford, in his letters from Italy, gives the following description of the king in 1780: "Give him a boar to stab and a pigeon to shoot at, a battledore or an angling rod, and he is better contented than Solomon in all his glory, and will never discover, like that sapient sovereign, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

“Caroline,” says the author of “Nelson and the Neapolitan Jacobins,” “was, beyond a doubt, a woman of great ability and considerable culture. She spoke Italian, German, French, and Spanish fluently, although very faultily, and had a passable literary knowledge of these languages. Her industry was, for a luxurious and pleasure-loving woman, most astounding; and she was not altogether devoid of diplomatic finesse. Her courage and determination in the face of overwhelming odds were her most conspicuous virtues. Even Napoleon, one of her greatest enemies, who went so far as to describe her as ‘the incarnation of wickedness,’ was obliged to admit this. ‘C’est le seul homme,’ he said, ‘de son royaume.’ Unfortunately she was never able to control her passions, and was too prone to act on sudden impulses. She was cruel by nature and most fickle in her friendships, and was swayed by an ambition which knew no bounds. . . . Like her sister, Marie Antoinette, she was flung at an early age into the midst of a depraved and dissolute court, and was burdened with a dolt as a husband, whom she loathed and despised. Were it not for the innate ferocity and the utter falseness of her character, it might be possible to regard her with pity rather than aversion; and in spite of her many weaknesses even the most unfriendly of her critics have been driven to a reluctant admiration of the gallant manner in which, for nearly a quarter of a century, and almost single-handed, she waged an

unequal and exhausting struggle with the world-power of France."

Tannucci, having opposed the queen's claim to join the Council, naturally incurred her bitterest enmity. He speedily lost all influence with the king, and fell into disgrace, and from the moment of his disappearance from the political scene in 1777, the rule of the kingdom may be said to have passed entirely into Maria Carolina's hands. Having heard that an Englishman, a Mr. John Acton, who was an expert in naval matters, was staying at the court of her brother, the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, and was there held in great esteem, she arranged that he should be sent to Naples in order to re-organise the navy. In a very short time Acton not only became Prime Minister but his relations with the queen were supposed to be such that he was generally regarded as her favourite. The queen's conduct certainly gave colour to the scandal, for her attitude towards Acton was so indiscreet that it even roused the jealousy of her weak and phlegmatic husband.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Acton, it is said, was the son of Edward Gibbon's travelling physician and also his cousin : the great historian, however, never alludes to this relationship in his memoirs, but only to his friendship with the father. Dr. Acton married and settled at Besançon. He had three sons, the eldest of whom became Maria Carolina's Prime Minister, and being in remainder to an English baronetcy became Sir John Acton on his succession in 1791. Gibbon describes a visit to the Actons at Besançon and also one at Leghorn, where he found Sir John's brother, "Old Commodore Acton," "in a melancholy situation. Last winter he had a most violent attack of apoplexy ; whilst in that situation he was persuaded, either from motives of interest or devotion, to change his religion, in which he had been till then very steady." Sir John



It was Maria Carolina's ambition to raise the kingdom of Naples to the position of a power of the first rank. To attain this object she sought to break the old alliance between Spain and Naples, and to bring about an understanding with Austria. But her ambitions were thwarted by her petty spirit of intrigue, which at the outset of the European difficulties rising from the French Revolution was cleverly fostered by Lady Hamilton for Nelson's benefit, and thus for the benefit of England.<sup>1</sup> Her intrigues and treachery, as we shall see, led her into many follies and mistakes in the maze of complications that marked international politics at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth.

The queen was convinced that the liberal concessions made by her brother-in-law, Louis XVI., were the direct cause that led him and her beloved sister, Marie Antoinette, to the scaffold; it is therefore not to be wondered at that she set her face resolutely against all suggestions of a broader line of government. She was paramount; the king was weak to the verge of criminality, and as a result their court was formed of sycophants and mean dependents, the finest intellectual elements of Naples

was removed from his high office at the Court of Ferdinand and Maria Carolina in 1804 by the express wish of Napoleon, who distrusted him. He retired to Sicily, where he was given the dukedom of Modica in the province of Syracuse, and married his niece Mary Anne, daughter of Commodore Acton, who had married the daughter of Mr. Fagan, the British consul. The first Lord Acton was his grandson.

<sup>1</sup> The permission given to the English fleet to re-victual at Syracuse secured the success of the Nile.

being entirely ignored; and Maria Carolina only heard that which she wished to hear. In one particular Neapolitans wronged her in condemning her reliance upon England. This country was the only bulwark between Naples and the French Republic, and there was something worthy of admiration in her haughty refusal to come to any terms with a Government whose inheritance had been gained by the slaughter of her own sister and brother-in-law.

An unbiassed history of Maria Carolina has still to be written.<sup>1</sup> Bianco, in his careful work on Sicily during the English occupation, says that she was "full of the most startling contradictions; full of vices and virtues." She was undoubtedly carried away by the passion of the moment, no calm or settled policy guiding her actions or prompting her decisions; and there is little doubt that the excessive use of opium, to which she was addicted in later years, affected her mentally as well as physically.

In 1798 the unsettled state of Naples, the outcome of the success of the Revolution in France and the tyrannical despotism of the Neapolitan Government, gave Ferdinand such cause for alarm that he decided to remove his court to Sicily. In this decision he was undoubtedly encouraged by Nelson, who was glad of a good excuse to protect Sicily, Malta having been seized by the French. But the court was closely watched, and it was only

<sup>1</sup> Since I wrote the above, André Bonnefon's excellent work, *Marie Caroline, Reine des Deux Siciles*, has appeared.

by the skilful arrangements of Lord Nelson, aided by Lady Hamilton, that the king and queen and their children were got safely on board the English flagship the *Vanguard* and the frigate *Alcemene*, the members of the court being taken on board other vessels of the English fleet: over £2,000,000 worth of treasure, it was said by Nelson, was carried away by the king and queen. The Neapolitan sovereigns were accompanied by the English ambassador and the famous "Emma" (whom the *entourage* of the queen had persuaded Sir William Hamilton to marry). The fleet set sail on 23rd December, and encountered a terrible storm, during which the little Prince Albert died in Lady Hamilton's arms, and the *Vanguard*, riddled and torn by the French shot at the Battle of Aboukir, nearly foundered.

After the departure of the king and queen the rising in Naples took a definite shape, and the Parthenopean Republic was declared. Despite its ill-management the Republic beat the French, who retreated in disorder. Strong measures became necessary, and in the June of that year (1799) Nelson, at the urgent request of Maria Carolina, left Palermo, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton on board his vessel, to repress the Republic in Naples, Cardinal Ruffo having already succeeded in doing so in the provinces. Shortly after Nelson's arrival at Naples Admiral Caracciolo was condemned to be hanged as a traitor to his king and his country. So merciless was the repression and so numerous

were the victims that Nelson's reputation suffered severely. It must not be forgotten, however, that Caracciolo was condemned by a court-martial of his own countrymen. Queen Maria Carolina's letters to Lady Hamilton<sup>1</sup> at this time, urging punishment and vengeance upon the "ungrateful Neapolitans," are most violent. Nelson insisted upon the king going to Naples to give countenance to the more than strong measures he was adopting to suppress the Republic, and at last the vacillating monarch consented; but he only remained a short time near the city, never even landing from the vessel in which he had crossed from Palermo. In one of Maria Carolina's letters to Lady Hamilton, dated from Palermo 3rd July 1799, she says, "Je calcule aujourd'hui le Roy arrivé, et desire vivement son prompt retour et surtout qu'il n'expose pas sa personne."

At that time the king and queen relied entirely on England, and set all their hopes for their return to Naples upon that country's assistance. "Our country," Nelson wrote to St. Vincent, "is looked to as the resource for all the difficulties of this." They even looked to England as their protector in Sicily. "Many compliments to the excellent admiral," Maria Carolina wrote to Lady Hamilton from Palermo. "I very much desire to have a chat with him on the defence of this island."

<sup>1</sup> *Lettere e Carteggio di Maria Carolina e Lady Emma Hamilton*, by Palumbo. But Palumbo is unjust in his judgments of Emma, and inaccurate in several of his dates.



Nelson was created Duke of Bronte by Ferdinand in reward for his services in crushing the Parthenopean Republic. It is said that it was Nelson who persuaded Ferdinand to declare war upon the French Directory, the admiral mistaking the peaceful intentions of that body towards Naples for a sign of weakness. He urged Ferdinand "either to advance, trusting to God for His blessing on a just cause, to die with *l'épée à la main*, or remain quiet to be kicked out of his dominions."

Early in 1800 Sir William Hamilton was recalled, and the Hon. Arthur Paget was sent out as Minister to Palermo in his place. Paget arrived from England with orders to use every persuasion to induce the king and queen to return to Naples; but although he remained at Palermo for more than a year all his representations were useless, except that the hereditary prince was eventually sent over.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Paget's nomination was highly disagreeable to the queen, who saw in him the cause of the removal of her dear friends, the Hamiltons. From the first his position appears to have been one of extreme difficulty, and but for the conduct of Acton it would have been unbearable. The Prime Minister had the good sense to treat him in a fair and courteous manner, but Paget does not seem to have had a high opinion of his compatriot's capabilities for his high office. Paget's attitude to the king and queen, despite the manner in which he was treated, was most correct,

<sup>1</sup> Paget Papers.

and with regard to the occupation of Malta by England he clearly considered that an injustice had been done to Naples, for in a letter to Lieut.-General Porter, dated 12th August 1800, he says, "It seems a little hard that La Valetta should be occupied by the British to the exclusion of the Neapolitans without any previous declaration or assignment for such an exclusion."

During Mr. Paget's stay in Palermo the queen, accompanied by the Hamiltons and Nelson, went to Vienna with the hope of obtaining from her relatives at the Austrian court some guarantee for the protection of Naples. She separated from her friend Emma at the end of their journey, and they never met again.<sup>1</sup>

The difficulties of his position notwithstanding, Paget seems to have been well pleased with his sojourn in Sicily, for he says in a letter to his mother, "What a country this would be under good government."

Ferdinand and Maria Carolina had been well received by the Sicilians, but they did not like the people, and made no effort to endear themselves to the islanders, and would have returned gladly to Naples if fear had not prevailed over inclination. Eventually, however, in 1802, they went back to Naples, having received assurances and guarantees

<sup>1</sup> As is well known, Emma died in absolute poverty at Calais, one year after the death of her royal friend, although Nelson in his will had recommended her to the nation; Nelson's family, however, gave her £500 a year, for which the receipts exist.

for their safety, but four years later they were again obliged to take refuge in the despised island, fleeing from the victorious invasion of Murat, which was the direct result of the queen's treachery. She had apparently been making overtures to Napoleon and at the same time arranging a secret treaty with Russia. Napoleon's vengeance was swift, and Ferdinand was shorn of the greater part of his kingdom.

Lord Amherst was sent out as English ambassador in the spring of 1809, taking the place of Sir William Drummond, and remained at Palermo until the 1st of May 1811. He was greatly hampered by his restricted powers, a situation of which the queen took every advantage, although England was supplying her husband with money, as is shown in Lord Amherst's despatches, in which he states that £50,000 in specie had been brought to Palermo on 12th July 1809 "to his Sicilian Majesty's Government from the British Government." His position also was most difficult. King Ferdinand was the ally of England, who was supporting his cause against Napoleon, yet the British consul at Palermo, Mr. Fagan, wrote as early as the autumn of 1809 to Lord Amherst, "Mr. Fagan cannot help observing that the conduct in general of most of the Ministers and their agents appears to be studiously directed to give disgust to the English, and it is the firm opinion of many persons of character and judgment that, if a change is not quickly insisted on, their conduct will cause the greatest disturbances in the island."

The Neapolitan sovereigns distrusted the English to such an extent that in 1809 they began to fortify Monte Pellegrino as a place of retreat, being persuaded to take this step by their son-in-law, the Duke of Orléans. The duke's sincerity in this persuasion is open to question, for later he openly quarrelled with the queen, and wished to place himself at the head of a military opposition party. Yet in April 1810 it is distinctly stated in Lord Amherst's papers that King Ferdinand (or more probably his all-powerful spouse) wished to place the command of the army, which was to resist the threatened invasion of Sicily, in the duke's hands. England, however, demanded this command, and the resulting situation was not the least of the many difficulties with which Lord Amherst was confronted—difficulties created by the court, not by the Sicilians.

General Cockburn, in the preface to his excellent work describing a journey he made in 1810 and 1811 which included Sicily and Malta, exhorts England to keep the former island because of its fertility and resources. As for the people, he says they are "naturally good, but perverted through mismanagement"; and further on, "The Sicilians, if well governed, and allowed trade, and a fair use of the benefits which nature has so bountifully bestowed upon them in climate and soil, would become attached to their rulers." General Cockburn had been appointed to the staff of the English army



in Sicily in 1810; he had therefore every opportunity for studying the island and the people. "I arrived there," he says, "at a most interesting moment, when Murat was on the opposite coast in full preparations for invasion." Promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general and appointed to another command, he decided to make a tour through the island before leaving it, and the book he wrote describing this tour is one of the most valuable aids to the study of the condition and history of Sicily at that period, as he had every facility granted him for investigation.

Cockburn's description of Ferdinand tallies with those of the monarch's own countrymen. "His Majesty," he says, "has not a pen nor a book in the house," speaking of his abode at the Chinese palace of the Favorita; "but as a lady observed, 'He neither reads nor writes, therefore what use would books or pens or paper be?'" Although of loose morality Ferdinand seems to have had few personal enemies. "All persons, however, agree," Cockburn continues, "that Ferdinand is a quiet, good-natured man. The Sicilians lay their misfortunes, oppression, and grievances entirely to the queen."

Lord George Annesley's (Lord Valentia) private report to the English Government at about the same time ("Private Journal of the Affairs of Sicily"<sup>1</sup>) is a terrible indictment against the queen and her methods of governing. Yet although broken in

<sup>1</sup> Deposited at the British Museum.

health and growing old she must still have kept something of her youthful charm, for even Prince Castelnovo, the Cato of those days, admitted that she was "too seductive,"<sup>1</sup> on leaving her presence after a stormy interview, during which he had resisted all her blandishments.

There is a general opinion amongst writers on this period of Sicilian history, and it has recently been repeated by Bianco in his book, *La Sicilia durante l'occupazione Inglese*, that Lord Amherst was recalled for lack of energy in the discharge of his duties. The Amherst papers prove this to be untrue. Historians have invariably construed his leaving the island as a sign that his embassy was regarded as a failure by the British Government, and even so late a writer as André Bonnefons falls into the same error in his book on Queen Maria Carolina. He says, "Lord Amherst, le représentant du Ministère Britannique, assez inclinant par nature, évitait tout ce que sur ce terrain était susceptible de froisser Marie Caroline. Mais sa modération déplaisait à ses compatriotes ; il fut remplacé par Lord Bentinck."

I am happy to be able to prove the contrary by quotations from his letters and private papers which have never been published. In a letter dated 16th July 1810 to Sir F. Thomson, Bart., Comptroller of the Navy, Lord Amherst asks for the *Tortoise* to be sent to Palermo in February 1811 to take him and his family home. He says, "I have solicited his

<sup>1</sup> *Paolo Balsamo sulla Storia Moderna di Sicilia*,



Majesty's permission to leave this place early in the month of March." There is also a copy of a letter, dated 16th July 1810, from Lord Amherst to the Marquis Wellesley, asking to be relieved of the post, and saying he would leave earlier but does not wish to travel in the depth of winter with his family. In a letter of 27th August 1810 to Sir Charles Cotton, Lord Amherst says, with regard to his leaving Palermo in March 1811, "A permission, indeed, which I solicited from his Majesty before I left England."

Some extracts from a long letter from Lord Amherst to Lord Wellesley, dated 28th July 1810, clearly show the situation of affairs.

"His Sicilian Majesty has appointed the 8th of next month for the meeting of his Parliament in order to deliberate on the best mode of raising the donatives voted to his Majesty in the month of February last, his Majesty having disapproved of the mode by which his Parliament proposed during their late meeting that the donatives should be raised. . . . I have every reason, however, to think that the spirit which now animates the Sicilian nation will manifest itself on this occasion, and that, when the barons are assembled, their deliberations will by no means be confined to the objects for which they are declared to be called together. Indeed it is right I should acquaint your lordship that it has been proposed to me to take a much more active part in the proceedings of the Parliament than would

be justified under my present instructions, and than I should be warranted to do without express instructions from England, or unless this country were in a state of open resistance and rebellion. I have been invited to address myself to the principal Sicilian barons, urging them to insist on certain concessions from their sovereign, and promising them the protection of the king whom I represent under any consequences which may arise from the more than usual freedom of their demands. Now it would be highly improper in me to use, without his Majesty's authority, his Majesty's name in countenancing any such projects of resistance to the authority of the sovereign to whom I am accredited. Indeed, whatever might be my own sentiments, I am positively forbidden by the instructions under which I am acting to interfere or to countenance interference in the internal concerns of Sicily. I have therefore stated to those who have addressed me on this subject my absolute inability to do more than look on during the agitation of any demands which they may resolve to address to their sovereign. . . .

“The professed object of the persons to whom I have alluded is to obtain for Sicily a constitution as nearly similar as possible to that of Great Britain. They declare, indeed, that their own form of constitution, if duly adhered to, would insure to them all the advantages derived from that under which the English have the happiness to live—but they complain that the king has already been guilty

of gross violations of the institutions under which he holds his crown, and that they have no security against a tyranny wholly repugnant to the original freedom enjoyed by the inhabitants of Sicily. They announce their intention of urging their demands to the king by the legal organ of his Parliament; but they foresee an opposition on the part of their sovereign which nothing will overcome but the interposition of England; and which, if England refuses to interfere, will drive them into rebellion, and perhaps ultimately into the arms of France.

“In considering the grievances of various kinds under which the inhabitants of this island have long laboured, it is not fair to attribute the whole of them to the weakness or corruption of the Government. A great many arise from the defects of the constitution and from the unjust and impolitic privileges heretofore conceded, and still retained by certain descriptions of persons. When I have heard these persons declare that their only object was the attainment of the British constitution, I have naturally asked them if they are prepared to renounce the unfair distinctions which are still drawn between them and their vassals, to bear their share in the burdens of the State, to consent to an equal distribution of justice between all ranks, and to render themselves as amenable to the laws as the poorest classes of society. Without some concessions on the part of the nobles and the privileged orders as well as on the part of the sovereign, Sicily

could not enjoy the benefits of a constitution founded on the model of that of Great Britain. Of this I believe the barons are sensible, and certainly those who seem most anxious to remodel their Government on the form of that enjoyed by England do not seem to be backward to relinquish privileges which, however established by long custom, and supposed to confer personal advantages and importance, would clearly stand in the way of the establishment of that free and enlightened form of Government under which they wish to live. . . . But on my inquiring a few days ago what were the chief objects which the barons wished to see accomplished, I was answered that their demand *generally* would be the assimilation of their own constitution as much as possible to that of Great Britain, and that the first of any particular demands that they might have to make on their sovereign would be an unity of military command under the British general, and an Administration composed entirely of Sicilians.

“The first of these objects is one in which I feel myself so entirely authorised to take a share, that I do not conceal the interest I feel in its accomplishment, nor the readiness with which I would forward it by means of any description which should come within the proper functions of my situation as his Majesty’s Minister. . . . But I do not think your lordship would approve of my publicly associating myself with persons who are



considered as in opposition to the court, to accomplish a purpose which I have a right to see effected by British representations alone. . . . I doubt the Sicilian Parliament being able to accomplish either of them by means of remonstrance. If anything is demanded by the Parliament it will be in the hope and expectation of support from England. If anything is conceded by the king it will be from the apprehension of interference from the same quarter. This interference should no longer be withheld. One party calls out for it; the other, I am sure, stands in need of its application. The affairs of this Government must be directed by other hands than those to which they are now committed. The king withdraws himself from public business. The queen regulates her conduct by the reports of spies perpetually at variance with each other. No Ministers will be able to stand, unless supported by Great Britain, against the pernicious influence of the queen, and the nation is clamorous for British interference, by which it knows that its independence will be maintained and its prosperity secured.

“I take the liberty, therefore, of recommending to your lordship that my successor should find himself empowered to control the influence of the queen, to demand for the British general the command of the army, and to require that the Government should be administered by Sicilians. All these points I conceive to be of the first necessity. Their accomplishment would be equally beneficial to our



allies and ourselves. . . . The nation is ripe for resistance to its Government; to become a province of England would not, I believe, be looked upon as a misfortune by the major part of its inhabitants. But an independent Government and a free constitution would be considered as a boon, the attainment of which would irrevocably bind the Sicilians to the nations which procure it for them."

In another letter to Lord Wellesley, dated 19th September 1810, after speaking of "the queen's persevering jealousy of her British allies," Lord Amherst says, "And now I repeat to your lordship my hope that means will be taken to prevent the British army ever again finding itself in the dangerous situation in which it was placed in the month of June, not more from the menacing appearance of the enemy (the French) than from the tardy and temporising and even suspicious conduct of the Government which it came to defend. From the immediate danger of any attempt of the enemy . . . we have been relieved . . . but I cannot flatter either your lordship or myself that that danger is yet passed over which arises from the jealousy, the suspicion, the unsteady counsels, and the spirit of intrigue which renders either futile or prejudicial the acts of the Sicilian Government. . . . I do look with confidence to your lordship's enlarged and enlightened mind to find out a remedy for the grievances under which this country labours, and to give to its inhabitants the comforts and blessings

intended for them by Nature, of which nothing but a faulty and ill-administered Government deprives them. . . . I am aware, my lord, how repugnant it is to the principle and practices of the British Government to interfere in the concerns of an independent sovereign, but if his Sicilian Majesty is to be preserved on his throne, he must be induced to listen to the admonitory voice of his disinterested ally.

“I once more take the liberty of conjuring your lordship to turn your attention to the means of ameliorating the internal condition of this island. It is an object well worthy of your lordship’s solicitude, whether you look to the advantage of your own country, to the depriving the enemy of a chance of an important acquisition, or to the happiness of an oppressed and injured people.”

Maria Carolina by her constant intrigues was indeed a thorn in the poor ambassador’s side. In June 1810 it came to the knowledge of Lord Amherst that the Sicilian court had sent despatches secretly to the Emperor of Austria, begging him to obtain terms from Bonaparte “for this kingdom of Naples and the Two Sicilies,” on the strength of the marriage between Napoleon and Maria Carolina’s niece and grandchild, Marie Louise. Ferdinand, when approached in the matter by the ambassador, repeated his former protestations of loyalty to his English allies, and ended by saying, “This marriage will be the ruin of us.” This protestation notwith-

standing, the agent bearing the despatches, who had been sent by way of Malta, was arrested by the English.

Maria Carolina then endeavoured to enter into a correspondence with Lucien Bonaparte. The letter was stopped by Lord Amherst. On the 5th October 1810 he writes to Lord Wellesley :—

“Yesterday was the first court day at the palace that has taken place since the commencement of the unpleasant correspondence in which I have lately been engaged, and I am happy to find that the distinction which I wished to draw, but found some difficulty in making, between the conduct of her Sicilian Majesty and that of the Government, has already been taken by their Sicilian Majesties themselves—for the king spoke to me with his usual affability, and at his customary length, while the queen treated me with a coldness which I have not till now had occasion to experience. I have seldom troubled your lordship with the transactions of the interior of the palace. But I cannot help saying that I know the king has expressed to her Sicilian Majesty his displeasure at the secret correspondence she is so much in the habit of carrying on by means of her agent, the Chevalier Castrone. I fear I shall have little chance of recovering her Sicilian Majesty's favour as long as I complain, as I shall probably have further reason to do, of the infamous herd of spies who frequent her Majesty's ante-chamber, and whose influence is not more sensibly felt by me than

by those who ought to be the real as well as the ostensible advisers of her Sicilian Majesty."

Some letters of Maria Carolina to one Guiseppe Cateria, a rich merchant of Messina, have recently been published.<sup>1</sup> They give a curious insight into her methods of personally distributing large sums of money for the help Lord Amherst describes. It is said that she spent as much as ten million francs a year on this useless secret service, and that even this sum was not sufficient, and she was compelled to pawn her jewels at the Monte di Pietà; it was also said that, needing her jewels for an evening festivity at court, she borrowed them, and neglected to return them!

Maria Carolina's duplicity was unceasing, and Lord Amherst was compelled to exercise the greatest vigilance to prevent his country being harmed by the perpetually changing policy of the queen. No sooner had he prevented the secret correspondence with Napoleon than he was informed, early in January 1811, that the queen had told one of her agents that the Sicilian court had come to an understanding with France through the good offices of Austria, and that an arrangement had been made by which Ferdinand was to go back to Naples and the Archduke Charles was to have Sicily. To facilitate this arrangement the Sicilians were to be disarmed, and German troops—who it was thought would be

<sup>1</sup> They are published by the Society of the Storia Patria for circulation amongst its members.



less obnoxious to the islanders than French soldiers—were to be employed to drive out the English. The queen had prepared “a most voluminous communication in cipher for Vienna,” which was to be entrusted to the care of two Albanians, who were to go from Palermo to Lipari, thence to Messina, and from there they were to endeavour to go direct to Vienna by way of Albania, and, if foiled in the attempt, to go to Malta and wait another opportunity. Lord Amherst being forewarned, the communication was never delivered in Vienna.

I have made these long quotations as they not only place the position of affairs most clearly and succinctly before the reader, but because they show how masterly was Lord Amherst’s grasp of a most complicated and intricate problem. That King Ferdinand wished to stand well with him at the last, and recognised his power, is shown by his gracious words at their final interview—

“Se ho detto o scritto qualche cosa da offendervi vi domando perdono. Bisogna che Ferdinando Borbone e Lord Amherst siano amici.”

Lord William Bentinck came out as “Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Sicily and Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary,” and with all the full powers Lord Amherst had advised. Lord Amherst was only ambassador, and did not possess the power which enabled Lord William to do so much for the Sicilians. Thus, instead of being recalled, Lord Amherst had not only arranged to return in



1811 at the time he was appointed, but it was also owing to his advice and representations that his successor was vested with the authority which enabled him to bring the Sicilian Government to reason. Since he had the command of the troops he had the means of bringing force to bear upon its shifty counsels.

Lord Amherst had only the powers of an ordinary ambassador, yet his astuteness foiled Maria Carolina at almost every turn, and undoubtedly prevented any definite arrangement being arrived at between her and the French; and it was his information that enabled Lord William ultimately to turn her out of the island. The British Government realised they had made a mistake in creating Lord Amherst ambassador only; for the ever-increasing power of Napoleon made it essential for England to checkmate him at least in his projects with regard to Sicily, whose disturbed and dangerous condition, and its open disaffection to the Bourbons, made it an easy prey.

Lord William Bentinck was destined to play an active part in Sicilian affairs of state. He found the Sicilians writhing under the injustice and studied insults of their sovereigns. No Sicilian prince was allowed the privilege of driving with the king; the highest posts in the Government and Administration were given to Neapolitans; justice existed only in name, the innocent being constantly condemned, if unable to pay a bribe; proscription, or the horrors

of awful prisons where dirt and vice prevailed, being their punishment. The queen personally distributed large sums of money to spies and to the pirate ships under her orders, and the island was drained by the perpetual royal grants into the voting of which the Parliament was terrorised. The public discontent was becoming serious when Lord William landed on the 22nd of July, two days after five of the chief Liberal barons of the city of Palermo—Princes Castelnovo, Belmonte, Villafranca, d'Aci, and the Duke Angiò—had been relegated to fortresses in the small islands off the coast for having petitioned the king to give the island a constitution.

The Duke of Orléans (afterwards King Louis Philippe) now openly sided with the Liberals, and the English merchants had protested in a body against the excessive taxation as well as the seizure and despoiling of a rich English merchant-ship by the queen's orders. The effect of the wider powers of the English ambassador was at once felt, and under the able and energetic action of Lord William affairs very speedily assumed a different aspect. He had several interviews with the queen, some of them almost of a violent nature. One stormy scene took place at the Villa Santa Croce at Mezzo Monreale, where the queen was staying, which Lord William ended by saying, "Madame, either the constitution or a revolution!" The five barons were recalled and released, and finally the constitution was granted in 1812, the Silician nobles voluntarily

voting in Parliament for its adoption. This was one of the many instances of pure patriotism evinced by the Silician nobles, for the constitution entirely swept away their former power. It has had its parallel in Japan in 1868.

Difficulties, however, were not at an end. Prince Castelnovo and Prince Belmonte, together with the best of the nobles, were working actively on the Liberal side, which entirely supported Lord William ; but a small reactionary party still upheld the king and queen. At last it was proposed and settled that the hereditary prince should reign as viceroy for his father, it being thought that he would be less amenable to the will of the queen. Feeling had risen to such a height that when the young prince fell ill, and showed symptoms of having been poisoned, the queen, his mother, was openly accused of the deed. She in her turn accused the Duke and Duchess of Orléans, her daughter and son-in-law. Her Majesty then intrigued to reinstate her husband as head of the Government, but after a futile attempt on his part to please her—an attempt that failed through the energetic conduct of Lord William—she was obliged to retire to Castelvetro, a place some hours distant from Palermo.

Lord William had practically broken her power ; but as she still continued to give trouble, the only possible safety for the Government and her husband lay in her being sent out of the island. The king,

at Lord William's request, wrote urging her to depart "as a king commanding, as a friend counselling, as a husband begging her." But Maria Carolina was not of the temperament to submit to such an order, counsel, or entreaty, and it was only when General Macfarlane marched to Castelvetro with 5000 men that this resolute woman realised that her domination was at an end. She wrote a long letter of protest to Mr. Fagan, the Consul-General for England, full of resentment at her treatment, and showing little dignity.<sup>1</sup> On leaving Sicily she took up her abode near Vienna.

The strong action of England is accounted for by the undoubted fact that, after the marriage of Marie Louise to Napoleon in 1810, Maria Carolina had been more ready to favour France, and had been actually intriguing with the Corsican against England. John Galt, in his description of his journey in Sicily in 1809-1811, says, "In her double tie of grand-aunt and grandmother to the Empress of France the queen may reasonably calculate on participating in the favour of Napoleon." But Maria Carolina was not without cause for quarrel with this country. She had never forgiven England for taking Malta, which had been captured by Nelson at the head of a Russo-Anglo-Neapolitan fleet in the name of the Two Sicilies. The flags of England and Naples flew over the citadel at Valetta side by side whilst the city was occupied by Captain Ball, but shortly after

<sup>1</sup> Published by Bianco, 1902.



the arrival of Cameron, the flag of Naples had been removed, that of Great Britain alone remaining, Russia taking Corfu by way of compensation.<sup>1</sup>

In order to strike at England and regain the throne of Naples Maria Carolina is said to have offered Sicily to Napoleon as the price of his support, and, her intrigues being discovered, Lord William compelled the king to remove this constant source of danger to himself, his allies, and his subjects. This particular charge of intriguing with Napoleon, it is only fair to say, was never proved against the queen.

Maria Carolina perhaps deserved some pity, though she left the island without one expression of regret from her family or her people. She died miserably near Vienna in 1815, intriguing to the end for the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of Naples—a restoration she did not live to see. Perhaps her greatest sorrow in these last years of her life was her disappointment in her eldest son, whose capabilities were of the meanest order. So little was she regarded that on her death the Austrian court did not go into mourning, and Ferdinand almost immediately afterwards made a morganatic marriage with the Princess of Partanna.

Queen Maria Carolina, as I have said, was not wholly bad, and at the last was deeply interested in her grand-daughter, the Empress Marie Louise,

<sup>1</sup> The Congress of Vienna in 1815 ratified this arrangement, and acknowledged the British possession of Malta.



and her great-grandson, the unfortunate Duke de Reichstadt. These two daughters of the imperial house of Austria, whose fates were so similar, save that the elder had brought her own troubles upon herself, and that the younger was the victim of political exigency, lived in close proximity, one at Schönbrunn, the other at Hetzendorf. One of the chief consolations of the weak, vain, dethroned empress was the energetic companionship of the Queen of Naples, by whose counsels of resistance, and of faithfulness to the emperor, she, however, did not profit.<sup>1</sup>

After the fall of Napoleon King Ferdinand joyfully returned to his throne of Naples, leaving Sicily with undisguised satisfaction. The disappearance of Napoleon from the arena of European politics removed the necessity of English interposition in the management of his kingdom, and he was once more free to govern or misgovern as he pleased. Sicily was of no further value to England, and it had caused her considerable expense, but she had left a lasting mark in the history of the island in giving it her own form of constitution. Deeply attached as was Lord William Bentinck to the Sicilians, he could do no more, and left them most regretfully when recalled by his Government. His dictatorship (for such it may be called, Ferdinand being entirely under English orders) created a great love for England amongst the Sicilians, and the

<sup>1</sup> St. Amand, *Marie Amelie et la cour de Palerme*.

personal esteem and affection they lavished upon Lord William was as sincerely returned.<sup>1</sup> His warm-hearted and impetuous nature appealed to the southern temperament, and the equity, safety, and justice brought into their public life by the English laws gave them a sense of security to which they had been long unaccustomed. Lady William Bentinck also seems to have been much beloved, and to have taken great interest in the welfare of the poor of the country.

On the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, Lord William was replaced by Sir William A'Court, but the powers with which he arrived were very different from those of his distinguished predecessor. Lord Castlereagh, however, sent him a memorandum in 1814 stating that England, having been the protector and supporter of the constitutional reforms in Sicily, as the ally and friend of her people, wished the king to make no alterations in the constitution without the consent of the Sicilian Parliament. Vain and empty words!

Although Ferdinand assured A'Court of his firm intention to respect the constitution, he found an excuse to deprive Sicily of her newly-won liberties by the Treaty of Vienna, which united Naples and Sicily into the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

Even her Parliament was against Palermo, the

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, "Lord William Bentinck's Speech in the House of Commons, 21st June 1821."

Democrats giving trouble, and consequently aiding instead of opposing the reactionary party, which was now personally headed by the king. This was almost the first time that Ferdinand had shown any interest in public affairs. He tried by every means in his power to persuade the patriot Prince Castelnuovo to take an active part in the affairs of the country. But the terms offered were impossible, and when the prince realised that the king actually hoped to make him his creature and probably viceroy under his despotic government, and also that Sir William A'Court and the English Government were now entirely upholding Ferdinand, he retired hurriedly to his property on the outskirts of Palermo, near the Favorita. There he devoted the remainder of his life to the establishment of a school of agriculture, which he endowed and afterwards left to the care of his young and faithful friend Ruggiero Settimo, a younger son of Prince Fitalia. Ruggiero Settimo had already played a distinguished part in the government of Sicily when it was under the influence of Lord William Bentinck, and he was destined to play a much more important rôle in the great rising of 1848. The complete *volte face* of the English Government at this juncture was clearly proved by Lord Castlereagh. In 1813 he had urged Lord William Bentinck to scatter copies of the Sicilian constitution broadcast through the island: he now said that Lord William's political conduct in Sicily had been absurd.

On the 4th of June 1815 Ferdinand returned once more to Naples as its sovereign, and, safely restored to his throne, he hastened to forget his solemn promises to the island he had abandoned, and immediately deprived her of all her separate institutions. In the Treaty of Vienna (1815) Sicily was cruelly ignored. Prince Belmonte started for the Austrian capital to speak for his beloved island, as soon as the meeting of the plenipotentiaries was announced, but was taken ill and died on the way. This great patriot left no sons, only one daughter, to whom he was devoted. On his deathbed he recommended her to the care of his great friend, Prince Pandolfina, who promised him that she should marry his eldest son, Prince San Giuseppe, of whom I shall have something to say later on. Thus the Belmonte title, and the two beautiful villas built by the Prince at Palermo, passed into the Pandolfina family, and the grandson now bears the double title of Prince of Belmonte and Pandolfina.

Sicily was undoubtedly an expensive toy to England during the occupation. At first England paid the Sicilian Government a grant of £300,000 towards the cost of her army and defence, and this in 1809 was increased to £400,000. Therefore on the score of expense without appreciable return, when once the power of Napoleon was broken in the Mediterranean, England may be more readily pardoned for abandoning the unfortunate island to its fate.



Sicily had enjoyed her short-lived independence more in fact than in actual spirit. The meaning of a constitution and all the benefits it conferred had not permeated to the people. No liberal propaganda had spread through the island, and no writers had as yet aroused the thoughtful ambition of the masses, and it was therefore easy for them to slip back to the darker times of tyranny and royal oppression. The upper classes, on the other hand, had striven for the constitution they had enjoyed under the English rule, and their aspirations for the good and independence of their country were not to be set aside or stifled by the orders of Ferdinand. The thralldom to Naples, and the persecutions of the governors sent by Ferdinand, became intolerable, and discontent rose to fever pitch amongst the nobles. A racial hatred added to the strain, the noisy superficial nature of the Neapolitans being out of all sympathy with the Sicilian temperament. As Bolton King says in his "History of Italian Unity," "In contrast to the gay and shallow Neapolitan, the Palermitan was silent, laconic, brave." So acute had the situation become as early as 1817 that a representative of Sicily was sent to ask England's help; but it was useless. Europe had settled down after the great convulsions of the Napoleonic era, and Malta sufficed for a naval base for England in the Mediterranean.

Revolutionary outbreaks occurred in 1820, and again in 1837, the Carbonari and the Mazzinian



theories having reached the island by that time ; and in the latter year cholera decimated the afflicted population, the lower classes being convinced that the epidemic was the result of poison spread about by their Neapolitan governors and persecutors.

These two revolutionary movements were entirely abortive, increasing the burdens laid upon the people, and sending many of the finest intellects in Sicily into exile in order to avoid imprisonment.<sup>1</sup>

This is a brief sketch of the events which led to the revolution of 1848, which I shall describe later as being the cause of the exile of my father and my uncle. Throughout these years of difficulty, political tyranny of the worst description, and ceaseless persecutions, the aspirations of the noblest natures in Sicily were fixed upon that culminating effort—to give the island her freedom. The bid for this freedom was noble, and although it was unfortunate, it was the first blossom on a tree firmly planted in 1812 by the granting of the constitution ; and the blossom became fruit in the Italian Unity.

<sup>1</sup> Ferdinand I. died in 1825, and Francis I. reigned until 1830, when Ferdinand II. (" King Bomba ") came to the throne, and reigned until 1859.

## CHAPTER I

EARLY ITALIAN PATRIOTS—MY GRANDFATHER—ARRI-  
VABENI — MAZZINI — GALLENGA—MY MOTHER'S  
EARLY LIFE IN ENGLAND

BEFORE writing of my father's family and the revolution of 1848 I must describe my mother's family, as this will take us back to still earlier events in Italy's struggle for liberty, and to another part of the Peninsula. My maternal grandfather, Pompeo Anichini, was a Tuscan, and was born at Pisa in 1782. He was one of the earliest of those Italian patriots who, with no definite plan for her independence or her governance, were inspired with dreams of her unity and her liberty by the rule of Napoleon, which undoubtedly created the germ of a true national feeling throughout the country. My grandfather had an inclination towards literature—in his youth he was a friend of the brilliant poet, Filippo Pananti—and gave his aspirations to the world, with the result that his writings were condemned as libellous, and publicly burnt in the Campo dei Fiori in Rome by the Pope's orders, while he himself was excommunicated. In those days—it was shortly after the fall of Napoleon—Tuscany was governed by an Austrian archduke, who, although fairly tolerant, was weak, and being still in favour of

the Pope's possessing the temporalities, was frequently placed in opposition to the national spirit of the people he governed. In my grandfather's case a hint was given that his early departure from Tuscany would be desirable after the papal excommunication. He therefore set out on a long tour, during which he visited Sicily, Spain, and Portugal, and finally settled in England.

Emigration chiefly took place to England in those days, as it was not until after the revolution of 1830, and under the democratic Government of Louis Philippe, that France opened its doors to the proscribed and persecuted Italian patriots.

Pompeo Anichini, as may be seen in the *Libro d'Oro* in the Archives at Florence, was the direct descendant of one Guinta Anichini who, in 1423, at the most brilliant period of the history of the Republic, was elected as candidate for the position of one of the three chief governors of the city. The Grand Duke Leopold, on his accession to the throne of Tuscany, which was ceded to him by his brother Joseph in 1765, in addition to recognising the old patrician families, such as that which was represented by my great-grandfather, Cesare Anichini, created a large number of new titles. These titles were conferred by the Grand Duke raising his hand and saying "*Nous voulons!*" The wags of Florence immediately christened the newly-ennobled "*Nuvoloni*" (big clouds). Horace Mann, in one of his letters to Horace Walpole from Florence, says, "On

Tuesday there was the first drawing-room. All those who have bought their nobility and have acquired the ridiculous appellation of 'Nuvoloni' having been excluded, regret the money they gave for it, while the 'Patrizi' (old patricians) exult in this distinction."

This Grand Duke seems to have been very popular amongst the Tuscans by reason of his Liberal government. Cesare Anichini, my great-grandfather, became personally intimate with him, and his son, my grandfather, calls him in one of his books, "L'immortale Leopoldo, Granduca di Toscana," and again "Quel repubblicano tra i Principi." He reigned over Tuscany until 1790, when he succeeded his brother as Emperor of Austria.

The Anichini family do not seem to have given the same devotion to Leopold's successor, and were amongst those who openly welcomed Napoleon, with whom, indeed, my grandfather took service. When the Austrians returned to Florence my grandfather abjured his patrician rank and privileges, and became an ardent Republican. He says in one of his pamphlets (dedicated to Mazzini), "Born an aristocrat, the reading of the classics made me a Republican." At the outset of those early struggles for Italian Unity the feeling amongst the patriots was entirely Republican—quite contrary, as will be seen later, to that of the Sicilian patriots—and the word "Liberale" was then synonymous with anti-monarchical principles. "La giovine Italia" had no sympathy with kings, and the nobles of Milan,



who gave their fortunes so freely to aid the Italian cause, dreamed only of a republic after their bitter disappointment in 1821 in the young Prince Carignano, a relative of the King of Sardinia. Prince Carignano was the heir-presumptive to the Sardinian throne, his father's cousin, Victor Emanuel I., having only daughters. Imbued with Liberal ideas, he led an expedition against the weak Victor Emanuel, who abdicated in favour of his brother, Carlo Felice. Calling in the aid of all-powerful Austria, the new king speedily checked the Liberal rising, which had been financed from Milan, and Prince Carignano was exiled to Tuscany. He, however, eventually succeeded to the crown of Sardinia as Carlo Alberto, Carlo Felice having left no children.

From Count Giovanni Arrivabeni's memoirs we are able to realise the individual persecution with which the Austrian Government pursued all those who had supported the rule of Napoleon, or who had evinced tendencies towards Liberalism. Count Arrivabeni himself, shortly after the fall of the emperor, was thrown into prison simply because he was the friend of Silvio Pellico, and because, although not a member of that secret society, he had spoken at a meeting of the Carbonari. After some time he was released, but, hearing that he was to be again arrested, he succeeded in 1821, and in the face of many dangers and complications, in escaping to Switzerland, and thence to France and England. In the last country he formed a



lifelong friendship with Senior, whose "Principles of Political Economy" he translated into Italian and published. He also became a great friend of Benjamin Smith, the uncle of Florence Nightingale. A true philanthropist at heart, Arrivabeni was much impressed by the amount of private charity which existed in England, and in 1828 he published a work on the various charitable societies and institutions then in London. The Lord Lansdowne of that day was also a friend of his; and amongst the many matters of interest in his memoirs, is his account of a visit he paid to Elizabeth Fry, by whom he was much impressed. While in exile his properties were confiscated, and after a mock trial he was condemned to death. Later on the Austrians realised the mistake they had made in meting out such drastic treatment to those who did not deserve it; but alas! as we see now in Russia, the realisation came too late. The Austrians could not recall to life those who had died on the scaffold in the noble cause of their country's freedom, nor could they by a change of policy put to sleep the feelings of rancour and vengeance amongst the relatives of those they had martyred. In 1838 Count Arrivabeni's properties were restored to him, but matters had gone too far for conciliation, for by that time he had publicly declared himself against Austria, and, settled in Brussels, had joined in the aspirations and schemes of the increasing number of exiled Italian patriots. His aid to his country's cause

was unceasing even after the Unity, and he lived to the great age of ninety-four.

A valuable record of events of that period in the Southern States is given in the memoirs published in French of the great patriot and *condottiere*, Guglielmo Pepe. His life was one long story of romance, of daring enterprises, and imprisonment. Lieutenant-general at the age of thirty-two, he became an exile after the failure of the rising of 1820, and after a hazardous journey to Spain and Portugal, like Arrivabeni he visited London, where Lord Holland and all the Liberals gave him a hearty welcome. Pepe did not live to see the Unity for which he had suffered so much and fought so bravely.

If the first impulses towards the creation of a United Italy were due to the influence of Napoleon, it must be remembered that they existed only as theories. The hand with which Napoleon crowned himself in Milan with the Iron Crown was made of the same unbending material, and when its grip was loosened, the consequent reaction amongst the patriots, groping and struggling towards autonomy and freedom, was Republican in nature. Although Napoleon gave Italy her first knowledge of Liberal institutions and just government, he had no intention of giving her her independence, as is shown by his characteristic answer to Murat. When the latter, on his return from the war in Spain, after praising the Italian soldiers in the highest terms, said, "Les Italiens sont dignes d'être constitués en

nation. Pourquoi votre Majestè qui seul pourrait le faire, n'accomplit-elle pas cette grande œuvre?" "Mon cher," replied Napoleon, "vous n'y pensez pas! Ils seraient bientôt les maîtres des Gaules!"

After the fall of Napoleon, however, the idea of an Italy united from the Alps to the Mediterranean began to crystallise, but at the outset the ideal was distinctly Republican. The troubles of 1830, that placed Louis Philippe on the throne of France, were soon followed by insurrections in different parts of Italy, which were purely anti-monarchical. Parma sent away Marie Louise, who had sacrificed her natural duties to her son for this petty throne. Modena and Bologna rose about the same date; and after the fall of Ancona and Forlì, Rome and the Pope trembled for their own safety. It will be remembered that Louis Napoleon and his brother took part in this insurrection. Austria, however, speedily quelled these several risings, and the various sovereigns were replaced on their thrones. England held aloof, but France took possession of Ancona under the excuse of restoring order. She was not allowed to long occupy this important post, which, in the opinion of the Emperor of Russia, Palmerston, and Metternich, was too near Constantinople for international safety, and in 1838 she was reluctantly compelled to evacuate it. A rising in Savoy did not succeed in its object of dethroning Carlo Alberto; revolutionary movements in Aquila, Viterbo, Chieti were easily suppressed; and these, together with the

small outbreaks in Sicily, and the landing and death of the heroic brothers Bandiera in Calabria six years later, only served to fill the prisons and send some of the finest intellects in the country to the scaffold or into exile. There was no unity of plan in all these abortive Republican efforts, but the more general movement of 1848, although likewise wanting in cohesion and unity of method, was, in many parts of the country, purely Monarchical in object, and under the immediate protection of Carlo Alberto, King of Sardinia, and formerly Prince of Carignano.

The Triumvirate—Mazzini, Aurelio Saffi, and Armiellini—kept the Republican spirit alive in the Roman States and in parts of Tuscany. Manin laboured to the same end in Venice; but when Sicily secured her short-lived independence in that year she offered her crown to the Duke of Genoa, the son of Carlo Alberto.

Of my grandfather's married life I know little. My grandmother died early, leaving him with three children—a son, Alfonso, my mother, and another son, Federico, whose birth was, I believe, the cause of my grandmother's death. My grandfather, in common with many of the Tuscans, had escaped the influence of Voltaire, which in his youth exercised such power over those Italians who were breaking away from the old traditions and the old religious doctrines. He had always been a devout Christian, but with the spectacle of papal tyranny, so subversive of all progress, exercised in the name of religion, constantly



before him, he determined that his children should be brought up in the faith of the Church of England. I mention this, as so many friends have been surprised to find that my mother was a Protestant, although an Italian.

In London my grandfather formed many lasting friendships, and amongst the many visitors to his house was Mazzini, who had also been exiled. My mother said that her father never believed that Mazzini was an advocate of regicide.

Posterity will judge this undoubtedly great patriot by the writings and sayings of his earlier years; his errors of later days must surely be condoned, for they did no permanent harm. His pamphlet, "I doveri dell 'uomo,'" which is now given by our Italian Monarchical Government to be read in the public schools, roused the slumbering enthusiasm of the lower classes when it was first published. No other Liberal writer had set before them such a high ideal of patriotism, and one feels that, even now, its purity and elevation of sentiment, its solutions of grave social problems, must inspire future generations of Italians to preserve the Unity it was so instrumental in creating.

Although, as I have said, my grandfather was an ardent Republican, he received all patriots who came to England, whether their aims were sympathetic with his own or whether they were Monarchical. He warmly espoused the cause of the Poles, in which at that time a powerful group of Englishmen, with

Lord Dudley Stuart at its head, was deeply interested. My grandfather and Lord Dudley became friends, and this common sympathy for an oppressed country was no doubt the means by which my mother, then quite a girl, became acquainted with Lady Townshend and Mrs. Abbot, the daughters of Lord Dudley's brother, Lord George Stuart, who were most kind and constant friends to her for all their lives, and such friends, I may venture to say, as the English alone know how to be. Lady St. Levan and Lady Audrey Buller are the daughters of Lady Townshend; Lady Anne Sherson, who was one of my godmothers, being their elder sister. She was about the same age as my mother, and the greatest friend of her girlhood.

I have often heard my mother say that many of the happiest days of her early life were spent at Balls Park, the 'Townshends' place in Hertfordshire, where she was a frequent guest.

My mother was born in London on 28th January 1824, and her two brothers dying young and unmarried, she was eventually left alone with her father, to whom she was deeply attached. I remember Mr. Mills of the music-shop in Bond Street telling me that he used to watch her (she lived near Bond Street then) taking her father for his daily walk, and wishing, as my grandfather passed, aged and ailing, leaning on my mother's arm, that when he was old he too might have such a daughter.

My grandfather had a knowledge of English that

was astonishing for a foreigner who had only come to the country after he was thirty. Such was his command of the language that he wrote and published several pamphlets on subjects of general interest. One of these, on "Divorce," dedicated to Lord Brougham, was published in 1836. It shows keen observation, but on the whole it is rather disjointed and disconnected. One feels that the writer possessed a brilliant intellect, that he had high ideals of morality, and that he had assimilated something more than mere facts in a wide course of reading, but there is a lack of concentration, which perhaps points to the cause of his never having attained the position in life to which his talents undoubtedly entitled him. In the preface of an Italian edition of one of his patriotic publications which had first appeared in English, he thanks the *Times* for its sympathetic criticism of his work, and says: "If that journal thinks that my hopes for the early liberation of Italy are too high, it is not for me to answer. Italy will soon answer for me." Such were the convictions of those early patriots—the pioneers of the great Risorgimento.

The Italian exiles were constantly at my grandfather's house, and my mother was much admired, being very beautiful, although too stout, even when young, for true symmetry of form. The head and shoulders, however, were perfect, and the lovely complexion and soft skin she kept to the last. By many of the exiles she was absolutely idolised, and



they used to call her their "Queen." Our old friend, Edward Cavendish Taylor, has often told me that to him she was in many ways the personification of Corinne—as far as her talents and attractions were regarded. Madame Bini Puzzi said, "She was like a Santa Caterina"; and Lady Galton told me that she has never forgotten her first impression of my mother at a party at her mother's house in 1848, seated at the harp and singing. "She looked almost divine," were her words. Mrs. Cowper Smith (*née* Isabel Blaithwaite), an old and much valued friend of my mother's, says that when she first met her at the house of her uncle, Sir Edmund Filmer, she was at once fascinated by her charm. "It was an impression," she said, "never to be forgotten." Both in singing and in speaking my mother's voice was of rare beauty. I remember being told that she once went to see a great English statesman to plead for some unfortunate being who required his aid. When she had finished her plea, the old man remained quite silent, so she said, "You can give me no hope for my friend?" "Pardon me, dear Mlle. Anichini," was the answer, "I was listening to the charm of your voice, and I have not heard what you said. Would you mind repeating your request?" She was a remarkable linguist, her correct ear for music no doubt helping her greatly. I remember Mons. Brachet, who had been chosen as French instructor to the Empress Eugénie, telling me when he came to Palermo that he had never



known a foreigner who was so great a French scholar as my mother, or one who had so pure an accent. She was a first-rate musician, and later on this accomplishment was an inestimable benefit to her.

It was curious that although my mother had the strongest objection to what she called exaggerated feminine friendships, she was destined to inspire them throughout her life. She was quite a victim to the devotion of women whom she treated with amiable indifference. In my early childhood I well remember the extraordinary infatuation displayed by Mrs. Wodehouse Currie for my mother, and the notes, flowers, and presents which used to come from her at all hours of the day. Mrs. Wodehouse Currie was the only child and heiress of Robert Smith, nephew of the witty Sydney Smith. The father took his mother's name of Vernon, who was also an heiress. He was created Lord Lyveden. His daughter married a brother of the late Lord Currie, the ambassador. She died comparatively young. She had adopted a little girl called Letty, who was a playmate of mine in my childhood. Our great delight was to have tea with Mrs. Currie's dear old housekeeper, Mrs. Mann, who was the mother of the clever young actor Harry Montague, who died in America at the moment when he was approaching the zenith of his career.

Marie Fox, the adopted daughter of Lady Holland, had also at one time a great admiration for my

mother ; and I still possess a collection I made as a child of the monograms upon her notepaper—a fox running through the word Marie—which I suppose captivated my childish fancy. She married Prince Lichtenstein, and was most ungrateful to Lady Holland, to whom she owed her position in life. It is curious to note how often adopted children turn out a disappointment ; it would seem that the light burden of gratitude laid upon them is too heavy for the majority of them to bear. To be fair to both sides, one must admit that as a rule much more is expected of them than they can possibly give, and that the least sign of revolt or disobedience is judged more harshly than would be the case by an actual parent. In this instance, however, I believe the blame laid on the girl, who owed so much to her adopted parents' generosity, was well deserved. She was certainly believed to be at fault by all the intimate friends of Lord and Lady Holland ; it could not be said it was an alien's blood which was the cause.

My mother always said that she had only three great affections in her life—those for her father, her husband, and her child. They were indeed intense, and although she inspired such deep friendships, and was singularly altruistic, with ready and wide sympathy for all the joys and sorrows of others, I feel, as she said, that these three loves filled her life. Later, her grandchildren were of great interest to her ; and almost her last words

to me were: "Don't let the children forget their Mia," the pet-name by which they called her. She would never admit, however, that the love of a grandparent could compare with that of a mother.

Antonio Gallenga, or Mariotti, as he was called in those days, has often spoken to me of my mother's great beauty and charm in her early girlhood. He was one of the oldest of her friends, and he sent the following patriotic poem to her, written both in English and Italian, when she was only fifteen years old.

WRITTEN RETURNING FROM AMERICA, 1ST JUNE 1839, ON BOARD  
THE SHIP "ST. JAMES," IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

"Old Europe's lands, a home to lie and rest,"  
I ask of you once more ;  
From grief to grief, as if of grief in quest,  
I roam from shore to shore.

A land there was, the sweetest spot on earth,  
I dared to call my home ;  
The fated land ! alas ! that gave me birth,  
Shall not give me a tomb.

Shall then the wanderer be a home denied  
Wherein obscure to lie,  
Wherein the remnant of his days to hide,  
Where to forget and die ?

Fortune will change, 'tis said by changing clime,  
Firm will, will fortune chain ;  
Oh ! let us speed the march of lingering time  
And throw the dice again !

The exile's sigh for his lost country, the patriot's hope expressed in the last lines, are most touching and full of pathos.

Gallenga's early life is well worthy of record, little being known of him by the present generation beyond the somewhat legendary story of the malachite-hilted dagger given him by Mazzini wherewith to assassinate Carlo Alberto. This, by the way, is the only proof in support of the assertion that Mazzini was a regicide, and it is a proof open to serious doubt.

Gallenga at the early age of eighteen was compromised in the rising of 1830 in Parma, and was condemned to death. To all outward appearance the sentence was actually carried into effect, but Gallenga really escaped, a mock execution and burial having been skilfully arranged by his friends with the connivance of the responsible officials. It sounds almost incredible, but the story is said to be absolutely true. Arriving at Marseilles, an outcast and penniless, Gallenga was reckless and in despair. There he met the patriot Melegari, who saw in him one ready for any desperate deed. He gave the distracted youth money, and sent him to Mazzini in London. One can easily imagine the effect of such a horrible experience upon a highly-strung and enthusiastic boy. He burned with rage against the "tyrants," as the Italian sovereigns were called by the Republicans. Of all the rulers of Italy, Carlo Alberto was the most hated by Mazzini and his



followers, because he was considered a traitor, and believed to have broken the promises made in his early years. Gallenga, too young to reason, and swept away by the torrent of Mazzini's eloquence, in a moment of exaltation proposed that he should rid Piedmont and Italy of this "perjured tyrant." Mazzini at first tried to dissuade him, but eventually fell in with the plan of the excited and overwrought young patriot, giving him money and the famous dagger. Mazzini's attitude in the affair is most mysterious. His friends declared that he did not take the matter seriously. The plot was certainly not hatched in cold blood; but whatever Mazzini's intention in the gift of the dagger, it has left an unexplained stain upon his reputation.

Bolton King, in his *Life of Mazzini*, alludes to the episode; he erroneously calls Gallenga a young Corsican.

The atrocities committed by some of the retrograde governments of the Italian States were so appalling that one can understand that a young man like Gallenga, who had passed through all the agony of a sham death and burial, would be excited to the verge of madness when hearing them discussed by Mazzini and the other exiles. Gallenga, provided with a passport, made out in the name of Mariotti, went to Turin with the avowed intention of killing Carlo Alberto. In vain he waited his opportunity for nearly a month; then, believing that he had been recognised (in this he was mistaken),

he fled direct to America. It was on his return to Europe nine years later that he wrote the poem I have quoted. His name, with those of Mazzini and Giglioli, are the signatures to the proclamation issued in London in 1847 urging the Italian patriots to rise against their oppressors. In the following year Cavour wrote to him to say that the *velo d' obbligo* ("the veil of oblivion") had been drawn over his youthful escapade, and that he was forgiven; and he was actually sent as an envoy by Carlo Alberto to Frankfort. His embassy ended he returned to England, and ultimately became the correspondent of the *Times* at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. Later he represented the same paper in Florence before the occupation of Rome. His book on Russia gave him not only an important position in the political but also in the literary world. My father had the honour of presenting this work to Queen Margherita, executing the tooling himself, after having supervised the binding.

Gallenga was married twice, and each time to an Englishwoman. His only descendant, Don Romeo Gallenga-Stuart, is his grandson by his first wife, and although only a young man is already well known in Italy as an art critic.

Although so handsome, and although placed in a position in which she attracted considerable public attention, my mother's natural dignity and her great pureness of mind inspired universal respect. Always lenient to the faults and failings of others, she used

to say it is always those who live in glass-houses who are the first to throw stones. She was much admired by Orientals ; and an attaché at the Turkish Legation in London was most anxious to marry her, and even offered to become a Christian if she would accept him. But although she liked him as a friend, she did not care to become his wife. The attaché's name was Cabouli, and he died ambassador at St. Petersburg. The inscription on a miniature of himself, which he asked permission to give her, and which is still in my possession, is touching in its simplicity—"Plus heureux que l'original à sa bien aimée Giulietta Anichini."

I also remember a story of a young Mr. De Burgh, who was much in love with her, but whom my grandfather had forbidden the house, as he had the reputation of being a *mauvais sujet*. My mother was one day interviewing prospective housemaids, when, to her horror, a gaunt-looking female, who had just entered the room, threw up her veil and rushed forward to clasp her hand. It was De Burgh, who had resorted to this subterfuge in order to speak to her !

About the same time Buckner, a well-known painter, asked permission to paint my mother's portrait, which my grandfather allowed him to do. He was, however, most indignant when, not being able to buy the portrait himself, he found that the artist had sold it to Lord N——, a noted roué. An indignant protest from my grandfather resulted



in Buckner's withdrawing the picture, and of its further history I know nothing.

There is a curious contrast between the life led by girls now and in the days of my mother's youth. She has frequently told me that she did not possess a single pair of thick-soled boots, walking being considered quite unnecessary for the health. Young women, even when married, seldom drove in a hansom-cab, and never alone. To leave the doors of the cab open would have been thought the highest impropriety. An old friend tells me that it was during the epidemic of small-pox in London in the fifties that hansom-cabs were first generally used by ladies, the fear of contagion in the four-wheelers inducing people to adopt the more airy vehicle. Omnibuses in my mother's girlhood were beyond the thoughts of decent society as a mode of conveyance, and the maid-servants of a respectable house would have been dismissed if they had been seen on the outside of one.

Visiting in country-houses was then a pleasant institution, and generally confined to a circle of intimate friends and relations, the visits frequently being of a fortnight's duration. The hurried rush of the Saturday to Monday was an abomination unknown.

In those days people were not the slaves of money, and a huge fortune was not the "Open Sesame" to society unless it was allied to talent or personal qualities. Ideals still existed, and surely it was better if the young lady of the manor lost her heart



to the zealous, if ambitious curate, as she did then, instead of falling in love with the chaffeur, as she does now. It seems to me that the growing influence of money is causing the younger generation to regard all work that does not absolutely make for pleasure as an irksome evil to be avoided, and to be left to the unfortunate beings who are obliged to be bread-winners. That society in general bows down before recognised success is only natural—unfortunately it has not only lost the power of appreciation but also that of discrimination; and it is a sign of the times that it no longer has any regard for the *quality* of the successful. The most brilliant epochs in French and English society have been those when intellectual attainments and wit have been the passports to the great world, and the mere possession of wealth did not serve as a recommendation. In these days we must have been everywhere, we must know every one—with the result that we can have no time for the cultivation of those social graces which gave such distinction and charm to the London of my mother's youth. The salon is an institution of the past. We correspond by telegram—conversation is a lost art, because we no longer have any time to think, and the old pleasant social intercourse has disappeared in the treadmill of society's so-called pleasure. Sixty years ago there certainly were worldly people, but they were distinct and apart, and the term had a particular significance, and was

applied only to the men and women of fashion—they represented what is now known as the “smart set.” To-day everybody is worldly in the old meaning of the term, and who now would be shocked and astounded at Lady Jersey’s well-known answer to a friend who was remonstrating with her upon going into society a fortnight after the death of a member of her family? “My dear, if people want to be mourned, they should not die in the season.” The “worldliness” of the remark would find a ready echo to-day, and far beyond the smart set.

## CHAPTER II

SOME OF MY MOTHER'S FRIENDS IN EARLY LIFE—  
LADY MORGAN, MRS. MOSTYN, LORD AND LADY  
COMBERMERE, LADY ELY

As I have already mentioned, my mother lost her mother in her early childhood, and she was therefore introduced and chaperoned in English society by friends. Of these, besides Lady Townshend and Mrs. Abbott, I must mention Lady Morgan as one of her kindest and most constant friends in her early years. This wonderful woman, author of "The Wild Irish Girl," "Italy," "France," &c., whose salon was called the "House of Peers," was singularly gifted in many ways. By some of her contemporaries she was called a snob and a tuft-hunter, but even if this was the case (my father always said the charge was a true one), it cannot do away with her intellectual claims and merits, nor the undoubted power she possessed of collecting round her all that was most brilliant in London society—wits, literati, and politicians. I have several letters written by Lady Morgan to my mother, but only of an intimate and familiar kind, and also her portrait, showing her holding her proverbial large green fan. This portrait, which is a steel engraving, and bears her signature, she gave to my mother.

When Lady Morgan started upon her famous journey through Italy, she took letters of introduction to people of note in the worlds of society, art, letters, and science. She thus had an unusual opportunity for seeing all there was to be seen, but apart from the exhaustive descriptions in her book on Italy, it has a special value and interest from a political point of view. It was written soon after the fall of Napoleon, and at the moment when Austrian influence had been re-established in the different states of Italy. Lady Morgan availed herself of the moment with keen perception, noticing the domestic condition of the country at that critical period in its history, and showing a remarkable insight as to its future. She saw the situation clearly, and puts it in the following characteristic description :—

“Italy is little more than a great prison, guarded at all its barriers by Austrian armies headed by Austrian chiefs.”

“The Queen of Sardinia is one of the Emperor’s nearest relatives.”

“The Duchess of Parma and Piacenza, his daughter.”

“The Grand Duke of Tuscany, his brother.”

“The Duke of Modena, his cousin.”

“The Duchess of Carrara, his aunt.”

“The King of Naples, his uncle and father-in-law.”

“The Prime Minister of Rome, his friend.”

I quote one of the many passages in her interest



ing book, which shows how fully she realised that ultimately Italy would be free.

“It is vain, therefore, that Italy has wrongs to madden, a spirit to avenge those wrongs, illumination to see the remedy, and volition to enforce it : penned in, her military chained, manacled, tied to the stake ; nothing can avail her but one of those miraculous impulsions, which set the experience of history at defiance and outstrip the doctrines of calculation. Such an impulse, however, *she will receive*, and whether it come from a successful resistance of Naples, or from the kindling indignation of all Europe, irresistibly excited by the falsehood, treachery, and vulgar hypocrisy of the pigmy successors of Napoleon’s giant despotism, it *cannot be long distant*. Against the liberties of Italy are the sovereigns of Europe, their armies and their treasures ; but armies are no longer to be trusted, and treasures, thanks to the thoughtless profusion of modern exchequers, are no longer to be commanded. In their favour (Italy’s liberties) are the kindling illumination of the age, the sympathy of the whole population of the civilised world ; and all the force that belongs in the eternal nature of things, to justice and to right.”

Little wonder that this friendship for her beloved country, and her gratitude for the constant interest in her own personal welfare, should have endeared Lady Morgan to my mother. Lady Morgan was most anxious that her “dearest Giulietta” should make a good marriage from a worldly point of view,

and when love alone decided her in her choice of a husband, the elder woman was highly indignant, and, indeed, never quite forgave her. She used to tell my mother that even a plain woman can marry any man she pleases by simple and constant flattery, if she has opportunity and perseverance. "Man is far more sensible to this than woman," she always said; "and let him be convinced that you think him the most clever, the most desirable, and he can be gulled into loving you for your power of discernment *alone*, with no other attractions to offer him." My mother was not at all in sympathy with this theory, but she used frequently to quote Lady Morgan's sayings. I remember, for instance—

"It is not enough to make friends; you must know how to keep them."

"The world takes you at your own valuation, not at your real value."

"Leave the world before it leaves you."

"You must fight the world with its own weapons if you wish to live in it. Keep your highest and best qualities for your very few dear ones."

My mother in after years was a friend of Lady Morgan's niece, Mrs. Inwood Jones, who, although not brilliantly clever like her aunt, possessed the same faculty for gathering brilliant people about her, and of holding a very pleasant salon. This lady was a widow, and was imbued with a care for her good name that passed the bounds even of

prudishness. My mother was dining at her house one evening when the following amusing incident occurred. On Mrs. Inwood Jones's left sat Mr. Chorley of the *Athenæum*; on her right was Prince Louis Poniatowsky, on whose right again sat my mother. Mr. Chorley was known to be erratic, and was supposed to be rather *toqué*, owing to excessive drinking of absinthe, therefore when he rose and left the table soon after dinner had begun little notice was taken. In a little while, however, a servant came to Mrs. Inwood Jones, and whispered something to her. She became extremely agitated, and turning to the Prince and my mother in the greatest distress, said—

“Can you conceive anything so unpleasant happening to any one? Mr. Chorley, in a fit of absent-mindedness, thinking himself in his own house, has gone into *my* room, has undressed, and has got into *my* bed!”

The end of the story was that Mr. Chorley's man, who always accompanied him, was had up from the housekeeper's room, and succeeded in getting his master into his clothes again. Poor Mr. Chorley, looking very crestfallen, actually returned to the table before dinner was over. But the good lady declared that her bed had been contaminated, and that she could never occupy it again. Mrs. Inwood Jones was rather inclined to fault-finding and to bemoaning her fate, and Sir Edmund Filmer in consequence christened her “Mrs. Inward Groans.”

Mrs. Mostyn was another of my mother's friends in her youth to whom she was deeply devoted, and with whom she spent much time. She was the fourth daughter of Mrs. Thrale, and seems to have been a remarkable woman also, and less worldly than Lady Morgan. She inherited her mother's gift of conversation, but as far as I know she left no writings. I have several of her letters to my mother—the handwriting original, bold, and upright, and large for those times, when a small handwriting showing little or no character was considered fashionable. Mrs. Mostyn retired early to Silwood Place, Brighton, and there she seems to have been surrounded by many interesting people. I have a note of hers from that address entreating my mother to come to her for a few days to hear the singing of Miss Treherne, who was afterwards to become celebrated as Mrs. Weldon and the friend of Gounod.

Field-Marshal Lord Combermere and his third wife were also most kind friends to my mother, both before and after her marriage. Sir Stapylton Cotton, created Viscount Combermere, was one of Wellington's ablest generals in the Peninsular War. He was born in 1772, and lived to the great age of ninety-three. It was said that the Duke of Wellington was not entirely satisfied with Lord Anglesey's command of the cavalry in the Waterloo campaign, and would have preferred Lord Combermere to have held the post.<sup>1</sup> It is

<sup>1</sup> Charles Greville's papers.



curious to note that two generations later the families of these rival cavalry commanders were united by the marriage of Lord Alexander Paget (generally known as "Dandy Paget") to Miss Hester Stapylton Cotton, daughter of Wellington, second Viscount Combermere, and mother of the present Lord Anglesey.

Until within a few months of his death Lord Combermere was to be seen riding in the Row almost daily, his upright figure, his perfectly made wig, and the rouge upon his cheeks giving him, from a distance, an extraordinary appearance of youth.<sup>1</sup>

The third Lady Combermere I remember very well, as she lived to an advanced age, and died in 1889. For more than half a century her receptions were one of the features of London society, and all strangers of note flocked to her house, 48 Belgrave Square. She was an heiress, the daughter of an Irish surgeon named Gibbings, and when I first met her in 1879 was still a brilliant woman. She was a clever musician, an excellent amateur painter, a first-rate linguist, and most hospitable. She was also a good conversationalist, and possessed the rare but indispensable talent for the mistress of a salon of making others talk. Lady Combermere would have been a most popular hostess had it not been that she frequently allowed her propensity for sarcasm to

<sup>1</sup> Lord Combermere's life was written by Colonel Knowles, with the help of the third Lady Combermere.

overcome her better judgment ; and her epigrammatic remarks in some cases made her lifelong enemies. Yet she could be the kindest of friends, as I can indeed testify, for her interest in my mother was unceasing. She was a curious anomaly, and this was shown most strongly in her treatment of her youngest stepdaughter, whose sweet gentle nature had endeared her to my mother from her girlhood. She was quite a child when Lord Combermere married his third wife. Lady Combermere treated her with the greatest kindness and affection, and although she married a Mr. Hunter against her wishes, in later years Lady Combermere seemed to have entirely forgiven her. Mrs. Hunter eventually separated from her husband, and lived entirely with her stepmother, to whom she was a most dutiful and devoted daughter. Yet this peculiar old lady bequeathed the whole of her fortune to various charitable institutions in Ireland, leaving Mrs. Hunter in comparative poverty, and without even a life-interest in any portion of her wealth. Mrs. Hunter never resented what seemed to be an injustice, and published, for private circulation, some interesting letters of Lady Combermere to herself, and one Lady Combermere had written to Queen Victoria in answer to an autograph letter of condolence on Lord Combermere's death. Lord Combermere left no children by his first wife, a daughter of the third Duke of Newcastle ; by his second marriage with the daughter of William Fulke-

Greville, he had three children. The eldest, Caroline, a remarkable woman, married the fourth Marquis of Downshire, and became the mother of the beautiful Lady Alice Hill, who married Lord Bective; the second child, a son, Wellington, became second Lord Combermere; and the third was Mrs. Hunter, whom I have already mentioned.

Those who frequented Lady Combermere's house in the last years of her life will not easily forget what one may describe as the shadow of her once celebrated receptions. The hostess, wheeled about in her chair, completely paralysed, but beautifully dressed in glowing colours, with a dark wig of the latest fashion in hairdressing; Adriana, the faded picturesque German maid, presiding at the tea-table; Miss Beale, her secretary, in and out constantly as the whim of the lady dictated, and called for in a tone Lady Combermere would not have dared to use to Adriana, the only person of whom she stood in awe; a precious parrot sitting in its cage and vying with its indomitable mistress in sarcastic speeches and in calling needlessly for the submissive Miss Beale; Sir Walter Sterling being shrieked at by some luckless victim, as he was still under the delusion that he could hear, and insisted upon being talked to; Lady Arthur Hill, Mrs. Richard Cotton, and Miss Canning, an ever-faithful friend, and a few others dropping in, complete the picture of the last of those Sunday afternoons which once had been so brilliant.

This curious old lady could never be persuaded to overcome her dislike of railways, and invariably drove to St. Leonards, where she always spent the winter, and back again to Belgrave Square. These were the only journeys she took in the latter years of her life.

I find a letter written by Lady Combermere to my mother after the death of her beloved father—"You were one of the happy few who requited a parent's devotion by your own active and useful kindness." It was, I think, with just filial pride that I had engraved upon the slab under which my dear mother rests at Palermo the verse from Proverbs: "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gate."

Mrs. Milner Gibson was also a kind friend to my grandfather and my mother, as she was indeed to all the Italian patriots in exile in England. She had a passionate love of Italy, which dated from her earliest years. Her great-uncle, Sir Levet Hanson, had been Chamberlain to Ercole III., Rinaldo d'Este, the last real Italian Duke of Modena, and with her father, Sir Thomas Gery Cullum, she had spent many years of her childhood and girlhood in Italy. She met Mr. Milner Gibson in Naples. Her sympathy and charm attracted to her the friendship of the most interesting people of her time. The Brownings were her close friends, as was also Mrs. Shelley, who presented her with part of the manuscript of the "Kirdet of Islam," which is now in



the possession of her son, Mr. Gery Milner Gibson Cullum, at Hardwicke. Mr. Gery Cullum also has many letters from Mazzini,<sup>1</sup> Garibaldi, Gallenga, and Orsini to his mother. In London her salon was frequented by Dickens and Thackeray.

She was the warmest and most constant friend to the cause of Italian liberty, and owing to her husband's official position, it was in her power to be of no small service to the patriots.

Mazzini's letter to Mrs. Milner Gibson, on the death of her boy, has been published by Bolton King in his life of the patriot. She was a devoted mother, and her grief at the death of the boy was intense. I have a letter of hers to my mother in 1852, saying, "*Ma chère Giulietta certainement je serai avec vous le matin de votre mariage si Dieu me donne seulement la vie de mon enfant. Je suis bien malheureuse parfois !*"

One of my mother's earliest and kindest friends was Lady Ely. She gave my mother her first ball-gown, trimming it herself with carnations, the stalks of which she sealed with sealing-wax in order that they should keep fresh. When my grandfather's affairs were found to be in hopeless confusion, and his health entirely broke down, my mother bravely resolved to give singing lessons. Lady Ely gave her every assistance in her power, and her daughter, Lady Catherine Loftus, was amongst the first of her pupils. It

<sup>1</sup> Mazzini was godfather to one of Mrs. Milner Gibson's sons.

is much to be regretted that at her death all Lady Ely's correspondence was destroyed, for besides many letters from Queen Victoria, there were a quantity from Cavour, with whom she was on terms of warm friendship, and also some from D'Azeglio.

The early years of my mother's artistic career were very brilliant. She never, however, sang at public concerts; her nervousness was so great that, at her own concerts and the private ones in which she took part, it amounted to panic. She used to say, laughingly, that stout people are never credited with possessing nerves, whilst perhaps they suffer more than thinner folk. Before her marriage, and in the early fifties, she usually invited her large circle of friends to a *fête champêtre* in some garden lent her by a friend; these became well-known social gatherings, Lord Londonderry sending the band of the Guards to play for her. Many of these parties took place at Granard Lodge, Roehampton, and later at Mr. Woolley's charming house, Prior's Bank, Fulham. In those days Putney Bridge stood amongst fields and open country, the grounds of Prior's Bank sloped to the river, and even I can remember this being the case, being taken there in my childhood to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. The beautiful old house was filled with a very fine collection of old masters. Mr. Woolley was a man who seemed, if one may use the expression, to attract mysterious stories about himself

and his doings, and these stories were of the most painful descripton. His sister-in-law, Miss Cope, who was a great friend of my mother's, lived with him chiefly to refute, by her presence in his house, the dreadful accusation which had been whispered against him that he had pushed his wife, her sister, into a lake in order to get possession of the large fortune she had bequeathed to him. Then, again, when his beautiful home, Campden House, on Campden Hill, was burnt down, it was whispered that he had set it on fire, after having removed some of the finest works of art, so that he might benefit by the insurance. Another amiable story was that his butler was his half-brother, who aided and abetted him. Miss Cope and her brother, Colonel Cope, did everything in their power to disprove these ugly stories, and were most faithful and constant in their affection to the unfortunate Mr. Woolley.

A cutting from the *Morning Post* during the early fifties, given me by Vera before his death, thus describes one of those musical *fêtes champêtres* of my mother at Granard Lodge, the home of Lady Webster. "The day was beautiful, the trees and flowers looking their best, the performers, nearly all of whom were celebrities, in the happiest vein. Nature and Art then contributed to make an entertainment as delightful, as rare, and to the great honour of the presiding goddess of the fête be it said, that to her own presence and performances a

large portion of the generally felt pleasure was due."

A very kind friend of my mother's was Miss Kincaid Lennox. I knew her in later years, staying with her after my marriage, and stout, plain, and very deaf, she did not give one any suggestion of the romantic story of her early life. She was a Scotch heiress, and when she fell desperately in love with Mr. George Smythe, afterwards Viscount Strangford, her father absolutely forbade the marriage. Some time later, hearing that Lord Strangford was dying, Mr. Kincaid Lennox took his daughter to Cairo to see her lover, and she was married to him literally on his death-bed, for the marriage took place on 9th November 1857, and he died a fortnight later. For four years she remained faithful to this shadowy memory, then fell in love with the handsome and well-known Charlie Hanbury of the Blues, son of Lord Bateman, with whom she had a most happy married life. He added her name of Lennox to his own, this being necessary to secure her the inheritance of her beautiful home, Lennox Castle. He is still a well-known figure of society, and now married to his wife's niece, the handsome Miss Cunningham.

I cannot conclude this chapter without mentioning Sir Augustus and Lady Clifford, who were amongst the kindest of my mother's friends. Sir Augustus had been a great friend of Nelson. The curious story of his birth is well known, and how to



make up for the loss of a dukedom, it is said, every possible honour was conferred upon him, including that of Black Rod. I have said enough, however, to give a glimpse of my mother's early surroundings, and will now take my readers to Sicily, my father's home.

## CHAPTER III

### MY FATHER, HIS FAMILY, AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1848

My father's ancestors, the Scalias, had lived for several generations in Palermo, all worthy citizens and much respected, leaving behind them reputations "senza infamia e senza lode"; not one of them had displayed any great intellectual powers. My paternal grandmother, however, came of a very different stock. The daughter of one Domenico Serretta, she seems to have been of a highly sensitive, courageous, and patriotic temperament. Whilst still quite young she was induced to join the Secret Society of the Carbonari, the first Liberal association founded in Italy, going through the ceremony of initiation, an ordeal before which the strongest man might shrink, and taking the oath, in a gruesome cavern near Naples.<sup>1</sup> Her courage throughout her life was undaunted, and in strong contrast to the placid indifference of her husband. On one occasion, which is recorded in the "History of the Revolution in Sicily" in 1847, when their house in Palermo was being searched by Neapolitan soldiers for compromising papers affecting my uncle, Luigi Scalia—who was

<sup>1</sup> The women associates of this society were called Giardinieri.

known to be one of the heads of the Liberal party—whilst my father and uncle were destroying the papers, this daring woman stood before the locked door of the room. When ordered to stand aside and let the soldiers pass, she cried, “You must first shoot me, and pass over my body!” The soldiers had no orders to fire upon a woman, and by keeping them at bay she saved her sons, who escaped by the window. This scene was described to me by the mother of the patriot, Francesco Vassallo, she herself having witnessed this heroic episode from a house opposite.

It was undoubtedly from his mother that my father inherited his excitable, generous, and daring nature, which in later years was tempered by such strong common-sense and philosophy that he was constantly called upon to act as arbitrator and peacemaker in the many intricate and difficult disputes and *questions d'honneur* in Palermo. He was born in April 1823. In childhood he was a “perfect pickle.” One of his great amusements was to climb on to the roof of the neighbouring houses—the houses in Palermo at that time were all arranged in flats—and seizing the opportunity when the kitchens were empty, he would creep through the windows and change the dishes, saucepans, and any food that was being prepared, for those of other flats. The resulting confusion and uproar when the cooks returned can be imagined. He had the agility of a cat, and I remember seeing him, when well on in years, clamber up a rope on to a steamer, like a midshipman, in

order to be the first to greet his sister, who was on board, being too impatient to wait until the companion-ladder was lowered. An old relative who lived in the country was very fond of him, and intended to make him her heir. She was especially proud of some white peacocks that she had, and through these birds my father lost his inheritance. He was paying her a visit, and to her unspeakable rage one day the little lad rushed up to her in nature's simple attire, wearing a petticoat of the tail feathers of the precious peacocks, and a headgear of the same—"To look like a savage," he explained. His visit ended abruptly, and he was never forgiven. When quite a boy he used to run pins into his flesh to harden himself against pain!

Very early in life my father became imbued with his mother's Liberal ideas; and as it was impossible to get him to apply himself to serious study he was sent to sea for some years, as much for the reason that it was the most congenial occupation that could be found for him, as to keep him out of the troubled atmosphere of Palermo.

My uncle, Luigi Scalia, who took a legal degree at the university, but never practised, was seventeen years my father's senior, and when my grandfather died of cholera in the terrible epidemic of 1837, he became his brother's natural protector, and was more than a father to him. Luigi Scalia was one of the twelve chief citizens of Palermo who signed the Constitution of free Sicily in 1848, and worked, as will



be seen, with Ruggiero Settimo, the Marchese Torrearsa, Mariano Stabile, Prince Butera, and many others, in the formation of its provisional government.

The Revolution of 1848, although the outcome of so much plotting and planning, did not arise from any concerted plan ; no date even had been fixed for the rising. And, contrary to all suppositions and all later statements, there seems to have been no actual organising committee for the preparation of this great insurrection. As early as 1847 the young Neapolitan Liberal Settembrini had attracted great attention by the publication of "A Protest of the People of the Two Sicilies," which exposed all the horrors of Bourbon misrule.

Messina attempted to rise in September of that year, but the insurrection was immediately suppressed. In October the police denounced Prince Granatelli, Marocco, Mariano Stabile, and Luigi Scalia as dangerous conspirators against the Government, and as being confederates of the brothers Poerio, the brothers Assanti, and Bozzelli of Naples.

La Masa, who was accused of too much personal vanity, and even of want of personal courage at critical moments, was doing his utmost to rouse the people, and afterwards he tried to prove that he had been the chief instigator of the Palermo rising. He quotes my father's greatest friend, Rosalino Pilo, and Giacinto Carini (the latter was actually in the Scalia house on the morning of the famous

12th January), in support of his contention, but the Scalias always emphatically denied that there had been any preconcerted arrangement. Crispi himself admitted this, and in *La Concordia* of 27th July 1850, he swept away La Masa's pretensions.

"As La Masa and many others," he says, "have spoken of committees and revolutionary societies in the Two Sicilies, it is well that I should remove this doubt, which has lately occupied public opinion. One can only say that if the meetings of a few friends of liberty, at which one talks and exhibits an interest in the condition of the country, can be called Committees and Societies, then these meetings have never failed since 1838, and more than that, they have increased."

A proclamation by a young man called Francesco Bagnasco, who acted entirely alone, and on his own initiative, was posted on the walls of Palermo on the morning of the 8th January, inciting the citizens to rebellion, and calling upon them to rise on the morning of the 12th of that month, the king's birthday. And by this action of an unknown youth, all the patriots were roused!

The police took immediate precautions. Some of the Liberals were thrown into prison on the night of the 9th; but on the morning of the 12th the general ferment had reached a climax, and the chief Piazzas were consequently occupied by the troops. At first all was quiet, but suddenly here and there, without any organisation or leader-

ship, as I have said, shots were fired, and the fighting began.

As far as my family were concerned in the rising, Baron Pisani, Giacinto Carini, and Minneci met at the Scalias' house at daybreak to be ready for emergencies. On hearing the first shots fired they shouldered their guns and went off with my uncle, Luigi Scalia. My father was about to follow when his old uncle, Raimondo Scalia, barred the door and tried to keep him in. Whereupon my father drew out a pistol and declared he would blow his brains out on the spot if they would not let him go.

"Let him pass and do his duty," cried his heroic mother. The door was opened and he followed his brother. This was told me by my cousin, Martino Beltrani,<sup>1</sup> who was present, and who was not allowed to join in the fighting because of his extreme youth, though the following day saw him also fighting bravely amongst the ranks of the insurgents.

For three days and three nights my father was absent from his home, and when he returned he had made three prisoners, one of whom was a major of the Neapolitan army!

<sup>1</sup> Martino Beltrani is the son of my father's beautiful elder sister, Adelaide, who married the patriot Vito Beltrani, and died when only seventeen of scarlet-fever, caught while nursing a friend, leaving her boy three months old. Vito Beltrani took a prominent part in the revolution, and as an exile in Florence was well known as a writer of graceful verse. He was made a senator at the Unity. The same honour was later conferred on his son, who is now engaged in writing a work on the Sicilian revolution of 1848.

As soon as the news of the rising reached the neighbouring villages, they immediately followed the example of Palermo, and sent contingents to aid the citizens—Giuseppe Scordato of Bagheria, with a number of armed friends, Alessandro Scalia, a cousin of my father's, with 300 armed men from Partinico, and Salvatore Miuli from Monreale, being amongst the first to arrive. In this disjointed way the numbers of the insurgents gradually increased, and on the 13th a provisional committee of Government, of which my uncle, Luigi Scalia, was a member, was formed, with its headquarters in the Piazza Fieravecchia (now called Piazza della Rivoluzione). On the 14th a meeting was held at the town-hall, which was attended by the venerable Prince of Pantellaria, Ruggiero Settimo, and all the chief Liberal nobles and citizens. An episode worthy of being recorded was the conduct of the crowd on that occasion. The Neapolitan troops were still firing into the Piazza, and the populace, rushing forward in a body, made itself into a living shield to protect the notabilities as they passed from their carriages into the palace.

Those were indeed glorious days for the Sicilians, when without previous organisation, without money or sufficient ammunition, they rose against tyranny and conquered; when untrained men on foot defeated the royal cavalry; when, overwhelmed by the courageous daring of the populace, the troops evacuated, one after the other, the barracks, the public offices, and the royal palace, in some cases



without resistance or fighting. General de Sauget, the Neapolitan leader, held the barracks of the *Quattro Venti* near the sea, until the superiority of the insurgents compelled him to withdraw, and then, as a last vengeance, ordered the prisons to be thrown open, hoping thus to annihilate the victorious Sicilians by casting loose 5000 malefactors amongst them. The same order was given later by the Neapolitan Government in the other cities of Sicily and the neighbouring islands, as is confirmed by a letter from the English Vice-Consul Jeans to Rear-Admiral Curtis, dated from Catania, 3rd March 1848.

Captain Lyon, in his report to Lord Napier, gives many interesting details of those early days of the revolution, and particularly mentions the cruelty of the Neapolitan soldiers. He says that he himself met women in the street covered with blood, which they declared to be that of their innocent children who had been slaughtered in their arms.

Lord Mount Edgumbe, who was at that time staying with his family at Palermo, during a European tour, tried, even at that early date, to act as intermediary. But he was unable to be of any service to the Sicilians, or to prevent useless bloodshed. The present Lord Mount Edgumbe, then a boy of fourteen, was in Palermo with his father. He and the ladies of the party seem to have shown great courage during the rain of bombshells which fell upon the Palazzo Butera, where they were staying. In common with many other witnesses of the events

of those days, Lord Mount Edgcumbe bears testimony to the cowardice of the Neapolitan soldiers. "When anything like a collision occurred the military ran away," he says in the diary he has kindly allowed me to read. And again, "The troops never could be relied on to make head against the insurgents in street fighting." His description of the British ships dexterously standing in between the Neapolitan fleet and the city is most interesting, and shows the help given to the revolutionists by England.

On the 30th January the last hard fighting took place in Palermo in the attack on the Fort of Castellammare, held by Colonel Gross. The insurgents were led by Colonel Longo, Colonel Orsini, and Major Alfonso Scalia, my father, and after four hours of incessant firing the white flag waved from the fort, and the capitulation was agreed upon, the defending troops being allowed to leave with all military honours. Thus, after twenty-three days' fighting, Palermo was actually free, and light indeed seemed the hardships borne for such a victory.

Giacomo Longo was indeed a worthy leader for my father. Born in Naples in 1818 of Sicilian parents, he was arrested and imprisoned in 1847 for "conspiracy." He succeeded in escaping, and joined the revolutionists in Palermo in 1848, being appointed a member of the provisional government on 22nd January, and shortly afterwards was given command of all the artillery, with Colonel Porcelli and my father as his subordinates. How popular and how

beloved he was by his men and fellow-combatants is shown by the following anecdote related by Giovanni Pisani.

“At the taking of the Porta Real Basso at Messina, whilst he was watching, together with the three brothers Pisani, Francesco Nulfani, and Martino Beltrani, the firing directed by the ‘valoroso Alfonso Scalia’ from the battery of the Pizzilari—or Forte dei Bravi, as it was called, because of its being manned by the most courageous of the young patriots—one of the enemy’s bombs fell at Longo’s feet. Immediately a sergeant, who had deserted to the insurgents from the Neapolitan army, threw himself before the general, and seizing him in his arms to protect him, said, ‘Your life is so much more precious to our country than mine.’”

Taken prisoner at Corfu after the miserable failure of the Calabrian expedition—of which I shall speak later—and imprisoned in the castle of St. Elmo in Naples, Longo languished there in the most deplorable condition until the 3rd July 1860, when he was liberated, and at once made Minister of War by Garibaldi. He was appointed to the regular Italian army on its formation, with the rank of general.

For many years this hero, who, having reached the highest rank in the army, was made a senator, lived blind and almost forgotten in peaceful retirement in a tiny house in Rome, lovingly attended by a devoted wife and daughter, and visited only by a very few friends. Foremost amongst these was Martino

Beltrani, his faithful and youthful comrade of 1848, whose Sunday visit never failed to the last. General Longo died quite recently at the age of eighty-eight.

Colonel Baron Porcelli, who I have just mentioned, was undoubtedly a brave soldier. His marriage was most romantic. He became acquainted with Lord Mount Edgcumbe's family during their residence in Palermo, and eventually persuaded Lord Mount Edgcumbe's niece, Miss Annie Macdonald, to run away with him. The date fixed upon was that on which the Mount Edgumbes had arranged to leave Sicily, the 1st April 1848. Miss Macdonald, seizing a favourable opportunity, scrambled down from the terrace of the Palazzo Butera to the public promenade which runs beneath it. Here Porcelli awaited her, and after a hurried Roman Catholic service, the bride and bridegroom presented themselves to the bride's mother. A second service, this time Protestant, was performed on board H.M.S. *Bulldog*, just before the departure of Lord and Lady Mount Edgcumbe and their party. The marriage, although four children were born of it, was not happy. Porcelli's descendants have added the name of Cust to their Sicilian patronymic, and live in England.

Looking dispassionately on the events of those stirring three weeks, it seems hardly conceivable that an army of trained soldiers should have been so utterly routed by a number of untrained civilians. Many acts of heroism were displayed during those



days of ceaseless fighting, most of which passed unknown and unnoticed. My father's heroic conduct in undertaking to deliver an important message from the fortifications at Porta Felice, at one end of the city, to the Royal Palace at the other, and his miraculous preservation under the hail of shot that fell around him as he galloped between these two distant points, made a great sensation. General Mierawslawsky, the Polish commander of the Sicilian insurgents, in his work on the revolution, calls him, "Il giovine prode Scalia."

On the 5th February a most picturesque and impressive ceremony took place in the cathedral—the blessing of the tricolour flags of liberty by the Archbishop of Palermo. It was attended by the entire Senate, which marched in full state through the streets. The consuls of all the Powers were present, with the exception of Austria, the British consul and Captain Lushington being received with loud applause on entering the cathedral. During the ceremony the inspiring music of "Guerra Guerra," from "Norma," the work of the Sicilian genius Bellini, was played.

In the midst of the popular rejoicings one of the most zealous of the patriots, the aged Prince of Pantellaria, died, the excitement, the joyful emotions, and the fatigue having hastened his end. He died happy in the belief that his beloved country had at length gained her freedom, little dreaming of the dire and dark days that were still in store for her.

In the meantime the other provinces of the island had not been idle. Girgenti had risen on the 22nd, Catania on the 24th, and Messina on the 29th. At Girgenti the horrible cruelties committed by the Neapolitan commander, Colonel Pucci, infuriated the people beyond all restraint. Pucci ordered 200 prisoners to be thrown into a large hole, where there was barely room for sixty men to stand; lumps of burning sulphur were then flung down upon the struggling mass of helpless men. Such barbarity would scarcely be credited were it not corroborated by the report of the British vice-consul of the place, Mr. Oates, which was forwarded to Lord Napier by Mr. Goodwin, the British consul at Palermo. The Sicilians, on the other hand, behaved with singular humanity, seeing the wrongs to which they had been subjected, and observed the strictest honesty in all their dealings at this period.

On the day following the rising in Palermo, when the insurgents were in urgent need of money, the first help was brought to the committee by some poor countrymen, who had succeeded in waylaying an armed escort carrying 20,000 ducats in gold, belonging to the Government. These peasants, although practically penniless, brought the sum intact to the Piazza Fieravecchia, where, as I have said, the committee sat. When the revolutionists took possession of the Ministry of Finance, they entered in a vast crowd, without any definite order or leadership, and consequently in the greatest

confusion. Yet although some were of the poorest classes, so poor indeed that they were shoeless, not a halfpenny was found to be missing, nor a single bond to have been touched. Captain Robb, of the English frigate *Gladiator*, bears high testimony to the splendid behaviour of the Sicilians, in a letter he wrote to Lord Napier on 27th January. He said there was nothing to fear from the people, that every kind of property had been scrupulously respected by them, and that no examples of cruelty, theft, or of outrage had come to his notice, with the exception of the execution of a few *sbirri* ("spies").

To return to the fighting—the capture of the castle of Milazzo, one of the Neapolitan strongholds not far from Messina, was a most difficult task. But by this time the insurgents had learnt to work the artillery captured in the forts at Palermo, and finally Milazzo capitulated on the 12th February. Much valuable war material was found in the castle, and this, under the care of Colonels Longo and Porcelli, and Major Alfonso Scalia, was taken to Messina to serve in the attack on that city. My father possessed an extraordinary power of sleeping, and during the siege of Messina a friend found him placidly asleep, although a bomb had fallen into the room where he was lying. I remember, when quartered in Palermo in 1871 as major-general, he made a long tour of inspection, our friend Percy French accompanying him. On their return my mother asked the latter what had most impressed him on

his journey, to which he promptly replied, "Why, Alfonso's sleeping powers. He turns it on like a tap. He sleeps standing, on the march, on horseback. It is marvellous to behold, and fills me with envy."

The taking of Messina proved an arduous undertaking. The fort of Porta Real Basso was the first point won. So desperate was the final onslaught, that besiegers and defenders fought *corps à corps* on the walls until the intrepid and valorous Giuseppe Bensaja was seen upon the top, waving the tricolour flag. The next moment his head was blown off by a Neapolitan cannon-ball. Unable to withstand the charge that followed, the defenders wavered, and very speedily the flag of Ferdinand was torn down and the tricolour flew in its place—a young priest, with a pistol in one hand and a crucifix in the other, being amongst the first to reach the flagstaff.

This almost miraculous victory of the Sicilians seemed to paralyse the royal troops; and retiring in absolute confusion to the Citadel, situated on a spit of land running out into the sea, and all but impregnable, they drew up the bridges and remained isolated there, leaving the bastions, the barracks, and the precious arsenal, with all its store of war material, to the victors.

That evening Messina was free, and one of the most touching episodes in Sicilian history occurred when the aged father of the hero Bensaja, who had rushed to certain death in order to be the first



to wave the tricolour flag over the city, harangued the people, crying out, "Congratulate me! congratulate me! I have three more sons ready to die for their country and liberty!"

The Citadel, however, continued to pour bombs into the city, and on the 25th and 26th February immense damage was done. The request of Captain Codrington that the bombardment should cease for a time, to allow the commercial foreigners<sup>1</sup> to leave was disregarded, and it was only after several days of incessant firing that an armistice was concluded and the Neapolitan guns were silenced, but it was only for a time. The Citadel was never conquered.

Lord St. Levan kindly sends me a letter dated 26th May 1848, which he wrote to his mother from Sicily, when travelling there as a very young man with a tutor. I give the following extracts illustrating the capture of Messina by the revolutionists:—

"The town has 80,000 inhabitants, and, as all the Sicilian towns we have seen, presents a great contrast to the Italian towns, being regularly built and clean to a nicety. The town is in the hands of the insurgents, and the Citadel is the only bit of ground the king holds in the whole of Sicily!

"Almost all the houses have got cannon-shots in

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to Colonel Pronio, the commandant of the Neapolitan troops, Captain Codrington says that he considers the injury done to five English merchants alone to amount to over 40,000 ounces (£20,000). Yet all these strangers seem to have been in sympathy with the revolutionists in spite of their heavy losses.

them from the last bombardment, and some of the houses in the quay are quite ruined. The row was expected to begin the following day. They had pulled down all the bronze statues of the king and his ancestors, and had made them into six as pretty mortars as could be seen. I went to the foundry and saw them casting. There will be a desperate struggle. The commander of the Citadel swears he will blow the town in pieces, and he can do it from the fort, which commands the town. . . .

“We were the first to bring the Naples news along the route. We found provisional governments established in Calabria and all through Sicily. The people are enraged against the Neapolitans, whom they call a set of cowards for allowing the king to beat them, and are preparing to march against Naples. The provisional governments are very active hitherto ; one of the measures of the king was to let loose all the brigands, &c., confined in the forts and prisons in Sicily. They caught and shot twenty-four of them the day we were at Messina, and sixty two days before.”

Whilst the whole island was rising and the younger generation was fighting, the elders in Palermo were beginning to organise a system of government, of which Ruggiero Settimo was elected President. A committee, amongst whom were Emerico Amari and Vito Beltrani, on the 25th February presented a project for the constitution of Parliament, which was accepted. The House of Lords was to be in

part hereditary, in part elective. But several of those who were proposed as members declined the honour, preferring to belong to the House of Commons; amongst these was my uncle, Luigi Scalia.

Exactly a month later, on the 25th March, both Houses assembled for the first time after thirty-three years, in the Church of San Domenico, amidst scenes of intense patriotism and enthusiasm. The Duke Serradifalco was elected President of the House of Peers, his son-in-law, the Marchese Torrearsa, President of the Commons.

La Farina gives a most poetic description of this memorable day. "It was one of those beautiful spring days in Sicily, on which the country is enamelled with flowers, the firmament inundated with light, and the air laden with balmy perfume; it seemed as if Nature had clad herself in all her glory to celebrate the triumph of Liberty."

The sittings of the Parliament were afterwards held in the Convent of San Francesco, a little street leading to it now being called the Via del Parlamento in consequence. It was on the 27th March that Ruggiero Settimo was proclaimed dictator, and granted all the prerogatives of royalty; his word and his person declared inviolable, with the title of "Father of his Country."

I have already mentioned Ruggiero Settimo as a friend of Lord William Bentinck, in my historical introduction. He was the younger son of Prince

Fitalia, and a great-uncle of the present holder of the title, who keeps as a precious relic a copy of the Rev. James Stainers Sharp and John McArthur's "Life of Nelson," which was presented to Ruggiero Settimo by Lord William. It contains this autograph inscription :—

"To Don Ruggiero Settimo as a mark of his high respect and regard, this book is presented by his sincere friend. May his countrymen value and imitate his courage, his moderation, his honour, his frank good faith, his patriotism. By the culture of these virtues only can his country either become or remain free.

"W. BENTINCK.

"PALERMO, *July* 14, 1814."

Sicily in her newly acquired freedom could not have chosen a better leader than Ruggiero Settimo. Born in 1778, he entered the Neapolitan navy, and took an active and brilliant part in the naval combats in which the fleet was engaged, rising rapidly to the rank of admiral. In 1814 he was Minister of War, but faithful to the Liberal ideas instilled by the British, he withdrew into private life at the end of the English occupation of Sicily. He was seventy years of age when he again came forward, and in response to the wishes of his countrymen took the heavy burden of directing the councils of the Island Government upon his shoulders, accepting the labour in the spirit that inspired his noble words at the first sitting of the Parliament in 1848: "May God



bless and inspire the will of parliament. May He with benignity look on the land of Sicily, and join her to the great destinies of the Italian nation, independent and united."

When the star of Italy's short independence set in the miserable and clouded horizon of deception and desertion, he was amongst the last to leave the island. He retired in exile to Malta, where the English Governor O'Ferrol and Admiral Sir William Parker were the first to receive him and do him honour. The Neapolitan Government did not spare the great patriot even in his exile, its agents never losing an opportunity of giving him annoyance, and that in the pettiest and most contemptible manner. To such a degree did Naples carry its persecution that after six years of exile it was only by the interference of some of the foreign consuls that Ruggiero Settimo's nephew, Prince Fitalia, obtained permission to leave Sicily to go to Malta, in order to attend him during a dangerous illness in 1855. On what he then believed to be his deathbed, Settimo made his will. It is a noble, patriotic document. He states that he dies serene and peaceful, knowing that he had never intentionally wronged any man, but with the great sorrow that he had not seen the freedom of his beloved country, for the liberty of which he had been ready at all times to make any personal sacrifices. He was, however, spared to witness the Unity of Italy. Honours were showered upon him by King Victor Emanuel, and in 1861 he was appointed

the first President of the Italian Senate. Unfortunately his great age and infirmities made it impossible for him to return to his native land, and he died peacefully at Malta in 1863, at the advanced age of eighty-five. A full-length statue of Ruggiero Settimo stands in the Piazza in Palermo which bears his name.

But to return to the revolution of 1848. Negotiations had been opened between the Neapolitan Government and the Sicilians. Indeed Lord Napier, the British chargé d'affaires at Naples, wrote as early as the 27th January to his Government that the Neapolitans must be prepared to give way, and grant Sicily her constitution of 1812. Such was the patriotic enthusiasm in Palermo that an Austrian frigate which arrived on February 21st could obtain neither coal, water, nor provisions, although her captain offered fabulous prices; the vessel could not leave the port until Captain Lushington of the British man-of-war *Vengeance* came to her assistance and supplied her needs.

The King of Naples having expressed a desire that Lord Minto, who was at that moment in Rome, should act as mediator, the suggestion was willingly accepted by the Sicilians, and the negotiations began.

Lord Minto had been sent in 1847 on a diplomatic mission to Sardinia and Tuscany to assist in carrying out the reforms suggested by Pius IX., and to report generally on Italian affairs. An armistice was declared on the 10th March, but from the outset

it was difficult to arrive at any understanding. Lord Minto did all that was possible. He went to Palermo, and succeeded in gaining the unwilling consent of Ruggiero Settimo and the Committee to recognise Ferdinand as the King of Sicily; but they would only agree to this arrangement on the understanding that Sicily should be a separate kingdom, with the right of coining her own money, with her own Parliament, army, and representatives in all international congresses, and possessing her own tricolour flag. Lord Minto wrote from Palermo on 14th March to Lord Palmerston that it was impossible to imagine the intense hatred felt by all classes towards Ferdinand II., and that it was only the fear of losing the help and support of England which induced the Sicilian governors to recognise him as their sovereign. Their conditions were naturally refused by Naples, for if the sovereign had accepted them he would have lost all personal influence over the island. Sicily therefore gladly voted the deposition of the king on the 13th April, with the laconic but solemn words, "The throne of Sicily is vacant."

Those who were present say it is impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the moment; men and women sobbing for very joy at their regained freedom. That night the whole city of Palermo was illuminated; the poorest houses hanging forth their little lamps or lanterns.

Sicily was at first encouraged to hope for recognition by the Italian States, some of which were

following her initiative, and were rising against the tyranny and oppression that governed them. The Pope, Pio Nono, blessed the commission sent by the Sicilian Government to Rome, Tuscany, and Turin, composed of Emerico Amari, Giuseppe La Farina, and Baron Casimiro Pisani. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who still occupied his throne, received them with open arms.

The Sicilians showed their desire to join in the Italian federation, which was then beginning to be the dream of Young Italy, by sending a hundred picked men from Palermo under General La Masa to fight in Lombardy, and thus proved the falsehood of the calumny set abroad by the Neapolitan Government that the islanders wished to become vassals of England.

Palmerston wrote to Sir Ralph Abercromby in Turin on the 8th May 1848 begging him to inform the Duke of Genoa of a "pleasing decision," which was that the duke would be recognised by her Majesty's Government as king if he decided to accept the Sicilian throne. He went on to say that as the King of Naples evidently could not keep Sicily in submission, and that as no other Power would undertake this task for him, the best solution for the general interests of Europe would be that the Sicilians should choose a sovereign for themselves amongst the Italian princes.

England, although openly admitting that she had hoped for a friendly arrangement between the



Sicilians and the Neapolitan Government in May and June, announced that she would recognise the island as an independent state if the throne were accepted by the Duke of Genoa, son of Carlo Alberto, King of Sardinia.<sup>1</sup> France, on the other hand, did not regard the consequent aggrandisement of Piedmont with favour, and would have preferred the son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to rule the Sicilians. But the Tuscan prince was only nine years old, and the long minority and the complications ensuing upon so extended a regency justified the islanders in not accepting him as a candidate for their throne. These various negotiations show how far removed from republicanism were the sentiments of the patriots who had relieved Sicily from the despotism of the Bourbons.

On the 10th of July the Chambers were called together, and after a long and heated discussion as to the advisability of electing a king immediately or postponing the decision, Alberto Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, was proclaimed by a large majority of votes at two o'clock in the morning; his first name of Ferdinand being suppressed in order that no memory should be recalled of the hated sovereign of Naples.

Late as was the hour, the news spread as fire before the wind, and great were the rejoicings of the people. Day broke in all the glory of the soft

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Lord Napier to the British consul at Palermo, 7th of June 1848.

summer breeze of dawn, amidst the pealing of bells, the sounding of cannons, and the joyous cries of the population. Only those who know the ineffable fascination of a Sicilian summer's morning can picture the scene—the air laden with the scent of jasmine and magnolia, the parched earth refreshed by the slight dews of night—as the English and French fleets entered the golden-tinted Bay of Palermo, firing salvo after salvo in honour of the President of the Government and his Ministers, amid the wild and tumultuous joy of the citizens. All, indeed, seemed as roseate as the exquisite tints on Monte Pellegrino when the sun set on that memorable day of July, and it must have been impossible for those who saw the glorious result of their labours, to believe that clouds were gathering near at hand, and that a storm of anguish and deception was already brooding, and was soon to break over the stricken and helpless country. In the meantime, the successful insurrection of the Sicilians had inspired the Neapolitan patriots, and they took up arms against Ferdinand in May. Before this, however, the chief leaders of the Liberal party, Carlo Poerio and Settembrini, had been thrown into prison, and the rising was speedily quelled. Notwithstanding the ill-success in Naples, high hopes were entertained as to the result of a rising in Calabria, the victorious issue of which would mean a fresh rising in the capital. Count Ricciardi was despatched with all speed from Calabria to Messina to urge the Sicilians

to help, in what was represented to them as a general rising throughout the Neapolitan kingdom.

General Ribotty, a Piedmontese Republican, accepted the command of the expedition, which was eagerly joined by Colonel Longo, my father, and others. Some hard fighting took place near Castel Villari, in which my father distinguished himself by his great valour and capacity; but it soon became evident that the cause was hopeless, for the town of Cosenza, which had been the centre of the patriotic movement, suddenly declared its loyalty to Ferdinand. General Ribotty despatched my father to Sicily to beg for help. My father left his companions in their perilous position with much reluctance, and set off on a journey which the General's letter to the Minister of War in Palermo shows to have been fraught with difficulty and danger: "Sir, in order to be sure of your receiving this letter and its enclosures, I have been obliged to send Major A. Scalia, although against his wish, as the only person who is capable of executing this most delicate mission, owing to his knowledge of seamanship. You will learn from Scalia of our pecuniary difficulties, which, united with others that he will describe to you, make our position so difficult that I feel sure you will at once do all you can for us."

However, before any decision could be made by the Sicilian Parliament, Ribotty was obliged to disband the little force in Calabria. The majority

were captured by the Neapolitans by means of a cruel deception. The Sicilian patriots were crossing the Straits of Messina in a small ship, the *Stromboli*, when they were approached by a vessel flying the British flag. They had no suspicion until, being suddenly called upon to surrender, they discovered that the vessel was a Neapolitan man-of-war. My uncle, Luigi Scalia, and Prince Granatelli, who had been sent to England as the representatives of Sicily, immediately called Lord Palmerston's attention to this abuse of the British flag, but nothing came of their protest. Thus ended the unfortunate Calabrian expedition.



## CHAPTER IV

### MY UNCLE IN ENGLAND—THE END OF SICILY'S INDEPENDENCE

As I have said in the preceding chapter, representatives of free Sicily had been sent to the different Courts of Italy and abroad. Baron Friddani, a Liberal who had been compromised in the movement of 1820 and had been exiled, was chosen to place his country's cause before the French Government, he being settled in Paris; whilst Prince Granatelli and my uncle, Luigi Scalia, were appointed to treat with the British Government, both having equal powers. England and France at this time were acting in concert as intermediaries between the Sicilians and King Ferdinand.

Prince Granatelli had already taken an active part in the patriotic movements in Sicily, and in consequence had been obliged to leave the island. Although a man of culture, and with real legislative abilities, he seems to have cut a somewhat ignoble figure in London society, into which he and my uncle were immediately launched. Countless stories were told of his amazing behaviour. At an important semi-official dinner, in a fit of absent-mindedness, he scratched his head with his fork.

That he should stir his coffee at the end of the banquet with his little finger in place of a spoon was regarded as a minor solecism. On another occasion, at a soirée at Lady Belcher's, after the hostess had sung, he applauded by beating his open palm violently upon his side in such a way as to attract all eyes towards him! My uncle's courtly manners were in pleasing contrast with the uncouth ways of the Prince, and rendered him a general favourite. During the twelve years of his residence in London he made many friends, amongst whom were Lord Palmerston, Lord Minto, Lord Beaumont, Lord John Russell, Sir William Molesworth, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, whose legal opinion was of great value to him in the difficult position in which he and Prince Granatelli were placed at the close of the Sicilian independence, as to the advisability of refunding to the Neapolitan Government a sum of money that had been placed in their hands by the Sicilian Provisional Government wherewith to purchase two ships.

Dr. Holland (afterwards Lord Knutsford) seems to have been among the first to show constant hospitality to my uncle, and soon after his arrival in London he mentions in his diary a dinner at Dr. Holland's, with "excellent cooking and pleasant company," and how gratified he was to make the acquaintance there of Count Pepoli, the Bolognese patriot, with whom later he formed a very close friendship.

At the outset, the prospect was most hopeful, and, on the 11th of July, Prince Granatelli and Luigi Scalia were able to write to Baron Friddani in Paris : “ Lord Palmerston has repeated to us several times that the salute to our flag is an act of recognition, and has promised that gradually we shall be given others more important.” But Lord Palmerston, moved by his strong personal sympathy for the cause of the Sicilians, was promising more than he could perform. He was not strong enough to impose the recognition of the little struggling State upon his own Government or those of other nations.

At the same time Carlo Alberto of Sardinia, “ Re Tentenna ”—King Wobble as the Italians called him—was proving himself worthy of the sobriquet. The Duke of Serradifalco, President of the Sicilian House of Peers, with a deputation, had joined Baron Pisani and Emerico Amari at Turin to offer the crown of Sicily to the Duke of Genoa, Carlo Alberto’s son. At first, the Sardinian monarch gave hopes of his acceptance ; then he refused flatly. But recalling the deputation he invited them to dine, raising their hopes once more by his ambiguous phrases. Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was English Minister at the Court of Sardinia, did all in his power to help, and, perhaps, in the kindness of his heart, and from sympathy with the Sicilians, gave them more hope than was justifiable. The uncertainty in which the Sicilian representatives in

London and the deputation in Turin were kept, wasted much precious time, and undoubtedly hampered the action of the Provisional Government of Palermo.

Lord Normanby, the English ambassador in Paris, despite the fact that he had warmly advocated the granting of the Sicilian constitution, and had hoped to be of service to the island, was apparently obliged to alter his tone, for he was most curt and unsympathetic in an interview with Baron Friddani. The explanation of Lord Normanby's coldness is to be found, I think, in his Memoirs, entitled "A Year of Revolution in Paris," where he says: "Ever since the revolution my one great object, which I have uniformly kept in view, has been to prevent the appearance of a French soldier beyond the French territory. I consider that upon that one point, in the present state of Europe, may turn the question of general war."

The unfortunate King Carlo Alberto cannot be considered so much to blame for his uncertainty with regard to Sicily as in other matters. It was a most agitated and troubled time for the vacillating King of Sardinia. The Sicilian deputation arrived in Turin the day before that on which the series of military disasters set in that compelled him to give up Lombardy, the province which had risen so courageously to join Piedmont against Austria. And thus situated, his army defeated, France against him, he could scarcely be expected



to espouse the Sicilian cause, to accept its throne for his son, and thus arouse a second powerful enemy.

The success of the Austrian arms in Northern Italy gave the King of Naples more courage, and at the close of August 1848 the armistice with Sicily was abruptly ended. A Neapolitan army and fleet were despatched against the unhappy island; and fighting began at Messina.

My father, after his useless mission from Calabria to Palermo—to which he undoubtedly owed his freedom—had returned to Messina to be in readiness for this attack upon the city. He was, however, once more sent in hot haste to Palermo to procure money and ammunition. Parliament immediately voted 10,000 ounces (about £5000), and this sum was placed in his charge. He returned with the supplies to Messina on 3rd September, and took part in the last efforts made by that heroic city to maintain its independence.

The resistance of the Sicilians was heroic, but the bombardment was pitiless and severe. The city was almost reduced to ashes by the fires caused by the bursting of the shells, and the conflagration deliberately started by the Neapolitan troops. On the 7th of September the telegraph apparatus, which had been saved by the courage of a young employé, who carried it to a neighbouring hill, gave this fatal news to Palermo: "All the batteries are occupied by the enemy. The city is consumed by fire."

Thus fell Messina, and thus ended the last glorious page of her history, in the revolution.

The reoccupation of this unfortunate city by Neapolitan troops was accompanied by the most shameful cruelty. Women were attacked in the churches where they had taken refuge, and after being subjected to the most ignominious treatment, were mercilessly butchered. Children were cut to pieces; the old and infirm were slaughtered in their beds. Even the *Times*, which was not favourable to the Sicilian cause, printed the following account from a correspondent on the 25th of October:—

“Though my sojourn in Messina has been brief, I have not failed to examine every part of the city, and the extent of the injury inflicted during the late bombardment and assault. I thought that the various accounts I had read in the Italian papers were exaggerated, and that poetic licence had been used in describing the calamities of the place, but I must say the worst account falls short of the truth. I can only compare the desolation which exists here on a large scale to that which I saw exhibited in a narrow compass at Castel Nuovo during my late campaign upon the Mincio and the Adige. It seems that the Neapolitan commander-in-chief, being apprehensive that his troops might be driven back on the first assault, determined that the houses on each side of the road and street, through which he advanced, should afford no cover to the enemy, and the men were instructed to set fire to all the build-

ings as they went along. For this purpose they were furnished, as I am told, with a tin canister full of inflammable liquid and a small brush, with orders to daub a little on all the woodwork of the doors and windows, and as the last files cleared the street a lucifer match was applied and the whole was in a blaze. For two miles, not only within the city, but beyond the walls, every house is roofless; the rafters and floors are all consumed, and the blackened walls now attest the severe intensity of the flames. The same scene of desolation is presented in the two lines through which the troops marched, varied only by the marks of shot and shell fired from the ships that covered the landing. Nothing is to be seen but crumbling walls and broken palisades—the villas that lately formed the pride of Messina all a heap of ruins, and the gardens, not long since the greatest ornament, all trodden underfoot. Even the churches did not escape.”

It was this terrible bombardment that gave Ferdinand II. of Naples the sobriquet of “Bomba.”

All those who could, took refuge on board the French and English ships, and when these were crowded the unhappy people fled to the mountains without clothes or provisions, preferring to die of starvation and exposure rather than face the horrors of the death prepared for them by their pitiless conquerors.

Admiral Parker, in a despatch to the Hon. William Temple (afterwards Sir William Temple),

on the 14th of December, estimated the losses of the Messinese at about one million pounds sterling, but even that sum was supposed not to represent the total loss.

The fall of Messina was announced at Palermo on the 8th of September. Great was the consternation. The bank had no more money; the financial resources of the Provisional Government were absolutely exhausted, although the churches had generously given some of their silver. In the meantime the Sicilian troops at Messina withdrew to Milazzo, where a council of war was held, at which it was decided to fortify the castle, and resist to the utmost. The people and the Sicilian troops joined forces and rebelled, clamouring for the evacuation of Milazzo because of the horrors of Messina. Again the council of war met, but, alas! the party of the cowards won the day; of its fifteen members only my father and the captain of the *Vesuvio*, Giorgio Miloro, refused to withdraw, remaining with a handful of artillerymen and sailors, my father declaring that he would fight until he had no ammunition left. The brave surgeon, Valentine Mott, an American, also remained behind to tend the wounded until he could place them in safety. This he did at the peril of his life. Twice my father and Miloro appealed to General La Masa for help, but in vain. And on the following day, unable to withstand the overwhelming numbers that were coming to their attack, they realised that further



resistance was both useless and foolhardy. A Neapolitan frigate having arrived on the scene, they were utterly powerless to prevent the destruction of their little vessel, and their men having deserted them, they themselves were finally compelled to retire, leaving a fort, which with sufficient men might have held out for some time and checked the advance of the enemy.

In consequence of a most urgent message from Admiral Sir William Parker to Lord Napier, and the representations of the French Admiral Baudin, a suspension of hostilities was brought about on the 13th of September, and negotiations, with England and France as intermediaries, were again opened between Ferdinand and the Sicilians. The Provisional Government in Palermo was beginning to despair, and it was decided to send Michele Amari, who had been until then Minister of Finance, on a special mission to London and Paris to urge Prince Granatelli, my uncle, Luigi Scalia, and Baron Friddani to greater efforts. But all was in vain. The two representatives of Sicily had done all that was possible. Lord Palmerston invited them to stay at Broadlands, but neither he nor Lord Minto could do anything to help the poor Sicilians. My uncle, in a letter which he wrote in his own and Granatelli's name to the Marquis Torrearsa, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Palermo, dated 22nd of September 1848, says that during this visit they had three conferences with Palmerston, when all was done that could be

done, all was said that could be said. In the powerful language of the South he uses this descriptive phrase: "Ogni nostro argomento detto col sangue agli occhi e l' anima sulle labbra non poté ottenerci migliori promesse da parte dal Governo Inglese" ("All our arguments, spoken with blood in our eyes, and our souls upon our lips, could not gain for us any better promises from the English Government").

Amari, great historian and Orientalist as he was, apparently had been inspired by political ambition when he succeeded in persuading the Provisional Government to send him to England and France on a special mission, the sole object of which was to urge the Sicilian representatives to greater efforts. When he arrived in London he undoubtedly became jealous of the position occupied by my uncle, and was palpably annoyed that English statesmen did not extend to him the same sympathy and cordiality with which they always received Luigi Scalia. This petty envy and jealousy is made abundantly clear in one of Amari's private letters to the Marchese Torrearsa, in which he openly accuses my uncle of being lukewarm in the cause, adducing frivolous reasons by way of proof, one of them being his late rising in the morning. My high-minded uncle seems to have been quite unaware of this treachery of his friend; nor does it seem from his diary that these accusations could have been justified. He constantly alludes to appointments at great distances from his abode at 9 A.M., and his days seem to

have been entirely dedicated to the interests of his beloved country. And those dark dreary days of winter and early spring, which must have been so trying to the sun-born Southerner, were filled with one impulse only—his country's good—and were occupied with constant interviews with those in power who could be of use to her. Personally he was, as I have said, a most charming man, and was consequently much sought after, but he would only dine at houses where the cause of his dearly loved island could be advanced or aided.

His constant labours can be seen from the few extracts I give from his notebook of that time :—

“Everything went wrong to-day: Palmerston out; Willcox and Cottrall (bankers) also; came home to find Lord John Russell puts off the interview we were to have had to-day with him. I try to read: even Dante seems insipid. Bad news from Sicily too.” Then again: “Called on Minto. Lady M. received us as he was out; she was most sympathetic and full of condolences for the fall of Syracuse. Lord M. returned before we left; he gives us no encouragement. Beaumont has kept his word. Lord Lansdowne has given an unworthy answer.” Another day, “Dined at Lord Minto's; he said, ‘The rising in Ireland has done a great deal of harm to the Sicilian cause; it has frightened the timid. Until July and even until August the English Government were determined to help you.’ Met at dinner Lord Fortescue; warmly in favour of

Sicily. He has a son who was, and possibly still is, in Sicily. Lord FitzWilliam is also favourable, and Lord Ellenborough has almost decided to speak in our favour.<sup>1</sup> Lady Melgunde, most amiable and pretty, and most sympathetic for the sad story of Sicily."

His judgment of people, as may be seen from these random extracts, seem to have been biassed entirely by their feelings towards Sicily. He went to the theatre constantly, especially to the opera. On one occasion he writes, "Went to the Haymarket Theatre to try and distract my thoughts, but it was impossible!"

Friddani in Paris, and Granatelli and Scalia in London, were beginning to realise that, do what they would, the two Powers who had promised so much help were gradually withdrawing their support from Sicily. They began to lose hope; but Amari, arriving fresh on the scene, was full of determination, and refused to admit that he had come on a fruitless errand. He went backwards and forwards between London and Paris, still hoping to gain what the long weeks of ceaseless discussion had failed to bring about. On the 27th of October he wrote from Paris that the many arguments of Mons. Bastide, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, could be reduced to a few words—"He is sorry that Sicily cannot remain united to Naples, but quite realises that it is impossible."

<sup>1</sup> Lord Ellenborough spoke in favour of Sicily in the House of Lords.



Nearly a month later Baron Friddani and Michele Amari wrote to the Sicilian Minister of Foreign Affairs to inform him that William Temple was going to Naples to take up the negotiations, and that he was bringing a suggestion that the crown of Sicily should be offered to the Bourbons, but that the Sicilian administration should be separate from that of Naples, and that the island should have its own army and its own foreign representatives. They added, however, that these conditions were not fixed, and it therefore was of no consequence whether they were accepted or not.

A fortnight later Cavaignac fell, and the ensuing election of Louis Napoleon as Prince-President of the Republic undoubtedly changed the friendly feeling of France, although Hübner says in his *Memoirs* that Napoleon was ready to declare war against Austria in 1849, and that only the opposition of his Cabinet, with Thiers at its head, prevented him. It is also beyond doubt that the policy of England had undergone a modification, not to say a complete change, with regard to the support of Sicily. History repeated itself, and as in 1814, when Lord William Bentinck was recalled because he had espoused Sicilian interests too warmly to coincide with the changed policy of his Government, so in 1848 Lord Minto and Lord Napier were replaced as mediators by Temple, the British Minister in Naples, in order that the nego-

tiations between Ferdinand and the island might be conducted in consonance with the changed policy of England—a change which had been brought about by the international situation in Europe, caused by the triumph of Austria in Northern Italy and the defeat of the Italian Liberals. The abandonment of Sicily both by England and France practically dated from the Austrian success, although even as late as the beginning of January 1849 the Sicilians still clung to the hope that the Duke of Genoa would accept their crown, encouraged by the statement the French Minister, Drouin de Lhys, had made in the French Parliament on the 8th January: “France must continue her work, which has as its object the independence of Sicily and the re-establishment of peace.” At the opening of the English Parliament on the 1st February, the Queen’s Speech referred to the goodwill of the Crown in desiring to bring about an arrangement of peace between the King of Naples and Sicily. Disraeli took up the point that Ferdinand was not mentioned as King of the Two Sicilies, inferring that another power was already recognised. The debate was continued on the following day, and Lord Palmerston spoke with deep feeling of the condition to which the Neapolitans had reduced Messina, and expressed the hope that the mediation of France and England would lead to a lasting peace, the happiness of a constitutional Sicily, and the union of its crown with that of Naples. In the House

of Lords the same matter was being discussed at the same time, and the Duke of Wellington's words are of special value, as they recognise the duties taken on herself by England in 1812. Yet the Duke, of all men, should have realised that times had changed, and that governments are compelled to be opportunists. No nation can afford to indulge in disinterested friendships!

It is not improbable that by clinging to the forlorn hope that they should be ruled by an Italian prince as their king, the Sicilians lost better terms than those that were afterwards offered them for keeping their independence. Count Greppi tells me that the Piedmontese Minister, Gioberti, had almost decided to send him to Palermo to beg the Sicilians to give up all hope of having the Duke of Genoa as their monarch, and thus remove the chief stumbling-block to any arrangements between the island and Naples. But the idea was given up in order to avoid any official recognition of the insurgent islanders by the Court of Turin. As late as the 19th January 1849 we find in Mr. Dickinson's diary<sup>1</sup> that there was an impression that if the Duke of Genoa persisted in refusing the throne it would be offered to Beauharnais. This is not borne out by any of the documents of that date; nor is the candidature of Louis Napoleon, whose name had been mentioned during the early

<sup>1</sup> Published by the municipality of Palermo in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the revolution.

days of the rising (before the French Revolution of 1848), as a possible King of Sicily. These names, and also the suggestion of a prince from Russia, seem to have been put forward only as *ballons d'essai*. A small minority had agitated from the first for a republic, but with little or no success; and when a monk in April 1848 preached a sermon advocating the republican form of government, the people declined to listen to him, and he was obliged to retract his words.

A proclamation, or rather an ultimatum, was at last formulated by King Ferdinand, and ratified by the English and French representatives. Although it purported to have taken the constitution of 1812 as its basis, this document was in substance an abrogation of all the rights that constitution had conferred, and, as after the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, all the worst and most unjust laws were again brought into force. All liberty and power was withdrawn from the unfortunate island, which was to become an integral part of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. She was given a parliament, but it was to be as powerless as a head and body without arms or legs, and it was to be entirely under the will and dominance of the hated king. The indignation throughout the island rose to fever-heat. In a long letter to the Hon. W. Temple, dated 22nd March 1849, John Goodwin says that King Ferdinand's proclamation had roused general disapproval and disgust amongst the Sicilians, and that everywhere



it had been torn down and burnt. Mr. Bull wrote from Licata that it was impossible to distribute copies of it, such was the popular feeling; whilst Mr. Ingham reported from Marsala that "the people are more warlike than ever, and in Mazzara also all are for war." Mr. Oates wrote from Girgenti that the arrival of the two French officers, with copies of the proclamation, caused intense excitement, the people declaring they were ready to make any sacrifice rather than come to terms with the hated Bourbons.

Sicily answered this proclamation by an Act of her Parliament, which ran: "All citizens between the age of eighteen and thirty are soldiers!" Never was conscription levied with such popular support and enthusiasm. This call of a forlorn hope kindled the people once more to make a dying struggle for their country. Cries of "War! war!" resounded through the streets, and all classes prepared for the conflict. A column of troops under the command of General Mierawslawsky started for the spot near Messina, where it was expected the first attack would be made. The National Guard, under Baron Riso, was called out, and the students of the University formed themselves into a military legion, under the command of the great patriot, Giuseppe La Farina,<sup>1</sup> who had been acting as Minister of War in the Provisional Government. Crispi was one of

<sup>1</sup> La Farina was a native of Messina. He is the author of the work on the Revolution from which I frequently quote in these pages. He remained in exile from 1849 until 1860, when he returned to Palermo with Garibaldi. As I shall have occasion to mention later on,

the officers in this legion ; this was his only military achievement in 1848. The ecclesiastics formed a great association to urge the people to fight for the maintenance of their regained liberties ; and men, and even women, of gentle birth were to be found working in the entrenchments which were hastily thrown up to defend the city. Bitter was the disappointment when no help came from Piedmont ; nor one word of sympathy ! Sicily now began to realise that she stood utterly alone.

The Sicilian troops under General Mierawslawsky numbered about 7700 men ; those of the enemy numbered 16,000, without counting the support of its fleet, which numbered thirteen men-of-war, besides minor vessels ; and as the major part of the action took place along the coasts of the island, this naval power was of the first importance to the Neapolitans. Mierawslawsky was accused of not showing sufficient forethought in the disposition of his troops, but with such overwhelming odds against him victory was almost an impossibility from the outset. Mierawslawsky was a Pole, who had distinguished himself in the revolution at Berlin, and afterwards in the insurrection in the Grand Duchy of Posen. He had been condemned to death in 1847, but escaping, had come to Sicily and offered his services to the Sicilian Government.

the understanding between Garibaldi and Cavour was entirely due to La Farina's good offices ; but Garibaldi grew jealous of him, and a slight difference of opinion speedily gave him the opportunity of shelving this eminent patriot.

Money had been voted by the Parliament for the purchase of two ships in England, and my uncle and Prince Granatelli, helped by the technical knowledge of Benedetto Castiglia, had spared no effort to obtain the best possible vessels for the amount at their disposal. Mr. Willcox and Mr. Allen of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company had also given their advice, and had guaranteed the ships chosen. Only one of these arrived in Sicilian waters before the end of the revolution, but the other was not delivered in time. These two ships constituted the Sicilian Navy!

The fall of the castle of Taormina, after a staunch resistance by Colonel di Santa Rosalia and a handful of men, was the beginning of a series of military disasters, which may truly be said to have been inevitable. Ascenso di Santa Rosalia played a brilliant part in the revolution, having left the Neapolitan army immediately it broke out. Alas, he had not the courage to bear the banishment to which he was condemned, and after a short exile, during which he visited England, he bowed a repentant knee before the Bourbon king and accepted his pardon, and retired into private life in Palermo until he was enrolled into the Italian army at the Unity. He was a Sicilian, and the younger son of the Duchess Santa Rosalia, who had married Mr. Ingham, *en secondes noces*. Ascenso was consequently brought up amongst the English colony in Palermo, and was as a brother to Joseph Whitaker,

Mr. Ingham's nephew, my husband's father. Later in life Ascenso, then a general in the Italian army, married Lady Louisa FitzGibbon, daughter of Lord Clare, whose coheiress she was with her sister, Lady Kimberley. He then took the title of Marchese della Roccella, belonging to his family.

Hostilities began on the 30th of August, and on the 5th of September the Neapolitans attacked Catania, four warships appearing before the city and bombarding the forts. The artillery in the forts was under the command of my father, Alfonso Scalia; and two of the ships were so seriously injured by its well-directed fire that the remaining two were obliged to go to their assistance, and the four drew away beyond reach of the guns. I was told by one who was present during this spirited defence of Catania, that the guns under my father's command suddenly ceased firing, Mierawslawsky turned to the head of his staff, saying, "*Le canon cesse de tonner ! Ce pauvre Scalia doit être mort !*" The pause, however, was only momentary, the guns speedily booming forth again and completing the passing victory. The disabled ships slowly disappeared. It was a moment of great excitement, and my father was congratulated on all sides upon his success. The arrival that evening of the brilliant cavalry officer, Lieut.-Colonel Fulco della Cerda,<sup>1</sup> with more

<sup>1</sup> Lieut.-Colonel Fulco della Cerda, brother of the Marchese della Cerda, who had served as a cavalry officer in the Neapolitan army, was amongst those Sicilian nobles who threw themselves into the Liberal cause, and whilst refusing the constitution offered by Ferdinand, in-



troops, gave renewed hopes of victory ; but on the morrow the entire Neapolitan fleet appeared before the town, and utterly powerless to resist the overwhelming bombardment, Catania speedily fell. Suffering defeat after defeat, which it is useless to describe, the despairing Sicilian troops gradually retreated towards Palermo. Admiral Baudin of the French fleet at this juncture offered his personal services as mediator, which were accepted, but the situation was beyond all question of settlement.

Throughout all her troubles Sicily had looked to Piedmont, but in that country affairs had drifted from bad to worse. Carlo Alberto, after his disastrous defeat at the battle of Novara—where, despite his personal bravery, he was out-manœuvred by the crafty Austrian General, Radetzky, then in his eighty-second year—abdicated in favour of his son, Victor Emanuel II., on 23rd March 1849. He retired to Portugal, and died at Oporto on the 29th of July. Carlo Alberto was most devoted to his country's welfare, and he abdicated in order that his son might obtain more favourable terms in the treaty of peace which Sardinia was compelled to seek from Austria ; the treaty was signed on 7th August 1849. Unfortunately Carlo Alberto's noble sentiments were not supported by a mind of sufficient power and energy to cope with the complexities and

sisted on the constitution granted by the English in 1812. Like so many others, he left the Neapolitan flag and gave his services and his sword to his country, and underwent without a murmur a long and tedious exile.

difficulties of his reign ; he had not sufficient strength of will to enforce his opinions, and his vacillation brought his country to the verge of ruin. That he was a firm believer in the ultimate unity of Italy is shown by the closing words of his reply to an address of the Piedmontese Parliament, sent to him in his exile : "I console myself with the hope that when the sentiment of nationality and independence becomes stronger, that which I have attempted will be accomplished."

The new king, Victor Emanuel, was called upon to take the reins of government in one of the saddest and most humiliating hours through which his country had ever passed. He immediately showed the energy of his character by repressing a revolutionary insurrection which broke out in Genoa on the 17th of March, four days after his father's abdication. On this occasion Lord Hardwicke, who was captain of the British man-of-war the *Vengeance*, then stationed at Genoa, rendered invaluable services to the authorities. On receiving a message that the city was in a state of siege and practically at the mercy of the mob, and asking for help, without a moment's hesitation Lord Hardwicke landed a boat's crew at a fort dominating the harbour and the shipping, forced his way in, and threw its guns into the sea. Then, with a force of bluejackets, he marched through the city dispersing the crowds of rioters. Suddenly a young woman, wearing the red cap of Liberty,

rushed up to him and pointed a pistol at his breast. The moment was critical, as, if he had fallen, the crowd would have attacked the sailors. Lord Hardwicke seized the young woman by the waist, and lifting her up, kissed her. This daring compliment to their female champion appealed at once to the excited people; their resentment was changed to admiration, and he was enthusiastically cheered. The scene is described by Kinglake. Lord Hardwicke held Genoa until General La Marmora, after forced marches, arrived with 24,000 men and took possession of the city. He was thanked personally by King Victor Emanuel for his services in a most complimentary letter, and was offered the Order of SS. Maurizio and Lazzaro; and as he was not allowed to accept it by the British Government, the king gave it to Lady Hardwicke, who always wore it as a brooch.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Brown, the British consul at Genoa, who was then a lad, remembers the rising vividly, and also taking despatches from the Italian authorities to the *Vengeance*.

The French consul, Mons. Favre, brother of Jules Favre, also rendered valuable service by obtaining assistance from Captain Gasquet of the French war-vessel *Tonnerre*, which prevented the prisons from being opened. He also was rewarded with the freedom of the city and the Order of SS. Maurizio and Lazzaro.

To return to our Sicilians — my uncle Luigi

<sup>1</sup> Papers in the possession of the present Earl of Hardwicke.

Scalia and Prince Granatelli in London (Amari finding his mission fruitless had returned to Palermo) were still urging the English Government to intervene and save their beloved country. As late as the 1st of May 1849 I find this entry in my uncle's diary: "A long visit to Palmerston in Carlton Gardens. He seemed moved, asking, 'What news have you?' He confirmed the report that Temple was kept in the dark as to Baudin's operations, and thinks that the king (Ferdinand) distrusts the English. 'But is all at an end?' we asked. We implored my lord to take part in the affair and not to allow France to remain alone, so that the misery of Sicily might be ended. We begged him to bear in mind all the ties of the past, which he has always remembered, and to save our Sicily from becoming the prey of a master who will seek revenge to the uttermost. We besought him in the name of humanity because of the honour of the past; for the present. My lord seemed impressed. He would do what he could. We must not doubt the interest felt for our island. Sicily and England would always be in sympathy. And if France has helped the King of Naples (and too much) she is worthy of her friend." Five days later my uncle writes in his diary: "Have hopes that Palmerston will intervene in our favour," and then this cry of despair, "Oh, the sorrow of the weak resistance of Palermo!"

My uncle's distress is explained by the fact that a powerful party opposed to all further resistance,



headed by Baron Riso, had been formed in Palermo, and its numbers daily increasing, the Provisional Government and the true patriots were rendered powerless. On the 25th of April Ruggiero Settimo abdicated, and on the 27th sailed for Malta—his party not being strong enough to withstand the current of compromise, although Baron Pisani, Giacinto Carini, La Farina, Ciaccio, Crispi, Michele Amari, and others were in favour of the attempt of defence being made. There was still some fighting at Palermo, however, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of May, the veteran General Bianchini with a handful of brave men refusing to surrender, whilst a small contingent of patriots kept up a desperate firing on the Neapolitan ships from the picturesque fort in the beautiful Bay of Mondello until their ammunition was exhausted.

On that same day (the 9th) my uncle wrote in his diary in London: "Despotism is no longer possible in Europe; Sicily will surely have some rights given to her. She cannot stand alone. Italy will gain liberal institutions, and without any great convulsions in Europe; and the only form possible will be Federal States." Alluding to the slow methods of legislation in England, he observes, and very wisely: "They are right. It is easy to increase liberty, but impossible to restrict it."

Admiral Baudin had promised on the 18th of April, in the name of King Ferdinand, that no Neapolitan troops should enter Palermo, and it

was on the strength of this promise that the party of compromise amongst the citizens had gained the day. But the promise was not kept, and on the 19th of May Ferdinand's troops once more took possession of their old barracks in and around the city.

Thus Palermo fell again, just sixteen months after declaring her independence ; and thus ended the Sicilian revolution which had begun so brilliantly and which had called forth the highest patriotism and self-sacrifice amongst her people, and had exposed the shameless tyranny of the Bourbon Government to the whole of Europe. The revolution died out like a flickering candle, yet it lighted a flame which ultimately devoured every throne in the Peninsula save that of Sardinia.

Sicily had been the first of the Italian States to rise against the oppressors in the great convulsion which shook the Peninsula from end to end in 1848-49, and it was her example that had led to the patriotic outburst throughout the country.

To the glory of all those who had held office under the Provisional Government, or who had been involved in this great struggle, they were driven into exile the poorer for their sacrifice. No fees or remuneration had been received by the principal servants of State ; their services were given freely, without exception, to their country.

At the end of April the patriots fled from the island, knowing only too well the fate that awaited

them at the hands of the implacable and perjured King Bomba. And on the 13th of June, when there was no longer any hope, I find this entry in my uncle's diary: "We had an appointment to see Palmerston. I went with Granatelli and Amari. We were kept waiting for more than an hour. At last, at my suggestion, we sent a message, and were then received. Palmerston seemed very much embarrassed and said, 'There are certain misfortunes for which there is no help. You must wish for better days; there is no more hope now.' We were given explanations why Admiral Baudin intrigued. Palmerston ended by saying, 'France has betrayed you, and England has abandoned you!' To this we replied, 'England must prevent the excess of reaction. England desires to see the establishment of Liberal Governments without the tyranny of Russia or the licence of a Republic.' But Palmerston answered, 'I did not fail to counsel you to come to an agreement (with Naples). Now all is over!'"

## CHAPTER V

### THE EXILES IN ENGLAND AND THEIR FRIENDS— MY PARENTS' MARRIAGE

“Now all is over!” had been Lord Palmerston’s last words at the final interview with the representatives of conquered Sicily. The words were bitterly true, and there remained nothing but the consequences of their rash and chivalrous struggle before the patriots, now homeless exiles, with crippled fortunes at best, and many in absolute poverty.

An amnesty had been granted by King Ferdinand in which forty-three names only were excepted, and many of the most ardent and militant Liberals were led to believe that they were free to return to their country unmolested. But they were fools who trusted the word of the King of Naples and his Government.

Among the many victims of one of the most shameful acts of treachery that marked Ferdinand’s relations with Sicily was poor Bagnasca, the young man who had written the famous proclamation exhorting the people to rise on the 12th of January 1848. He believed that he was pardoned, and returned to Palermo, where he was immediately thrown into a noisome prison, and actually died from the effects of the tortures inflicted on him.



The Neapolitan Government through its representative at the Court of St. James's, Prince Castelvicala,<sup>1</sup> immediately opened a campaign of persecution against Prince Granatelli and my uncle. After having twice failed in efforts to prosecute them for the alleged embezzlement of the purchase money provided for the two ships for the Sicilian Provisional Government, of which I spoke in the preceding chapter, he at last succeeded in bringing an action against them for manning a ship on British territory, and engaging men to fight against the King of Naples. They were entirely innocent of the charge, which could not be proved. But Castelvicala was not to be beaten on a mere question of evidence, and he actually brought over false witnesses. The trial took place on the 6th July 1849, Sir Fitzroy Kelly speaking for nearly three hours in defence of Prince Granatelli and my uncle. Under cross-examination the witnesses called by Castelvicala confessed their perjury. The verdict "Not guilty," which was given for the Sicilian patriots, and which had of course been expected after the exposure of the methods of the prosecution, was announced amidst an enthusiasm that the judge did not attempt to repress; and Lord Palmerston, who had given evidence in their favour, would not even bow to Prince Castelvicala as he left the court.

<sup>1</sup> Prince Castelvicala was born in England at Richmond, his father having been Minister for the Two Sicilies before him. He was afterwards sent to Palermo as Governor, no doubt as a reward for his zeal.

My uncle writes in his diary that people whom they did not know shook hands with him and his colleague in the street, and that they received an ovation as they left the law-courts.

In September my uncle thoroughly explored London with his friend, the patriot Prince Torremuzza, who afterwards married a Princesse de la Tremouille, whose mother was a daughter of Sir Alexander Murray, brother of Lord Dunmore. According to my uncle's notebook they seem to have left nothing unvisited—the museums, libraries, gardens, hospitals, and even the lunatic asylums, in one of which he mentions having seen Oxford, who a little while before had shot at Queen Victoria. He describes him as “Dark, short, bald, and with a pretentious manner.” It is unfortunate that my uncle's notes are so brief. There are no appreciations of the many interesting personages with whom he was constantly coming into contact, and the entries, chiefly peoples' names and addresses, were evidently intended merely to refresh his own memory and recall certain facts. In October he visited Scotland with Prince Torremuzza, stopping at the chief towns *en route*. In Edinburgh he met Lord Minto, who was staying there for the health of Lady Melgunde, and once more had a long political discussion with this friend of his country.

The sale of the two ships bought for the Sicilian Provisional Government seems to have occupied my uncle's whole attention during the month of

November, and he was constantly having interviews with Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell on the subject. In December he was obliged to go to Paris to confer with Baron Friddani and Prince Granatelli, who had already preceded him.

In the meantime my father had escaped from Palermo and joined his brother in England, where they both determined to remain, as they knew that after the prominent part they had taken in the revolution a return to Palermo meant imprisonment and torture, the amnesty notwithstanding. And they realised only too fully that further struggles for the present were impossible.

My uncle had already made the acquaintance of my Tuscan grandfather, Pompeo Anichini, and of my mother, at the house of Mrs. Milner Gibson. My father was introduced to them, and an attachment soon sprang up between the young people, which ended in their marriage on the 30th November 1852, two years and two days after the death of her father; my mother, in addition to refusing to leave my grandfather during his lifetime, having insisted on waiting for this long period of mourning.

In those days the Vatican did not raise the difficulties now existing against marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and my parents of their own free-will agreed that any sons of their union should follow the faith of the father, whilst the daughters should be Protestants. The marriage was first solemnised in the Roman Catholic Church

in Spanish Place, the Abbé Mailly performing the ceremony, and then my parents, with their numerous wedding guests, passed to the Protestant Church of St. John at the top of Westbourne Terrace, where their valued friend, the Rev. Mr. Halford, married them again, and Sir Edmund Filmer gave my mother away. "Joe" Colquhoun, my father's best man, made everybody laugh as the second service was about to begin, by asking the happy couple if they "did not feel like half-roasted chickens." James Colquhoun, or "Joe," as he was popularly called, was the brother of Sir Patrick Colquhoun of Penshurst. He was one of the most delightful hosts of his time. I knew him in after years when he settled at Cannes, where his pretty villa "Les Mimosas," with the charming copies of delicate Fragonards painted on its drawing-room doors, was one of the most brilliant centres of society.

King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was always pleased to spend much of his time when on the Riviera with "Joe." I shall always remember his genial, jovial manner, and his keen delight at showing hospitality to his dear old friend Giulietta, and to my husband and myself as her children. On two different visits to the Riviera in the eighties we spent many pleasant hours with him and his daughter Florence, who had been an infant bridesmaid at my parents' wedding. She afterwards married a French gentleman, Monsieur Démole; his other daughter married the third Lord Limerick.



The marriage of my parents united two people to whom a petty thought never came, whose generosity was boundless, and certainly unequal to their straitened circumstances; and each in their way was highly gifted. My mother was most simple in her tastes; she never wanted anything for herself, and was always anxious to give, as was also my father. To make others happy was their ideal of happiness. It was curious to note the effect of the difference in their education and their early upbringing upon my Tuscan mother and Sicilian father. My mother, brought up in England, had the high tone of mind induced by the early Victorian code of manners and thought, grafted on to the rigid theories of the Mazzinian school; whilst, on the contrary, my father's outlook on life was always tinged with the eighteenth-century insouciance, which was the characteristic of the Palermo of his youth. He absorbed the higher patriotic feelings and the liberal views of his time without actually altering many of his ideas, which were never hemmed in by conventionality. Good and noble actions came to him more by instinct than from conviction.

The first eight years of their married life in exile seem to have been very happy, more especially perhaps for my mother, who, having been born in England, had all her friends around her. Her patriotism was very strong, but as she had never been brought face to face with the miseries of her native country, it was consequently more abstract

than that of my father. Their Sunday dinners, always beginning with the national macaroni, at which the poorer exiles mixed with the richer, and all talked of the great future day that should see the liberation of Italy, were one of their chief joys. All the possessions and means of existence having been lost by the exiles, my parents were naturally obliged to work for their living. A post in the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company was offered to my father soon after his arrival in England, through the kindness of Mr. Willcox, and most gladly accepted. This post he occupied for ten years. Sir Thomas Sutherland, the present most able Chairman of the Company, was one of his colleagues and a close friend.

My uncle lived with the young people, as he did not marry until much later—a French lady, by whom he had one son. At my parents' hospitable house in Wyndham Place, Crispi and his second wife (*née* Moimasson) were constantly their guests during their sojourn in England, and all possible help was extended to them. Signora Crispi's heroic devotion to her husband made a great impression upon my parents. She was, as is well known, of quite lowly birth, and although she believed herself to be his wife, she was content to work for him as cook, washerwoman, and maid-of-all-work. In those days her devotion had not the recompense that came to her when she followed her husband through the perilous expedition of 1860, and became famous as

the one woman amongst the famous "*Mille*," and the recipient of a medal won on the battlefield. It was unfortunate that she did not bear prosperity so well as adversity; and she was undoubtedly a great trial to Crispi when, after the events of 1860, as a brilliant and successful lawyer in Florence, he was working his way towards that position which he afterwards occupied as the first statesman in Italy. Something, therefore, may be said in condonation of the ingratitude with which he put her aside and caused their marriage to be declared invalid, forgetting all that he had owed to her in the days of his obscurity. Perhaps, too, he may have thought of the way in which Napoleon cast away Josephine. The reasons, however, were very different. Napoleon wished for a son to assure the continuance of his dynasty; Crispi wished to legitimise an adored young daughter, which was possible under the Italian law, by marrying her mother after his previous marriage had been declared invalid. This was brought about by Crispi proving that he had been married before the revolution of 1848, when quite a young man. This first wife being dead at the time he wished to marry the mother of his natural daughter, it was quite easy to contract the union by declaring his marriage with Mademoiselle Moimasson invalid, on the ground that his first wife was still alive when he had married her. Nevertheless, his marriage with Mademoiselle Moimasson had been contracted in all good faith on his part,

for he was not aware that his first wife was then living.

Crispi was born in 1819, and belonged to the modern Greek or rather Albanian colony at Palazzo Adriano in Sicily. This colony, and two other similar ones in the island, are not ancient Greek, as a well-known and distinguished novelist describes them in his book on Sicily. They were formed by refugees from Greece and Albania during the fourteenth century.

After the revolution of 1848 Crispi first went to Piedmont, but was speedily obliged to leave Carlo Alberto's dominions as being too hot-headed a Republican. From Piedmont he went to Malta, but was deported from that island as being a dangerous conspirator, and finally arrived in London almost penniless.

Crispi played no great part in the revolution of 1848, although Stillman, in his work "The Union of Italy," represents him as practically one of the chief organisers of the insurrection of the 12th of January. Crispi was then only a young Republican journalist, and no documents or living authority endorse Stillman's view, which was biassed by his great admiration for the Italian statesman.

Crispi's military achievements were confined to the famous expedition with Garibaldi in 1860. He showed great capability during the years of exile; and his activity for the good of the cause amongst the more militant patriotic Republicans



prepared the way for the position he took immediately on the creation of the Unity. The belief, however, that the understanding between Cavour and Garibaldi, which led to the famous expedition of the "*Mille*" to Marsala and the consequent liberation of Sicily, was due to Crispi, is erroneous.

General Giacomo Medici, in a pamphlet published in 1869, explains that this understanding was brought about by the mediation of Giuseppe La Farina, and Garibaldi bears out the truth of this statement in an autograph letter to the general. This pamphlet, which is rare and little known, was written chiefly to refute an accusation made by the Republican patriot Agostino Bertani, who declared that Medici had taken the second expedition to Palermo instead of to Rome, against Garibaldi's direct orders. Garibaldi's letter proves the accusation to be false. That General Medici himself played a prominent part in the negotiations between the Republican party and the Piedmontese Government is proved by his letters to Panizzi, one of which, dated 3rd February 1856, announcing the coming of Garibaldi to London, appears never to have been published.

Medici was a great patriot, and after the Unity was rewarded for his services by being appointed first aide-de-camp to King Victor Emanuel, whose personal affection for him was well known. He served King Humbert in the same capacity

until his death in 1882. General Medici was born at Milan. After spending part of his early life in England, he fought under Garibaldi in South America. He married, whilst he was Governor of Palermo, an English lady, the widow of Benjamin Ingham of Palermo, my husband's cousin. General Medici's life has not yet been written. It was full of stirring incidents, amongst which his glorious storming of the Vascello at the gates of Rome, and his holding it successfully against the French in 1849, made him famous in Italy. As a reward for all his labours in the great cause of the Unity, he was accorded the honour of being the first to enter the Eternal City by the breach at the Porta Pia in 1870, under General Cadorna, who was at the head of the Italian troops, after the feeble resistance of the Papal Zouaves had been overcome, and of proclaiming the city "Roma Intangibile." His services in 1860, at a moment when it was difficult for the moderate Monarchical Government of Piedmont to come to an understanding with the violent Republican element which surrounded Garibaldi, were of the utmost value. Garibaldi, flushed with success and regarded as the hero and liberator of his country, was at this moment of his career peculiarly sensible to the influence of the Republicans, and General Medici helped in no small measure to moderate the effect of that influence, and to bring his great chief into accord with the opinions of the monarchy at Turin.

Victor Emanuel and Cavour both recognised the all-important part he played, and the latter wrote, "Medici is one of the most reasonable followers of Garibaldi." Crispi at this time was numbered amongst those who distracted the councils of Turin, and his position with regard to the political work in organising the Unity is clearly indicated by Admiral Persano, who wrote of him, "Besides his *ingegno* he has very high qualities; but as I consider him absolutely tied to the Mazzinians, and a follower of their dangerous politics, which would be the ruin of Italy if accepted by the masses, I shall oppose him and his party with all the strength in my power."<sup>1</sup>

Crispi's extreme views, however, were modified shortly afterwards, and he became most loyally monarchical. His memorable words in Parliament in 1862, when Florence became the capital, have never been forgotten in Italy: "La Repubblica ci disunisce; la Monarchia ci unisce." He was undoubtedly a great statesman, with that wide view of possibilities and the foresight essential to great achievements in the world of politics. In his friendship with Bismarck he dreamt a dream of German greatness far beyond the confines of the German Empire of to-day, a greatness that, with the aid of Italy, would have paralysed France for generations to come. As a recompense for her support, Italy would have regained the recently

<sup>1</sup> *Diario privato. Politico-Militare dell' Ammiraglio Persano.*

lost provinces of Nice and Savoy. Crispi's dream was not unknown in France, and this explains the hatred with which he was regarded in that country, and the long enmity and suspicion between the two nations, which have only recently been swept away.

The brothers Caldesi, the Republican patriots of Bologna, were also constantly at my parents' house. They too had lost everything through their political opinions, but by starting as photographers at a time when the art was in its infancy and beginning to take the place of daguerreotype, they soon became amongst the most prosperous of the Italian exiles; I have large photographs of my uncle and parents taken by them at that time.

Although true patriots at heart, my parents, through their total lack of any spirit of intrigue (which characterised them throughout their life, often to their worldly detriment, but to the greater appreciation of their friends), could not be called conspirators. The other exiles, however, often met at their house to conspire, but they themselves remained ignorant of many of the plans which were being constantly devised for the liberation of Italy. Theirs was a noble, high-minded patriotism, coupled with great personal courage, and without the least thought of self-aggrandisement. They waited patiently for the Italian Unity, ready to give their life's blood if necessary for the great cause,



and imbued with a passionate adoration for their country. But they never put themselves forward, and were consequently not rewarded, as they should have been, when the Unity came; and my uncle, Luigi Scalia, who had spent so many years serving his country, and who had pleaded her cause so eloquently with the British Government, received no recognition of his merits during his lifetime; and it was only after his death that the Piazza in Palermo, on which his house stood, was named after him.

At the time of which I am writing a reaction had set in throughout Europe against the revolutionary tide which had made almost every throne upon the Continent tremble. Political liberty had once more been relegated to the limbo of dreams. Louis Napoleon, throwing off the cloak of Republicanism, had proclaimed himself Emperor of the French; and in 1851 the Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, had withdrawn nearly all the liberal concessions he had granted to his subjects under the stress of 1848.<sup>1</sup> Retrograde Austria and autocratic Russia ruled the counsels of Europe. Alluding to the power of Russia, my uncle writes, in his diary in Paris in 1853, at the time when the Czar's visit to the French capital was exciting intense enthusiasm, "I marvel, but it is nevertheless true, that whereas a gorgeous and splendid tyranny

<sup>1</sup> *Episodes d'Histoire Contemporaine, Tires des Papiers de Mons. Thouvenal.*

dazzles and fascinates, a stupid, mean, and avaricious tyranny only causes disgust."

It was not the moment to talk of liberty, and our Italian exiles in London and elsewhere were therefore obliged to abandon their political hopes until a more favourable opportunity. The larger number of them were forced to labour for their daily bread, having lost all their property in Italy, and being friendless in England, they came to their compatriots already settled there for assistance.

The patriot Fabrizi was in England in the early fifties, and was an intimate friend of my uncle, who also about this time saw much of Padre Gavazzi. This celebrated Barnabite friar was the democrat leader of Bologna. He claimed to have been the first to enter the dungeons of the Inquisition in Rome in 1849. He made his way through a trap-door, covering a hole full of human hair, and in another subterranean cave he found dozens of skeletons and all kinds of horrible instruments of torture. He used to say to my uncle that the death of Italy (alluding to the failure of the hopes of 1848) was to be compared to the death of Christ, as there would be a resurrection. The French he likened to Pontius Pilate.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. George Fagan, then British consul at Messina, came to London in 1852, and was eagerly welcomed by the exiles. His father, whom I have already mentioned, was Mr. Robert Fagan, the British

<sup>1</sup> "Diary of Luigi Scalia." (Unpublished.)

consul-general at Palermo during the English occupation, and a friend of Queen Maria Carolina. The son, who was afterwards secretary to the British Legation at Naples, was devoted to the Italian cause, and took an active part in helping Panizzi in his plan for the escape of some of the Neapolitan political prisoners, including Poerio and Settembrini. It was through him that Mr. Gladstone made the acquaintance of Sir James Lacaita. It is much to be deplored that the valuable art collection, formed by his father and himself, and the many interesting relics of those stirring times in Sicily and Southern Italy should have been dispersed, many passing to his daughters. His eldest son, Louis, at his death, left to the British Museum the letters written by Maria Carolina to his grandfather.

In 1852 Sella, then quite a young man, came to London and was introduced to my uncle, who described him in his diary as a "simpatico Piemontese," and predicted a brilliant future for him. The prophecy was fulfilled, for Sella took a prominent part in the politics of United Italy. He created the famous party of the Centre, and was Minister of Finance in various Cabinets. Sella was of precocious intellect. When only twenty, having already taken his degree, he was sent by the Sardinian Government to make some scientific studies in France. This was in 1847, and he was amongst the first few who entered the Tuileries when the populace broke into the palace on the memorable 24th February 1848.

Pushed on by the crowd he found himself in the private sitting-room of the Duchesse d'Orléans, who had only left it a few moments before. On her writing-table he found a half-finished letter which she had evidently been writing when the revolutionists forced their way into the palace. Sella took it as a memento. On leaving he found the doors already guarded by some self-constituted guards or officials of the budding Republic, who asked him if he was carrying away any stolen property; he showed the letter, which they allowed him to keep.

Sella died in 1884. One of his greatest interests was establishing the Academy of the Lincei in Rome, of which he was the President, on a sound basis. He succeeded in his object, and in 1883 obtained the magnificent Palazzo Corsini for its residence. He spent the whole summer previous to his death in Rome, which was most detrimental to his already failing health, the transfer being carried out under his personal care and supervision. Sella was undoubtedly one of the great men of new Italy. Gallenga, of whom I have given a short biographical notice in the second chapter of this book, wrote in 1876 in an album of mine of so-called "Confessions," one of those books made up of silly questions, this answer to the question, "If not yourself, who would you be?" "Quintino Sella." Gallenga's praise was worth having, for he had known many men and had seen many things.

The same year the distinguished Sicilian archæ-



ologist, the Duke of Serradifalco, celebrated for his great work on the Greek monuments of Sicily, came to London, and my uncle accompanied him to Oxford, when an honorary degree was conferred upon him. Towards the end of 1852 Luigi Scalia made the acquaintance of Maroncelli, who, besides having shared the imprisonment of Silvio Pellico, and his patriotism, was remarkable as a link with the past, having been Goldoni's doctor. They ended by becoming great friends, and my uncle was best man at Maroncelli's wedding, when this curious old gentleman married an English lady of means.

Piero Maroncelli had a wooden leg, the limb having been amputated because of gangrene which had been set up by his being imprisoned in a damp cell in the Spielberg. It is said that Maroncelli, when the operation was over, despite the agony he was suffering, took a rose from a glass standing near him, and offered it to the surgeon, as the only gift he could make in return for his services.

A great sorrow came to the two Scalia brothers in 1854. Their beloved and patriotic mother died during the cholera epidemic at Palermo in that year. My parents were at East Sutton Park, the country place of Sir Edmund Filmer, near Maidstone, at the time, and the news was brought to them from London by Baron Constantino Ciotti and Dr. Gaetano Monteforte. To be debarred from returning home at such a time must have added terribly to their grief,

and on lately reading a life of Napoleon III., I thought of my father's intense distress, which my mother has often described to me. It seemed so cruel that Napoleon was not allowed to see his father, although he wished it so earnestly, and implored so touchingly for permission!

Sir Edmund Filmer, whom I have just mentioned, and Lady Filmer were amongst the most kind and devoted of my mother and father's friends. My mother used to describe an amusing incident that occurred when she and my father were once staying with them. After dinner, one evening, the noise from the housekeeper's room became so pronounced that Lady Filmer sent for the housekeeper and complained.

"Really, Mrs. —, I must beg you to keep a little more order downstairs; the noise is quite annoying."

"I can assure your ladyship that the noise which comes from the drawing-room is quite as annoying to us as ours can possibly be to your ladyship," was the insolent woman's prompt reply. The daughter of the house, Helen, a clever draughtswoman, made a sketch of the scene and sent it to *Punch*, in which it appeared under the heading of "Flunkeyana."

During his years of exile in London my father saw much of Antonio Panizzi, the great Modenese patriot, who afterwards became chief librarian at the British Museum, a post he held for many years. His life has been written by Louis Fagan. Panizzi was

compromised in one of the very early Liberal movements, and was actually imprisoned in 1821. He was condemned to be executed, but managed to escape to England. The Modenese Government, on finding out his abode in London, sent him an account for the expenses it had incurred in prosecuting him at his trial, and this bill included the cost of erecting the scaffold for his execution. The Modenese Government apparently possessed a grim sense of humour.

Panizzi earned his living at first as an Italian teacher at Liverpool, but his capabilities and deep learning speedily being recognised, he obtained a post in the British Museum as an extra-assistant librarian. In 1856, on the retirement of Sir Arthur Ellis, he was appointed principal librarian, a post that gave its holder entire charge of all the branches of the Museum. It is curious to note among the large number of supporters of his nomination that Lord Macaulay, whilst recognising Panizzi's fitness for the post, said that he feared the Natural History Department would suffer "by the appointment of Panizzi, whose great object during many years has been to make our library the best in Europe, and who would at any time give three Mammoths for one Aldus." A visit to the library suffices to show the result of Panizzi's unceasing labours. He retired in 1865, and was given a K.C.B.

Panizzi's friends were of every school of thought and political opinion. The letters written to him

by Prosper Mérimée have been published in a separate volume; among others of his friends were Guizot, Thiers (with the latter, however, his relations seem to have become less intimate when he found the French statesman lacking in enthusiasm towards the Italian cause), the Duc d'Aumale, Lord Brougham, Lord Holland, Lord Shrewsbury (with whom he had a long and active correspondence in 1851, when Lord Shrewsbury was wintering at Palermo, trying to convince him, but in vain, of the cruelties practised by the Neapolitan Government upon their political prisoners), Sir James Hudson, Massimo D'Azeglio, Foscolo, Mazzini, Orsini, of the bomb, and the republicans Medici and Bertani. To excite and retain the friendship of men so widely differing in temperament argues a mind of marvellous versatility and the widest interests; there were few men of their period who could say that they were at once the friend of the ascetic and ultra Conservative Lord Shrewsbury<sup>1</sup> and the Liberal Lord Holland. It is well known that it was at Panizzi's suggestion that Gladstone published his famous letters regarding the condition of the political prisoners in the Neapolitan gaols. Panizzi himself went to Naples to inquire into the matter,

<sup>1</sup> John, sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, died in 1852. He left no son; and his two daughters both married Italians, one Prince Doria, and the other, the beautiful and charitable Gwendoline, Prince Borghese. The old line of Roman Catholic Earls of Shrewsbury ending with this peer, the title passed at his death to a distant Protestant branch of the family.



and raised a fund chiefly amongst his English friends to effect the escape of Baron Carlo Poerio and Luigi Settembrini; but the attempt failed, owing to the foundering of the steamer which had been especially chartered to bring about their flight. He was not, however, discouraged by this first failure, and succeeded in keeping alive the interest of his English friends until eventually in 1859, as the result of constant agitation, the two eminent patriots and forty other Neapolitan sufferers in the cause of liberty were liberated and exiled to America. By a stratagem Panizzi succeeded in getting them to England, where he and his friends awaited them with pecuniary help.

By an odd coincidence the sale of Panizzi's library took place in the summer of 1879, when we first visited England after many years' absence. He had died in April; and my father, owing to the careless cataloguing of the books, was able to secure some valuable works for a very small sum—amongst others, Napoleon III.'s *Histoire de Jules César*, with his own autograph dedication to Panizzi—"À Mons. Panizzi, Souvenir d'Amitié—Napoleon," which I still possess among my father's books. I have also another Napoleonic relic, *Les Fastes de Napoléon*, an atlas made for the Empress Josephine, with a long dedication from the author, the faithful Las Cases, in his own hand, explaining why he published the atlas under the assumed name of Le Sage.

It is curious that both in Fagan's "Life of Panizzi" and in the "Lettere a Panizzi," Sir James Hudson's letters should have been almost entirely omitted. There is one which, as far as I know, has never been published, and, as it discloses one of the many wires that were being pulled at this time, I give some extracts from it. Victor Emanuel had asked the mediation of Napoleon III. between himself and the Pope; Napoleon had promised to do his best, but said he had little hope of success—Austria and not France had the Pope's ear. "He (Victor Emanuel) was in absolute ignorance," writes Sir James to Panizzi from Lucca on 22nd December 1855, "that the existing concordat between Rome and Piedmont was, or rather is, the concordat of 1814. In his blessed ignorance he thought it was the concordat of 1801 under which France acquired so many rights over the Saint Père!!! Did you ever? When he recovered from his astonishment he suggested to Cavour the necessity of going ahead all steam. To this Cavour very naturally demurred." Sir James then proposes that an English plenipotentiary should be sent to Rome. "For if what Cavour tells me be true, people at home are incensed to such a degree with the Papacy." At the end of the letter he says, "Louis Napoleon is quite alive to this, so go to work, and be cautious what you write by post.

"Your affectionate

"GIACOMO."

Panizzi's influence is shown by another letter from Sir James, written from Turin in 1863: "You cannot come so near Turin and not come to Turin. You occupy too large a space in the Italian and the European eye. Many people want to see you, especially Minghetti and Amari, and doubtless Peruzzi."

Libri, the celebrated mathematician and bibliophile, and his charming wife, *née* Melanie Double, daughter of the great art collector of that name, and widow of Colin, were also constant visitors at the house in Wyndham Place. Husband and wife formed a striking contrast, he so big and ponderous, she so small and refined. Libri's greediness was phenomenal; at times it became almost revolting. But his brilliant intellect and vast knowledge made him a much appreciated companion. My father and uncle never believed the accusations made against him by the French that he had stolen valuable books whilst director of the Paris Library. His wife's loyalty and devotion after his disgrace were most touching, they used to say. She insisted on marrying him despite the fact that public opinion in Paris was generally against him. Guizot writes to Panizzi on 22nd August 1850:<sup>1</sup>—

"Madame Colin est à Londres. Le Prince della Cisterna et moi nous avons vu Mr. Léopold Double comme Libri l'a désiré. Mr. Double est venu nous voir l'un et l'autre, et nous a témoigné le désir que

<sup>1</sup> "Panizzi's Letters." (British Museum.)

Libri attendit, pour se marier, l'issue du procès. Le Prince lui en a écrit. De voir par une lettre que je reçois de Mad. Colin qu'elle est décidée à ne rien attendre et qu'elle veut donner à Libri la plus forte preuve possible de son attachement." Her devotion and her belief in his innocence never wavered, and in a letter to Panizzi, who was always their staunch friend, dated from Paris, 30th May 1853, she says: "J'ai trouvé à Paris les amis de Mons. Libri toujours les mêmes dévoués, indignés, mais impuissants." And again on her return to England she writes from Florence House, Bayswater, London, on 24th December in the same year: "J'ai appris de Mons. Libri toute l'indignation avec laquelle vous avez reçu la nouvelle du mauvais succès de mes efforts pour me faire rendre justice en France. Cette marque de votre chaleureuse et constante sympathie ne m'étonne pas je vous assure que je n'y attendais." Guizot writes of Libri to Panizzi: "Libri va donc un peu mieux. J'en suis charmé. Je suis très vivement touché de ses souffrances morales et physiques. Je voudrais bien les voir alléger un peu."

Old, ailing, nearly blind, querulous and trying to the utmost, Libri died unvindicated, but his wife and friends remained faithful to the end. As late as 1858 he wrote to Panizzi saying that he is informed by his wife that at last a commission had been formed to inquire into the case, and begs that Watts and Jones may be told. This accusation



against Libri roused the most passionate discussion amongst men of science and literature; the believers in his guilt and the believers in his innocence flooded the bookstalls with pamphlets and the newspapers with articles. The excitement was as great as that caused by the Dreyfus case. Libri is forgotten to-day, and who will remember Dreyfus twenty years hence?

Sir James Lacaita, the Neapolitan patriot, was another of the constant friends of my uncle and parents. He was much at Chatsworth, and helped the Duke of Devonshire to rearrange his library, which he catalogued for him. He married a Scotch lady, a daughter of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael. I used to see Sir James frequently in later years, and always enjoyed listening to his agreeable, soft, yet incisive voice and careful diction; and the affection he was good enough to bestow on his friend's daughter is a precious memory.

In common with his only son, Mr. Charles Lacaita, I deplore that so few records should have remained to prove the active and important part played by Sir James in the Italian *risorgimento*. As I have said, Sir James was introduced by Fagan to Mr. Gladstone, and it was with his help that the English statesman gathered his material for the famous letters on the treatment of political prisoners in Naples, which stirred public opinion in England so strongly, and created widespread sympathy for the Italian Liberals. Gladstone was destined to

become his great friend, together with Panizzi. In the life of the latter, and also in Morley's life of the former, there are short biographical notices of Sir James; but they are lacking in the details that would have shown the important part he played in the preparations for the rising of 1848 in Sicily. I remember Sir James describing to me his arrival in Palermo on a secret mission during the year 1847. He was the bearer of letters to the two sons of the Liberal Princes of Butera and Pandolfina. On the arrival of the vessel, before he had time to land, an unknown person slipped up to him and whispered that for the present he must not go to the palaces of the princes to deliver the letters, as his arrival as a dangerous conspirator had already been signalled to the police; and that if there was anything the least suspicious in his conduct he was to be arrested at once and thrown into prison. It was only after the lapse of several days that he was able, by dint of the greatest secrecy and care, to see the two noblemen, and deliver the papers and messages.

The Prince of Butera, who had succeeded the Marchese Torrearsa as Minister of Foreign Affairs during the last months of Sicily's short-lived independence, visited England in 1853, when he was the constant companion of Luigi Scalia. Pietro Lanza, Prince of Scordia, Butera, and Trabia was born in 1807. At first he was faithful to the House of Bourbon, but a visit to Paris in 1837 doubtless imbued him with the Liberal views for which he

suffered so severely later on, although as early as 1834 he was the friend of the patriot, Alessandro Manzoni. He was a scholar of some distinction, and a historian of no mean order, and wrote several important works, notably one on the history of Sicily from 1532 to 1789.

It is said that on the occasion of a visit of King Ferdinand to Palermo some time before the revolution of 1848, the Prince, whilst walking with his sons, met the royal carriage, and gazed at the sovereign full in the face, without bowing, at the same time ordering his boys not to remove their hats. He was too proud to hide his scorn of the man he thought unworthy to be his king.

Prince Butera, or rather Prince Scordia, as he was called through the greater part of his life, became one of Sicily's most ardent patriots. In 1848 he took his mother's princely title of Butera in order to sit in the House of Peers; his father sat in the House as Prince Trabia. At his father's death, Prince Butera became Prince Trabia and Butera. He was a true philanthropist, and, besides founding the Asilo d'Infanzia in Palermo, worked with remarkable courage and devotion during the cholera epidemic of 1837.

It was characteristic of the Prince that he would never settle down in exile. When he was obliged to flee from the island in 1849, he and his family went first to Genoa, and such belief had he in the early liberation of his country, that he used to say to the Princess and his children—

“Do not unpack your boxes! I feel sure that next month all will come right, and we shall be able to go home again.”

But he died long before the freedom came, and for five years his family moved about from place to place with the greater part of their baggage still unpacked. The Prince died suddenly in 1854, in Paris, whither he had gone to consult a celebrated doctor. His answer to his father, when the latter was dying, and had written to say that Ferdinand would give him permission to return to Sicily if he would renounce his Liberal ideas in writing, and promise to live quietly under the existing laws, is worthy of record and translation :—“God knows how much I suffer at the thought of renouncing this supreme comfort to us both. But if you are a father, so am I, and I could not, out of filial love for you, leave to my sons the example of an act of unpardonable cowardice which would be an everlasting stain upon their name.”

His wife was a Neapolitan, an heiress and Princess of Scalea in her own right, a title which is now borne by their second son. She was a worthy companion to her noble-minded and patriotic husband, bearing the hardships of exile, and the separation from her younger children which it entailed, with heroic patience. Modest and simple, a true friend of the poor, she was the head of the ladies' committee for nursing the wounded during the revolution of 1848.



Prince Butera had visited England once before he came there as an exile. This was in 1837, when he attended the coronation of Queen Victoria, even bringing his gala carriage with him from Paris.

Lady Blessington, in her "Idler in Italy," mentions a Prince of Butera, but this was a German gentleman named Wilding, who had come to Sicily with the Hanoverian Legion during the English occupation. He was extremely good-looking, and married the Prince's grandmother when she became a widow. As she was Princess of Butera in her own right, her husband was *maritali nomine* called Prince of Butera. At her death, Wilding was given the title of Prince of Radaly, the title of Butera passing through the wife to the father of the patriot. The house of Butera was once connected with England, one of its princesses marrying a Lord Pembroke, from whom, however, she was soon separated.

The Italians in London were in the habit of meeting at the shop of the Italian bookseller, Rolandi, to hear and discuss the latest news of their country; and Mr. Quaritch once told me that it was whilst he was a poor assistant there that he gave a sovereign to the Italian cause, so much was he impressed and wrought upon by the conversation and enthusiasm of the patriots. "And you have no idea, Mrs. Whitaker, what a sovereign meant to me then," he added.

Living so much amongst bibliophiles, and already possessing an innate love of books, it is not surprising

that my father and my uncle both became *bibliomanes*: their extraordinary versatility of knowledge, and their retentive memories, made the result of their varied reading a delight to their many friends. In addition to becoming a book-collector, my father was also an admirable bookbinder, or rather gilder; and some of the volumes he left to me, the bindings of which were his own design, or adaptations of the best Grolier and Le Gascon, are exquisitely tooled.

I remember one of the few reprimands I ever received from him was for turning down a leaf in some childish book I was reading, to mark the place. On my eighteenth birthday he gave me a copy of *La Bruyère* and *La Rochefoucauld*, bound together, with the following words of Jules Janin inscribed on the fly-leaf:—

“Pour peu qu’il soit tenu loin du chaud et du froid, que le lecteur soit calme et la lectrice heureuse, un livre est un ami que ne change jamais.”

He did not like lending his books, and infinitely preferred giving one away. For this reason he could never understand the great Grolier printing “*Grolieri et amicorum*” on his works, and would quote the saying, I believe, of the bibliophile Jacob:—

“Tel est le triste sort de tout livre prêté :  
Souvent il est perdu, toujours il est gâté.”

My father's keen sense of humour was unusual for a Sicilian, as the children of that race take them-

selves and the world around them very seriously as a rule. His eleven years in England gave him a thorough knowledge of the language, although he always spoke English with a strong accent. He was a delightful raconteur, and especially enjoyed telling stories of English people and English life. One of these I have always remembered, as it is characteristic of the English "collector," of the man of science, wrapped up in his own pursuits to the exclusion of everything else. There were two friends, great travellers and naturalists, who for many years had made expeditions all over the world in pursuit of their hobby. At last one of them married, and the other started off on a voyage round the world alone. On his return his first thought was to go and see his friend, who that very day, as it chanced, had been made a happy father. The proud parent, unable to repress his joy, shortly produced the precious infant, saying—

"Look here, what a fine specimen I have to show you."

But the traveller, who happened to be short-sighted, and whose mind was running on different things, failed to grasp the situation, and immediately exclaimed—

"Oh! Ah, I see! A young gorilla! How did you catch him alive?"

During the long years of exile my father often amused himself with turnery, in which he became an adept; he also studied chemistry with great per-

severance. My uncle's chief tastes turned to botany and the flute, upon which despised instrument he played fairly well. He was tall, fair, and so singularly like the composer Bellini that on one occasion, when he had gone to hear *Norma* at the theatre in Milan, he was mistaken for the composer of that masterpiece, and to his great discomfiture was made the object of a popular ovation.

The Scalia family, without exception, belonged to the Moderate party, called "Malva" by the more advanced Liberals and Republicans. The two brothers therefore attracted the sympathies and friendship of those who were numbered amongst the more Conservative of the patriots. I never heard any details of the revolutions of 1848 and 1860, from my father himself, as he was too modest to talk of his own exploits; and, unhappily, in the days when I could have learnt so much, I was indifferent to the subject of my country's struggles. My information, alas! has had to be gleaned from others. I may here say that my father was in principle an aristocrat but in practice a democrat, and adored by the lower classes, to whom he was ever ready to give the benefit of his wide knowledge, and to help in every way in his power.

Another friend of the Scalias in London was the Marchese D'Azeglio, then representing Sardinia at the Court of St. James's, who, although he was quite cognisant of all that went on amongst the exiles, was debarred from taking any open part in their



meetings by reason of his official position. In after years I had the good fortune to know this gracious old statesman, who by his tact and *savoir-faire* did so much to popularise the Italian cause amongst the English people during his stay in London. His mental capacity was not of the same order as that of his uncle, the great Massimo, but the esteem in which he was held by English statesmen, and the personal friendships he made, were of great service to the Italian cause. My uncle was much drawn towards D'Azeglio, their moderate political views with regard to Italy being the same. These views of my uncle prevented him from joining the Mazzinian party; and although a personal friend, as I have said, of Crispi, the Caldesi, A. Saffi, and many of the Republican group, politically he was entirely at variance with them. He therefore inclined towards those of more moderate opinions, and finally joined De Vincenzi, Count Carlo Arriabene, and Count Pepoli, who became his intimate friends; and of this Italian Monarchical party the Marchese D'Azeglio, by reason of his official position, was the virtual though unnamed head. In my uncle's diary, shortly before the visit of King Victor Emanuel to England in 1855, I find the following note: "Stayed with D'Azeglio discussing affairs until daybreak." This visit of the king, on which so many hopes were founded, turned out to be a bitter disappointment, as Queen Victoria, although personally delighted with him, and full of courtesy and

attention, would encourage none of his ambitious projects for Italy.

The Marchese D'Azeglio, when I knew him in Palermo in 1881, appeared to me to be quite English in appearance; and his calm deliberate manner, combined with a certain natural reticence, gave me a higher idea of his intellect than he perhaps deserved.

Count Corti so plain, and Maffei so good-looking, were young attachés at the Sardinian Embassy, whom my father and mother met constantly at this time. Both men died Ambassadors of United Italy. My mother used to say that in those early days Corti literally hated Maffei for being so handsome. The distinguished Sicilian patriot, Francesco Ciaccio, who was a great friend of the Scalias, came to England during the exile; but intimate as he was with my parents, he could never be prevailed upon to dine with them, as he said he was not in a financial position to be able to return their hospitality. This exaggerated pride of his almost amounted to mania.

Madame Gaggiotti Richards, known to her friends as "the beautiful Emma," was another intimate acquaintance. She was a great friend of Humboldt, and had married a Mr. Richards, from whom, however, she separated after a few days of marriage, and never saw again. The reason was never known publicly.

Count de Vincenzi was also very intimate with the Scalias, and almost a daily companion. He was a friend also of Lord Palmerston and Lord

John Russell. In 1860 Cavour sent him to Naples to use his English influence in the interest of a Monarchical Italy. He was accompanied on this occasion by Admiral Mundy and by the British minister, Mr. Elliott. This was shortly before the triumphant entry of Garibaldi into Naples. The rabid Republicanism of the great soldier's entourage was causing the Piedmontese Government great anxiety, and De Vincenzi's mission was to counteract its counsels as much as possible. He founded a Monarchical society in Naples called the "Comitato dell' Ordine," which did Victor Emanuel's cause considerable service.

Many other Italian patriots, such as Damiano Assanti, Marochetti the sculptor, Count Carlo Arriabene, I note from my uncle's diary, were habitués at the little house in Wyndham Place, their friendship for my relatives being cemented by their common love for the enslaved mother-country.

Assanti, one of the most popular of the patriots, was a Neapolitan. He was a simple, unaffected man, and so generous that he gave the whole of his fortune to the poor exiles. After the failure of the risings in Naples he joined Manin in Venice, and his friends used to relate with pride that whilst fighting against the Austrians was going on in the Piazza of St. Mark, when his friend Alessandro Poerio fell wounded at some little distance from Assanti, he and the patriot Cosenz (afterwards a distinguished Italian general) put down their guns,

and at great peril of their lives carried Poerio to a place of safety, and then returning to the fight quietly took up their arms again.

After the miserable ending of the Venetian rising Assanti emigrated to England, where he became the almost daily companion of the Scalias. At the Unity he entered the army, and died a general and a senator. His duel with Nicotera caused a profound sensation in the early days of the Unity. Naturally good-tempered and easy-going, to the amazement of his friends he one day quietly rose from his place in the Senate whilst Nicotera was speaking and deliberately boxed his ears. Something Nicotera said had annoyed him. Later on, in my personal recollections, I shall have occasion to mention the duel which ensued, as my father was Assanti's second.

Baron Marochetti, the distinguished Piedmontese sculptor, was full of patriotic enthusiasm for the future of Italy during his earlier years, but after his marriage with a French lady he gradually dissociated himself from the Liberal movement owing, it was said, to the influence of his wife, she strongly disapproving of his political views. His work was much appreciated in England, especially by Prince Albert; the bust of Panizzi, now in the British Museum, was modelled by Marochetti. He was the father of the Baron Marochetti, who was for so many years Ambassador of United Italy at St. Petersburg.



Count Carlo Arrivabene was a native of Mantua and the nephew of the great patriot Giovanni Arrivabene, of whom I have spoken in my first chapter. Carlo Arrivabene distinguished himself in the risings of 1848, and seems to have profited by his exile in England, for Count Moffa di Lisio, writing to Giovanni Arrivabene from Turin in 1859, said: "Votre neveu (Charles), est fort bien sous tous les rapports et en très bonnes relations avec nôtre ministère. Il en a parut satisfait et a bon droit de la position honorable que par l'énergie des efforts soutenus il a su se créer en Angleterre."

But how many more patriots are there, now completely forgotten and ignored? I find constantly in my uncle's diary such little entries as this: "Pozzo di Gotto called; fled from Sicily in 1850; comes from New York; professor of Oriental languages; gave him some temporary pecuniary help." These names, with the few words that follow them, open out vistas of lives that were sacrificed for their country by men who were never known save by a few people long since dead. Sometimes one comes across the name of a patriot who did ultimately receive his reward, but perhaps these were more personally ambitious, or being blessed by the star of luck in which Napoleon believed so implicitly, made places for themselves in their country's history. But for the great majority of the patriots there was only the knowledge that the strivings and sacrifices of their earlier years had helped to free Italy.

Youth in its exuberance and enthusiasm gives so much, although it passes for being selfish. But as it gives so freely and unconsciously itself, so it is equally exacting, and accepts sacrifices from its elders without being able to realise the extent of those sacrifices. Thus it is misjudged ; but I maintain that youth gives as much as it receives. The youth of Italy gave their country that which she could never repay.

## CHAPTER VI

THE EXILES IN ENGLAND AND THEIR FRIENDS (*continued*)—MRS. LYNN LINTON

I HAVE already mentioned Mrs. Milner Gibson, the wife of the Liberal statesman, at whose house my father and mother first met. In Mr. Layard's "Mrs. Lynn Linton, her Life and Letters," the author says: "At the house of Mrs. Milner Gibson . . . she (Mrs. Lynn Linton) met Mazzini, Louis Blanc, Kossuth, Klapka, and the Scalas." This is the only allusion made by Mr. Layard to Mrs. Linton's great friendship with my uncle and my parents. The "Brother Edward" alluded to by Mr. Layard may have been intended for my uncle, but I cannot think that his religious convictions would have been strong enough to divide him from her. It is more probable that his strong Conservative and Monarchical views, which were so absolutely opposed to the decided Republican ideas held by Mrs. Linton at that time of her life (which were modified in later years), may have been the cause, but that there was a very strong attachment between my uncle and Elisa Lynn is undoubted, and at one time a marriage between them was certainly contemplated. This must have been about the year 1853, when my uncle was in Paris

and Miss Lynn was there also with her friend Lady Monson. Whatever the cause which prevented their marriage, they remained dear and true friends to the end, and the following extracts from an article by Mrs. Lynn Linton, "Come to their Own," in the *Queen* of 2nd April 1881, gives an idea of the estimation in which she held the Scalias :—

"Italy stood among the nations as some beautiful sister, enslaved, enchained, disgraced, and destroyed, as some queen of an elder generation now discrowned and seated among the ashes, and all the ardent souls of the time held in their degree as they were more or less revolutionary—Mazzini as a political prophet to whom unbounded reverence and honour were due; Garibaldi as the purest and noblest whom the world has ever seen since its greatest gave laws to man in the backward lying past; Manin as the modern Doge of whom Venice had need; the men of Sicily as patriots to whom the passers-by might well doff their caps in admiration of their lives, and in sorrow for their failure. . . . Among the men of Sicily who had thrown themselves into the heart of the struggle against King Bomba and his tyrannies were two brothers who came to England and took their places in the society of London, at first as honoured guests made welcome because of their story, and then as friends received because of their worth, into the hearts of those with whom they elected to pass this portion of their lives. They were men of singular freedom from all osten-



tation, all show and pretence. In no respect did they pose as martyrs or attitudinise as interesting exiles; never did they do aught, never say aught to call attention on themselves, to the heroism of their abortive attempts to free their country, to the personal losses which they themselves had sustained. Quietly, manfully, with the courage of cheerfulness and the heroism of patience, they took their stand in the strange world about them, and went their way as if to lose fortune, home, country for an ideal were the most natural things in the world, and one deserving no praise, no sympathy. . . . A face of the true Roman type—handsome, regular, soft, yet noble; music which was as much an instinct as an art, and where cultivation had developed instinct—a circle of adoring friends, a star of a very pure and brilliant kind; this makes up the mere outline of that personality which attracted the younger of the two brothers as a magnet attracts the steel. . . . Life was young, love was strong, and the future held all the potential gifts for the two; there was no exile where there was such love!”

Mrs. Lynn Linton always had the greatest admiration for my mother, and in a letter written to her after my uncle's death she says: “Scalia is a name I hold sacred; old times, love increased, deepened, strengthened with years. Good-bye, my sister friend! Love to all. To Alfonso the inheritance of his brother's share.”

This brilliant authoress, whose tenderness was infinite, whose chivalrous nature always rose and rebelled against injustice, whose flashing eyes and heightened colour, when roused to enthusiasm or revolt, I can still see, was on ordinary occasions, when I knew her in her later years, singularly quiet and calm in manner. And the superficial and casual observer would have scarcely thought it possible that the tumultuous articles, "The Girl of the Period," &c., which created such a sensation in the *Saturday Review*, had been written by her. The authorship of these articles was claimed, or at least accepted, by several writers. Never would one have suspected the burning fire hidden by the complacent, indulgent manner of the kindly old lady, as I knew Mrs. Linton when she came to Palermo in 1881, and again in 1883; but when roused, then all the fire of youth flashed forth in a moment with amazing vigour. This was the moment when she was at the zenith of her literary career.

Mrs. Lynn Linton was charmed with Sicily, and a little country villa, "Racalia," belonging to Mr. Whitaker, near Marsala, fascinated her beyond description. Again and again she repeated a wish that she might close life's journey there, and I remember her saying, "It is the place to rest and die at."

I have delightful memories of the evenings of the first visit she paid to Palermo, before my marriage, when sitting round the dinner-table at Casa Scalia in the Piazza Marina, long after the meal was over—as

my father loved to do, for he said conversation was at its best then—I was happy to be the silent participator in most interesting conversations between her and my father, and sometimes other intimate friends, one of whom was our cousin, Padre Carini, upon whom Pope Leo XIII. afterwards showered so many honours. He became librarian at the Vatican. I shall have occasion to speak of him later.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, as is well known, was an Agnostic, and the violent controversies which took place between her and our cousin, who was an ardent believer in Christianity, were most deeply interesting and instructive. She was singularly altruistic and sympathetic, and a great lover of the beautiful, especially in the human form, irrespective of sex. She was, however, totally lacking in sense of humour, and although appreciative of music, did not understand it.

It is the firm belief of those who knew Mrs. Lynn Linton well, that her works, and more especially her essays, will be held in far higher esteem in years to come than they are now. For the moment the subjects with which they deal make them out of date, later they will come to be judged by their literary quality and their true philosophical reasoning. She was justified, I think, in resenting, as she did resent, the fact that she did not occupy the literary position which was her due; and this feeling may account for the bitterness she showed in her judgment of George Eliot. It must be admitted

that in many ways she was her own enemy. She was essentially a free-lance in every sense of the word, and was frequently placed in a false position by her utter inability to accept the views of any one party, or of curbing her pen to consonance with the views of those upon whom she depended for her work. As an instance of this, her famous quarrel with the *New Review* may be cited. A keen Liberal, she was commissioned by that magazine to go to Ulster during an important by-election to write some descriptive articles from the Home Rule point of view. But what she saw and heard when she arrived on the scene led her to entirely change her opinions on the subject, and her articles were written from the Unionist standpoint. This naturally did not suit the convictions or the policy of the *New Review*, and the editor declined to publish them as they were written. Mrs. Linton's indignation knew no bounds. She became an ardent Unionist, and writing to my mother in September 1893 said: "The rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the Lords has put a new heart into us Unionists. We are not ashamed now of ourselves or our country, and Ireland has a little respite. The poor landlords who have been so hardly treated of late can breathe for a moment in peace, as I do not suppose even the Gladstonian Government will pass any measures of glaring tyranny and persecuting injustice against them. It has been an anxious time, even though we were all convinced that the Lords would throw out the



Bill (and by what a superbly and overwhelming majority !). Still, till a thing is *done*, the fear of the unexpected remains, and no one can pride himself on the certainty of the future."

Whatever the public estimation of her work, Mrs. Lynn Linton was greatly appreciated as a thinker and a writer by men most capable of judging; and the following extracts I have taken from Mr. Layard's book give the opinion of a leader of the intellectual world, and also of one of the foremost of English novelists. Herbert Spencer wrote to her: "I have just been reading with delight your article on 'Our Illusions.' How I enjoy your telling metaphors and your fertility of allusion! Surely this essay should not be buried in the pages of a magazine? You ought to republish a selection of your larger essays, and first among them should come this one. Surely its value will be as great generations hence as now." The second extract I make is from Mr. Rider Haggard's letter to Mr. Layard, in answer to the request made by the latter that he would give him his opinion of Mrs. Linton's literary position. "She was," he says, "in my opinion, one of the very ablest and keenest intellects of her time, and will, I think, be reckoned in its history."

Many of her most powerful essays were scribbled off hurriedly each week for the *Queen*; yet they went straight to the very essence of the subject, whatever it might be, with a subtle grace and colouring peculiarly her own, which never departed

from the essential truth. Myself, I cannot but deplore that some of these essays have not, as far as I know, been republished, especially as, owing to the nature of the periodical in which they appeared, the number of readers capable of appreciating them must have been comparatively limited. The extraordinary facility with which her words literally flew from her pen, conveying her originality of thought concisely and unerringly, can alone explain, apart from her conscientiousness, the reason of her giving such valuable work to an ordinary ladies' paper, the chief interest of which is supposed to be the fashions.

Mr. Layard nowhere in his book alludes to the fact that Mrs. Lynn Linton was a medium, although he devotes a chapter to her connection with spiritism. But the friendship with Mrs. X——, which he describes in the early portion of his book, and which culminated in Elisa Lynn having an attack of brain fever, was what we should now call of an hypnotic nature. The end of the X—— couple,—the wife “never seen,” possibly become idiotic, and the husband “given up to mesmerism, opium, and poetry,”—certainly suggests this. That Miss Lynn was a medium I have little doubt. A curious incident happened at her first meeting with my parents and uncle at Mrs. Milner Gibson's in the early fifties. Amongst the guests that evening was a handsome Italian, called Count Possenti, who was full of his discoveries

and powers in what was then called animal magnetism. He declared that by simply fixing his eyes on a good subject he could make that person unknowingly obey his will. To prove his contention he pointed to an evidently shy young lady at the far end of the room, and said, "She shall come to me without my making even a sign, and place her hands on my shoulders." He succeeded; for this young lady, who was Miss Lynn, immediately rose from her chair, and, crossing the room, did as he had willed. Great was her indignation, on returning to her senses, to find out what had happened; an introduction to Count Possenti followed; he explained and apologised. My parents were also introduced, and thus began their life-long friendship.

I much regret having made no notes of the many long conversations I used to have with Mrs. Lynn Linton. But I have her written answer to a question of mine, which is characteristic of her absolute straightforwardness on all matters. The question was: "What is a flirt? Is it she who always has some one 'on hand,' and who takes a second one when she is tired of the first, or when he tires of her? Or is it she who gives herself the trouble of being amiable to several at the same time, without intending to love any, and who, for vanity's sake only, tries to gain a love that she knows she cannot return?"

Mrs. Lynn Linton's answer was: "Both one and

the other. Nothing is so stupid as flirting; if it means nothing, it is like eating sand for fruit, giving stones for bread. If it means to deceive, to the one who trusts and believes, it is a shameful abuse of woman's dearest and most beautiful power, and the one who accustoms herself to flirting, digs a pit for her own feet, and weaves the shroud for all the best characteristics of her sex."

I remember the great admiration she often expressed for the religion of Buddha, and her constant defence of the writings of Zola, who, she declared, had every right to be considered moral. Mr. Layard rightly emphasises her altruism. She was specially lenient towards the faults and failings of youth, and used often to gently rebuke my youthful intolerance of what I considered unjust or untrue. "One of the privileges," she would say, "of growing old, is that one becomes so much more tolerant and lenient with the faults and failings of others." My parents both agreed that she was better-looking in old age than she had been in her youth.



## CHAPTER VII

### FRIENDS IN EXILE—(*continued*)

ABRAHAM HAYWARD, BERNAL OSBORNE, PERCY FFRENCH,  
LORD AND LADY HATHERTON, SIR GEORGE SARTORIUS, ETC.

It was at Lady Morgan's and Mrs. Mostyn's that my mother used constantly to meet Abraham Hayward, who was so much sought after for dinners because of his brilliant conversation and ready wit. His amusing little book, "The Art of Dining Out," was reprinted in 1899. Amongst his other works are the biography and letters of Mrs. Thrale, who, apart from her interest as an authoress, has a special claim as the close friend of Dr. Johnson. The friendship of many years ended abruptly when Mrs. Thrale, in 1784, married Piozzi, an Italian singer born in Brescia. In those days it was not the custom for well-born people to go upon the stage; and actors and singers were never of gentle birth. Lord Byron in 1809 calls the great Catalani and Naldi "amusing vagabonds," and in the Misses Barry's "England and France," there is the following anecdote: Iffland, the German dramatist, was the intimate friend of a German lady of rank.

On her husband's death he proposed marriage to her, but was indignantly refused. The lady was conscious of no degradation in being his *chère amie*, but would have forfeited both caste and self-respect by becoming his wife. One of the first gentlemen by birth to become a public singer was the Marchese di Candia, a nobleman in the Piedmontese army, who, to save the honour of a lady, fled to Paris to prove an *alibi*, but without asking leave, which consequently made him a deserter. He became the celebrated tenor Mario. Maria Piccolomini astonished Italian society shortly afterwards by going upon the stage, she being of high birth, and niece of the Cardinal of the same name.

To return to Mrs. Piozzi. It is easily understood that she should have forfeited the affection of many of her friends, besides that of Dr. Johnson, by her second marriage. To a certain degree she also lost the love of her elder daughters, although they continued to see her, and be on friendly terms with her, after her return from Italy. Her fourth daughter, Cicely (afterwards Mrs. Mostyn, and my mother's most valued friend, of whom I have already spoken), accompanied the bride and bridegroom upon their tour through Italy. Mrs. Piozzi's book on their journey is delightful reading, and Italians must be grateful to the Contessa Martinengo Cesaresco that it has been reprinted.

Mr. Hamilton Aïdé tells me that his mother, who knew them well, often used to talk of the Piozzis. It was by no means an unruffled *ménage*. Mrs. Aïdé played cards with them sometimes, and passages of arms—or rather of tongues—of a violent kind frequently ensued between husband and wife. But Mrs. Piozzi generally had the last word however, and would wind up by saying, “And you had better keep your temper to yourself, Piozzi, for it is a mighty bad one.”

I possess one of the original copies of a little pamphlet Mr. Hayward had printed for private circulation, called, “Some Account of a Journey Across the Alps, in a Letter to a Friend.” He gave it to my mother, and it is inscribed, “From the writer.” This pamphlet has been published, however, in Carlisle’s “Life and Correspondence of Abraham Hayward,” but the postscript is omitted. I give it to show how careful a man he was, and how fearful of making enemies—“All those into whose hands copies of this letter may come will have the goodness to consider it in the same light as a manuscript sent to them to read. Many of the details are such as I should not feel justified in making known thro’ the public press, tho’ I see no more harm in printing them for my friends than in narrating them.” After this, one is disappointed to find that the greater part of the pamphlet is of little interest, dealing with an ordinary journey, the easiest in those days (1834)

over the Splugel—the same route taken three hundred years previously by Erasmus; nor is the description written with the *verve* and *esprit* one would have expected from that celebrated *raconteur* of London Society. But to Italians his account of his interview with the great patriot and writer, Manzoni, makes it valuable. He met Countess Guiccioli, Byron's great love, at Madame de Sismondi's, in Geneva, but, failing to catch her name, did not know who she was when he was presented to her. He seems to have been at once captivated by her charm and piquant conversation, but says that the other English complained of her boldness and affectation.

When I met Abraham Hayward at Lady Combermere's in 1879, he was a little, shrivelled old man, with keen eyes, and a sarcastic manner which was not prepossessing. He crossed the room to speak to me after dinner, and without having been introduced to me, which seemed strange to me with my Italian ceremonious ideas of those days, said he thought I should make my mark, no doubt alluding to my singing, and that then he should write a poem in my honour. His self-assurance and self-importance struck me disagreeably. I had been brought up to think that the higher the intellect and capabilities the more modest one should be. I had still to learn that modesty does not pay as current coin in the world, and that it is only genius which can afford to



hide its light. Abraham Hayward has only been dead twenty years. He died in 1884, and who remembers him now? Two years ago a well-known person said of him to me, "What a bore he was at the last; always repeating the same old chestnuts." *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

At Lady Morgan's my mother often met the delightful and popular Bernal Osborne, the father of the present Duchess of St. Albans and of Lady Blake.

Ralph Bernal Osborne's life has been written under the supervision of the Duke of St. Albans, by Philip Henry Bogenal. The Duke, in his preface to the work, recognised the difficulty of the task, saying very truly: "We found the almost impossibility to do justice to our subject. Wit must flash; reduced to black and white it loses its sparkle, it becomes sodden, and the joke savours of Joe Miller." Still the book gives most agreeable reading, and I cannot but regret that the general public has been deprived of much pleasure, as it was only published for private circulation. Bernal Osborne's political career extended from 1841 to 1874, and should have been more marked had he been really ambitious, and ready for the sacrifices an ambitious man must make in order to rise; but he lived in the moment, and his love of ridicule, his derisive faculty, no doubt also often made him enemies among the powerful. I find in the last chapter of his biography the following passage, which

characterises, notwithstanding this, his ever ready sympathy with the troubles of others: "Whilst careless of his own personal convenience or political advancement, he displayed great solicitude and kindness to friends in need" . . . and then further on: "Humour is closely allied to pathos, and Bernal Osborne, with his keen intellect and sharp tongue, had withal a curious sensibility to suffering, want, and evil circumstances—as, for instance, he never could refuse to give alms to a beggar." Besides his capabilities as a poet, and a satirical one of no mean order, he also had a very graceful musical talent, which was, no doubt, an attraction to my mother.

It was at Lady Morgan's house that Ralph Bernal first met his future wife, Miss Osborne, whose name he took by royal patent. She was the only surviving child and heiress of Sir Thomas Osborne of Newtown Anner, Clonmell.

A friend tells me an amusing story illustrative of the value in which Mr. Osborne's opinion was held in society. "Coming down to breakfast rather late one morning in a country house, he noticed that several of the ladies were eating eggs. 'I know nothing,' he said in the clear, dry tones that distinguished him, 'I know nothing so unbecoming to a woman as eating a boiled egg!' Down went spoons on plates, and the eggs remained unfinished as the result of this little speech."

My mother was also a frequent visitor at the

cottage at Strawberry Hill, where, in the tiny drawing-room, up the narrow winding stairs, all that was most interesting and delightful in London society gathered round Lady Shelley, who, despite her insolence and her arrogance, held a prominent position as a hostess for many years. My mother used to relate the following anecdote illustrative of Lady Shelley's powers of impertinence:—There were two sisters, called Temple-Bodewin, one of whom sang nicely. They were invited by Lady Shelley to parties at her house, and went twice. But on each occasion Miss Temple-Bodewin refused to sing when asked, either from shyness or because of a cold. The morning after their second visit she received the following epistle:—

“DEAR MISS TEMPLE-BODEWIN,—I had asked you and your sister to my house hoping you would sing for me; as my rooms are small, I can only invite people who are either *useful* or *ornamental*. As you will not be the one, and you certainly are *not* the other [both sisters were plain], I must request that in future you refrain from coming to me.”

The Misses Temple-Bodewin, who were well off, eventually settled near Florence at the Villa Cristina—so called after the eldest sister—which is now the property of Mr. Henry Labouchere, of *Truth*. They formed a pleasant society around them, and the second sister, Laura, married Prince San Giuseppe, a most charming man, who became

Prince Pandolfina on the death of his father. The Pandolfina family, as I have already stated, was one of the chief noble families in Sicily involved in the revolution of 1848.

It was at Lady Georgiana Fane's that my mother sang to the Duke of Wellington, whose love of music is well known. After the *Adieu* of Schubert, the Iron Duke was moved to tears, and thanked her warmly for the great pleasure she had given him. A few moments later he was dozing on the sofa which had been placed for him close to the piano; this was shortly before his death. My mother's impression of the Duke is conveyed by Charles Greville's description: "It is a fine sight to regard the noble manner in which he is playing the last act of his glorious life."

The art of growing old gracefully is difficult, even to ordinary mortals, but how much more difficult it must be for women who have wielded the power of great beauty. No man, however great, exercises such sovereignty as a beautiful woman, and when age comes, he at least has the prestige of his prime. For a woman, the prestige of beauty is a tragedy, since it accentuates the difference between the present and the past. My mother, when we were discussing this question, once described to me a poignant scene in which she was inadvertently a participator. One morning, calling upon the Princess Letitia Bonaparte-Patterson, she found her in tears before her looking-glass.



Turning to her, this once beautiful woman said in French, "Ah, dear girl, you do not know the intense sadness of growing old when you have been as beautiful as I was!" My mother, who was then very young, quickly answered—

"Altesse, if one is to suffer as I see you suffer now, I am happy to be less beautiful than you."

I have just mentioned Charles Greville. My mother knew both brothers, but Henry the better of the two, as he lived more in the musical world. Charles had little or no appreciation of the art, chiefly because of his defect in hearing. From Mrs. William Lowther, whose father, Lord Wensleydale, was Charles Greville's great friend, I have heard some curious traits of his character. He had a singular habit of introducing the double word "thing-thing" into his speech, and if he became at all excited his whole conversation would be interlarded with it. He was always depressed when his horses won races, because he regretted so bitterly that he had not placed heavier stakes upon them. His losses, however, he bore with perfect equanimity, not to say cheerfulness.

Henry Greville was essentially a "society man," and did not possess the depth of character, the power of concentration, or the higher interests which distinguished his brother.

"Society talk," so called, must eventually deteriorate any mind, since it is made up solely of gossip, whether of arts, literature, science,

or politics, or merely of the "neighbours on the green," and their sayings and doings. It is invariably on the surface, but the froth of the liquid, which is all we take, is agreeable to the taste, and to many it represents the very essence of existence, and they gladly devote all their capabilities to the discussion of the superficial trivialities of great things. This probably was the case with Henry Greville. It certainly was with Robert Percy ffrench, the charming diplomate, who will be well remembered by those who frequented Holland House in its second period; and who left so many friends all over the civilised world, and especially in the European capitals. The intoxicating froth, quenching the thirst, which is adored by Society, and on which Society lives, presented such attractions to Percy ffrench, that it prevented his career from becoming what it might have been, for his abilities were of no mean order.

Who does not remember Percy ffrench? A common friend once said to me, "I believe if I announced that I was going to Timbuctoo, ffrench would be able to give me a letter of introduction to a great friend there." He was not much in London during the period of which I am writing, as his dipomatic duties kept him at Naples, where he was an extremely popular young attaché. It is much to be regretted that his amusing letters to his parents at that time were burnt at their death. He told me he had written them for future

publication, and they would have been historically valuable as descriptive of the last years of the Neapolitan Court. His Irish wit came out prominently in his letters, and, personally, I preferred these to his conversation, as he was rather overpowering in his tirades, and was a bad listener. He was of medium height, slight, fair, and distinguished manner, yet with attractive Hibernian vivacity. He was a living proof that the cold, dignified reserve affected by so many Englishmen is not an indispensable evidence of high breeding.

Lord and Lady Hatherton were other constant friends of my parents and uncle, and it was at their house that the latter met Manin, the great Venetian patriot, whom he called in his diary, "The Italian Kossuth, but without his wonderful eloquence." He goes on to say that he does not think that Manin will make much effect in London. "He is modest, and keeps saying he has done nothing." It was also at the Hathertons' my uncle met Senior, the great economist, whom Cavour, in one of his letters to Madame de Circourt, called, "the most enlightened thinker in great Britain." At the same hospitable house the Scalias often met Sir J. Shuttleworth, Cobden, Sir Roderick Murchison, and many other luminaries of the world of thought. Lady Hatherton, as Miss Bromley Davenport, had been a friend of my mother before her marriage. Lord and Lady Clanricarde were other friends of my mother's, Lord Clanricarde always franking her letters; but

this must have been long before her marriage, as it was previous to the days of the penny post.

I often used to hear my parents speak of Odo Russell (afterwards Lord Ampthill). His friendship my father specially valued.

Strange as it may sound, my mother witnessed the marriage of the Princess Royal from a peeress's seat. A friend of hers, Lady C——, was not feeling well enough to attend the ceremony, and suggested that my mother should put on her plumes and personate her. It seems hardly possible to believe that this proposal should have been made, and accepted, but nevertheless it was so, and my mother went to the wedding at St. James's Palace and escaped detection. It was a bitterly cold day, and in consequence she caught a severe chill by which to remember her somewhat risky escapade.

Lady Webster was always a kind friend to my parents, and although by no means a clever or intellectual woman, gathered round her some very interesting people at her house, Granard Lodge, Roehampton. She was a daughter of Samuel Bodington. She was only able to think of one subject at a time, or perhaps it would be more just to say that she was so engrossed by the matter of the moment, that she was unable to give her attention to anything else. Her husband, Sir Henry, committed suicide, and poor Lady Webster was inconsolable. She took to her bed, refused to eat, and fell into such a state that grave fears were



entertained as to her health. She was, however, devoted to worsted work, and at my mother's suggestion her wools were placed by her, and very soon she took them up and began to work. This interest drove her husband from her mind, and shortly afterwards she returned to her daily routine of life, evincing no further sorrow for the tragedy, nor apparently missing the hapless Sir Henry.

My mother used frequently to speak of Lady Acton as one of her friends at this period of her life. It is curious to note that the Acton family is now divided into two nationalities, English and Italian, owing to John Acton taking service under Ferdinand I. of Naples, to whom he became Prime Minister, and of whom I have spoken in my historical preface.

John Acton succeeded to the family estates and baronetcy on the death of his cousin in the third degree; his brother, Commodore Acton, remained in Italy, had twelve children, and two of his grandchildren, Harold and Roger, came over to England during the time of the sojourn of the Italian exiles, to claim their rights as British subjects. Roger entered the Civil Service in Egypt, and Harold went into the South Kensington Museum. The latter was a special friend of my parents and uncle, who were much attached to the good-looking young Italo-Englishman. Two of the other brothers took service in the Italian navy of United Italy; both became Admirals. Their only sister, the beautiful

Laura Acton, first married Prince Camporeale, a Sicilian, and then the Italian statesman, Marco Minghetti. The *salon* of Donna Laura Minghetti is the most interesting in Rome. Its hostess is honoured by the personal friendship of the German Emperor, and as the mother of the Princess von Bülow, she is as well known in Berlin as she is in Rome.

Great friends of the Scalas during the exile were Mr. and Mrs. Siemens—he was afterwards created Sir William. He was one of the four great electrical engineering brothers, and was a most noble and charming character. He had, indeed, many of the characteristics of genius. His modesty, simplicity, his kindly smile, and his singularly benevolent glance through his gold-rimmed glasses, as well as his generosity and hospitality, can never be forgotten by those who, like myself, had the pleasure of knowing him.

When I came to England after my marriage, my husband and I stayed with Sir William and Lady Siemens at their charming country house near Tunbridge Wells. The dining-room was lighted from the ceiling by electric light, hidden in glass bunches of grapes. This was a great novelty then (1883), and was one of our host's many inventions. We were also taken to see his strawberry beds, where the fruit was forced and ripened by means of electric light. This invention, however, has evidently not been a success, or it was too costly to become general.

A well-known figure of society in the fifties, whose musical taste I have often heard my mother praise, was Sir John Harington; a dandy, but quite bald soon after twenty. A friend said of him: "He is certainly the man with the least hair and the most hair-brushes in London."

I remember my parents often speaking of Sir Morton Peto, whom they knew well, as one of those Englishmen who generously befriended the Italian cause. He belonged to a group of distinguished men who, breaking away from the more retrograde section of the Whig party, threw themselves into many very advanced Liberal schemes, which they supported with their purses as well as by their pens and voices. He took the keenest interest in the struggle in Italy, and when Count Carlo Arrivabene arrived in England, wounded, and crippled in means, after his patriotic exploits in Venice in 1848-49, Sir Morton took him to his beautiful house, Somerleyton, and kept him there for many weeks until he had regained his strength. Unfortunately nearly the whole of Sir Morton's papers were destroyed by a fire, and there is consequently no record of his exact relations with the patriots in Italy. But that he afforded the Italian cause substantial pecuniary help is well known, and when he visited Florence in the early sixties, his claims upon Italy's gratitude were recognised by King Victor Emanuel, who showed him marked attention, and granted him several

privileges—amongst others that of the daily *entrée* to the Royal Boboli Gardens—then closed to the public.

I have also mentioned Mr. Willcox as being most kind to the exiles. This gentleman had the passion of Gladstone for felling trees, and it was whilst engaged in this pastime that a heavy branch fell and cost him his life. His only son “Brodie” was a lifelong friend of our family; his eldest daughter married a Mr. Zulueta, afterwards created Marquis de Torredeas, and became the grandmother of Cardinal Mery del Val.

It was at the house of Mr. Willcox that the Scalias met Admiral Sir George Sartorius; and little did they think that in after years a link would be formed between them by the marriages of their then unborn daughters to two brothers—Rita Sartorius, the Admiral’s daughter, marrying William Whitaker, and I, myself, his brother Joseph. Being considerably older than my father, the Admiral was the greater friend of my uncle, with whose Liberal views he was wholly in sympathy. During the year 1849, before my father’s arrival in England, there are frequent notes in my uncle’s diary of his having been with Sartorius. It is much to be deplored that Sir George’s romantic life should never have been written, for he took part in some of the most stirring events of British naval history.

He was born in 1790, and received his baptism of blood at the battle of Trafalgar on board the



*Tonnante.* In 1810 he was sent to Italy with the British naval squadron, and took part in the capture of Ischia and Procida. It was on this occasion, whilst pursuing some brigands, that he was able to intercept a letter from Caroline Murat to her husband. I give the letter here, as it has never been published, and it shows that Murat, in common with other of Napoleon's marshals, was beset with doubts as to his position with his imperial master :—

“ *Le 17 Juin 1810, St. Cloud.*

“ Je t'annonce mon cher ami que l'Empereur me dit hier qu'il avait terminé avec Champagny la veille, l'affaire de la dette de Naples, et qu'il avait pris les biens ; je crois aussi qu'il a accepté les propositions de l'Ambassadeur car il m'a annoncé cette nouvelle comme une chose qui devait te faire plaisir aussi que moi. Ne te chagrine donc pas cher ami, ne te mets pas dans la tête que l'Empereur ne t'aime pas ; il a parlé de l'expédition comme une chose dont il désire le succès ; il me parle tous les jours bien de toi, et me charge souvent de te dire des choses aimables de sa part. Il ne tient qu'à une chose, c'est que les Français soyent bien traités et que ses agents n'ayent aucun sujet de se plaindre. Je te recommande bien cela car c'est ce qui intéresse le plus l'Empereur.

“ J'espère que je partirai bientôt et que je serai rendu à Naples vers le milieu de ce mois.

“ Je ne reçois pas de tes lettres depuis 3 mois.

Je suis inquiète et impatiente ; il faut être raisonnable, aussi c'est ce que je vais me dire, mais il m'est permis d'être impatiente lorsque c'est question de toi. Adieu mon ami, je t'embrasse bien tendrement."

The last word is illegible.

After the Hundred Days Sartorius was given the choice either of taking Napoleon to St. Helena, or of returning to England with the despatch giving the news of his surrender. A copy of the original draft of the letter which General Gorganand was charged to deliver to the Prince Regent from Napoleon, announcing his surrender to the *Bellerophon*, was given by Montholon to Sartorius. It was as follows—

"ALTESSE ROYALE,—En but aux factions qui divisent mon pays, et à l'inimitié des plus Grandes Puissances de l'Europe j'ai terminé ma carrière politique, et je viens comme Themistocle m'asseoir sur le foyer du peuple Britannique. Je me mets sous la protection de ses lois que je réclame de votre Altesse Royale comme au plus puissant au plus constant et au plus généreux des mes ennemis.

"DE ROCHEFORT, 13 *Juliet* 1815.

"(Signé)        NAPOLEON."

Sartorius chose the latter mission, and, whilst he was waiting for his post-horses to be harnessed

after his landing at Falmouth, he found that the great news he bore had already leaked out, but only because he himself was mistaken for Napoleon come to England in person to deliver himself up. No greater contrast could exist than between the appearances of the two men, for Sir George was tall and of powerful build, but the townspeople of Falmouth gave themselves the delight of believing they were actually gazing upon the redoubtable Corsican.

One of the most brilliant achievements of Sir George's life was the part he played in the constitutional struggle in Portugal. Don Carlos IV. having resolved to take the offensive in the contest that was raging as to the succession of the Portuguese throne, Sartorius proceeded to the Azores and took command of the fleet which conveyed the *Mindelli*, with the 7500 brave men who formed the Liberal expedition, to the mainland, and disembarked them at Oporto on 8th July 1832. The city was immediately besieged by the Miguelites, in number ten times superior to the defenders. All communications with the city were cut off; any escape by sea was also impossible, and when the Miguelite squadron made its appearance on the dawn of the 18th August, Don Miguel and his generals confidently expected Oporto's immediate surrender, or its fall after a short blockade.

Sartorius, however, held his position, and manœuvred his ships with such brilliant courage and

consummate skill that he drove off the enemy, a deed of arms that freed the city and caused delirious enthusiasm among the loyalists. The ultimate result was the salvation of the Liberal cause, and the elevation of Donna Maria II. to the throne, which is now occupied by her grandson. Sartorius pursued the fleet of Don Miguel, and completely routed it near Bayonne two months later. This independent action of Sir George threatened to ruin his career as an English naval officer. He had espoused the Liberal cause without permission, and as the changes in Portugal did not at that moment coincide with the British foreign policy, Sir George was severely punished, his name being actually struck off the Navy list. But it was shortly afterwards replaced.

Portugal showed her gratitude by creating Sartorius Viscount de Piedade and Count of Penha-firma, bestowing upon him the Orders of Aviz, of the Tower and Sword, and by making him Vice-Admiral of the Portuguese fleet.

Ever ready to aid those in distress, Sir George, being in command of the *Malabar*, and off Cadiz in 1836, took Queen Christina and Espartero on board when they were fleeing from Spain after the fall of Seville. Espartero presented him with a gold-hilted sword as a mark of his gratitude.

Shortly after this Sartorius was reinstated in the English navy, and when my uncle, Luigi Scalia, first knew him, he was already Rear-Admiral of



the Fleet. In addition to his personal courage which made him beloved by his inferiors—twice during his career he leapt overboard to save the life of a common sailor, thus risking his own—Sir George was undoubtedly one of the great naval leaders of his time, and his diplomatic abilities were of a very high order. He died at Lymington in Hampshire in 1885 at the great age of ninety-four.

I cannot close this rambling chapter without mentioning Mr. Coxhead, the head of the great commercial house of that name, whose belief in the ultimate triumph of the Italian cause was most substantially proved. My uncle always acknowledged the deep gratitude he owed to the personal friendship of Mr. Coxhead, and the generous financial help he was ever ready to give—a help that it took my uncle many years after the Unity to repay. Both Mr. and Mrs. Coxhead were the kindest of friends to my mother also.

## CHAPTER VIII

FRIENDS OF THE EXILES IN THE MUSICAL WORLD—

MADAME PUZZI, PINSUTI, VERA, ETC.

A FRIEND, greatly valued by my grandfather Anichini, was Madame Puzzi, a prominent figure in the musical world of that time. She and her husband were known amongst the Italians in London as “Papà and Mammà Puzzi” because of their unceasing help and kindness. Madame Puzzi was a remarkable woman, who, my grandfather always said, should have been born a man, and if properly educated would have been fitted for a Minister of State (of the Machiavelli order, however). She was a Signorina Tosi, a singer, and married the celebrated horn-player Giovanni Puzzi, who was considerably older than herself.

Puzzi, as quite a lad in Paris, had been brought under the notice of Napoleon Bonaparte by Paen, the composer. He was immediately given a post in the Emperor's private band, which he held until Napoleon's fall. He first entered the band whilst Josephine was still Empress, and he used to say that the difference in the feelings of his two consorts towards Napoleon was clearly obvious to the most casual observer, Marie Louise being at no

pains to conceal her dislike. At the fall of the Empire, Puzzi was brought to England by the Duke of Wellington in 1816, and it was arranged that he should make his *début* at Hertford House immediately after his arrival. On reaching London, Puzzi found, to his despair, that his precious horn had been detained at Dover, but such was the Duke's interest in his protégé that he himself sent a special messenger to the coast, and the horn arrived in time. Puzzi's success was instantaneous. No living player had ever brought such soft and exquisite sounds of melody from a horn; he seemed to achieve the impossible, and was unique as a soloist on that ungrateful instrument. In those early days in London Puzzi used to accompany the Mesdemoiselles Des Lieux who had been brought up by the Empress Josephine. They were mediocre singers, amateurs turned artistes, and who relied more on their beauty and the *réclame* of their upbringing than on their talents. They were in great vogue for a time in London, and then disappeared from public notice. Puzzi was an *habitué* at Lady Blessington's, and a friend of the Count d'Orsay. He had so many acquaintances amongst the literary and musical celebrities of the period that his reminiscences would have been most interesting, but unfortunately he kept no notes of the many interesting acquaintances and episodes of his life.

Madame Puzzi made her *début* in London at the King's Theatre in 1827, in Rossini's opera *Mosè*

*in Egitto*, the Duchess Cannizzaro giving her the gorgeous costume she wore on the occasion. After her marriage with Puzzi, owing to her extraordinary powers of organisation, her clear head for business, and her general mental capabilities, added to her most kindly interest in helping struggling singers, she soon became the leader of the musical world in London. So great was her power that at one time Lumly, Mapleson, Carl Rosa, and many of the other chief impresari would do nothing without her advice and help.

Colonel Mapleson, writing in his memoirs of the great tenor, Giuglini, who died so young, says, that whenever this artist wished it to be known that any decision he made was final, he always swore "by the Holy Virgin and Mammà Puzzi." Colonel Mapleson also gives an amusing anecdote in which the lady plays an important part, but I prefer giving another of a scene between her and Ronconi, the famous Italian baritone, which has not been published, since it illustrates the cleverness and tact with which she surmounted, or rather circumvented, difficulties.

Ronconi, after being absent from England for a year, was announced to appear in a certain opera. It had been arranged that his wife should make her *début* with him, but the rehearsals showing that her voice was not of sufficient strength or quality, the arrangement was cancelled. Ronconi was furious, and in revenge, the day before the



opera was to be given, announced that he could not sing as he had lost his voice. The opera doctor, Mons. Bellinet, was sent to examine his throat, but there was nothing to be done when the patient insisted that he could not speak above a whisper, let alone sing. The impresario, Laporte, was in despair; the opera was announced for the following night; Ronconi was the chief attraction, and could not be replaced. "Mammà" Puzzi must be appealed to, and an urgent message was sent, imploring her to try to persuade the recalcitrant baritone to sing the next evening. Madame Puzzi immediately went to Ronconi's house, and began condoling with him on his voiceless condition. After a little while she said, knowing his weakness, "But now, my dear Ronconi, let us have a game of *béziq*ue." Ronconi was only too delighted to relieve the tedium of his silence, and they began to play. At first Madame Puzzi allowed him to win, but although his spirits and good humour gradually increased in consequence, not a sound would he utter. After a little while, the diplomatist thought it was time to change her tactics, and Ronconi began to lose as steadily as he had won. This move succeeded brilliantly, for losing his temper, and quite off his guard, he shouted at the top of his most powerful voice, "Giacinta, this is not possible! You must be cheating!"

Madame Puzzi had won, for there were others in the room who had heard that Ronconi was not

so voiceless as he pretended, and if it were proved that he could but would not sing, he was liable to a very heavy fine. Turning to one of the company, Madame Puzzi said, "Go round to the theatre at once and say that Signor Ronconi has quite recovered his voice, and will be able to sing to-morrow night."

The concerts at Apsley House, Hertford House, and Cannizzaro were always arranged by the Puzzi, the choice of singers and the programme being entirely left to their judgment.

"Papà" Puzzi, although unrivalled in the art of playing the horn, was of a homely, quiet temperament, and in later years spent the greater part of his time on his estate of Monferrato in Piedmont, leading the life of a country gentleman. To Madame Puzzi, who kept her vital energies of youth until an advanced age, a prolonged existence in the country would have been impossible, and she remained for the greater part of the year in England, with her two elder daughters, Emily and Fanny, the youngest daughter, Giulia Pompea, the god-daughter of my grandfather and my mother, devoting herself entirely to her father. Two sisters, Fanny and Giulia, now live in London, where the former gives singing lessons, her method being based on the best traditions of the old, pure Italian school, which is now, alas! almost disappearing even in Italy itself; Emily, whose brilliant wit made her such good company, died recently.

My mother was confided by my grandfather to the care of Madame Puzzi, and with her paid the only visit of her early youth to Italy, where, however, she only visited the north during a few short weeks. How closely the Italians clung together, and how the national spirit was fostered amongst the exiles, is shown by the fact that although my mother's earliest and most impressionable years were spent in England she was thoroughly Italian at heart, and that her accent was absolutely pure. Her total absence of gesture, however, when speaking, showed her English education; and it was her despair that she could not eradicate this national habit in her daughter. The younger generation, however, of the Italian higher classes now gesticulate much less than their elders, probably because so many families now have English nurses and governesses.

Speaking of the strong national feeling amongst the exiles, I remember my mother telling me that once, when she came down to dinner wearing a black dress and yellow roses, my grandfather insisted upon her removing the flowers, as this combination of black and yellow reminded him of hated Austria.

Eduardo Vera, who was a great favourite in London society because of his wit and repartee, as well as on account of his musical talent, was another friend made by my parents in those days of exile—a friendship that lasted until Vera's death in 1889. He was of a petty noble family of Anagni

in the Papal States, and became an ardent Liberal, whilst his elder brother, Giulio, remained a well-known figure amongst the "Blacks" in Rome until his death in 1902. Eduardo Vera did not achieve the success he deserved as a composer. Some of the music of his two operas *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and *Valeria* is extremely fine, melodious, and original; and the orchestration is also good. These two operas were both sung on the Italian stage with decided success, but they speedily dropped out of the repertoire. *Valeria* was not so successful as *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and this was partly due, I think, to Vera's insistence that his sister, Madame Vera Lorini, should take the principal part at the Communale Theatre at Bologna. She was then past the zenith of her career, and although a good actress, had never been a great singer. One reason, perhaps, for Vera's lack of success as a composer was his irresistible love of making a *bon mot*. He did not spare even his dearest friends; his treatment of the many people whom he disliked may be imagined. I have often heard Vera say that he only held three people in the world sacred; his queen above all; then his sister and my mother. His devotion to Queen Margherita was boundless, and, indeed, most worthily given. He became her accompanist in 1872. For many years he always spent his summers in London, giving singing lessons, and his autumns at Blackmount, Lord Dudley's place in Scotland. In the winter he went to Rome, where



he also gave lessons, much to his "Black" brother's disgust, who thought his honest hard work most derogatory. Gradually, however, as his service and devotion to the queen increased, he found it impossible to be in London for the season. England, therefore, was given up, and the visit to Blackmount was replaced by a month's visit to the King and Queen of Italy, at the royal villa at Monza, during the autumn. The sacrifice of his singing lessons during the London season, however, meant a great pecuniary loss, which he was most anxious to hide from the queen. But her Majesty, with that sympathetic intuition for which she is so remarkable, discovered that he was in straitened circumstances, and found a most gracious way of helping him by relieving him of an annual charity he had undertaken in richer days.

Vera's great joy in the latter years of his life was his annual autumn visit to Monza, and the daily intercourse with the queen. When Queen Margherita was obliged to take a rest-cure after the terrible shock caused by the attempt on King Humbert's life in 1878 (how much more was she not destined to bear later, and how bravely!), he was asked to join her suite at Recoaro; and it was pathetic to notice the care taken by this generally careless, caustic, and satirical man not to disclose any of the details of the more intimate life of his gifted sovereign, which it was then his privilege to share, owing to the smallness of the retinue.

Vera was certainly not born a courtier, and his subjugation can only be compared with that of the great poet, Carducci, who, although a man of a different intellectual stamp, was as little likely to be impressed by royalty as Vera. But in each case it was the queen's personality, and not her position, that inspired the devotion of these two men. And it was undoubtedly owing to the queen that Carducci changed his Republican opinions, for he became Monarchical after his first interview with her Majesty.

Frankness and straightforwardness, which his sense of humour saved from brutality, were the salient points in Vera's character. This little note, sent to an old friend who arrived in Rome soon after the death of his beloved sister, and had immediately written to know if Vera would see him, is characteristic. "*Cher ami—Puisque vous me donnez le choix je préfère ne pas vous voir. Bien à vous.—EDOUARD.*"

Ciro Pinsuti was another good friend of the exile days, and several of this composer's charming songs were dedicated to my mother. Pinsuti in many ways was more like an English gentleman than an Italian. His history is a curious one. One of the Drummonds, a member of the banking family, was travelling with his wife in Italy in the late twenties. When near the village of Sinalunga, in Tuscany, their carriage broke down, and there being no inn, they would have been placed in a very

awkward position but for the Pinsutis, small landed proprietors in that place, who showed them all the hospitality within their power. The Pinsutis would take no money in return for their kindness, and the Drummonds, who had been much interested in one of their little sons, Ciro, during their enforced stay, asked if they could take the little lad to England to see if anything could be done to cure the lameness from which he suffered. The parents gladly accepted, and the matter ended by Ciro being brought up entirely in the Drummond family. He chose music as his profession, and became a distinguished composer. He was a diminutive little person, refined and gentle in spite of his avariciousness, which frequently irritated his colleagues. He would have suffered had he known that the fortune he left to his nephews—a considerable amount for a small town in Tuscany—had been squandered by them. My mother was fond of Ciro, and I remember hearing that she saved him from being the cause of the failure of a great concert in a private house, which he himself had organised. My mother was present as a guest. The hour for the commencement of the concert arrived and passed: all the singers were there, but no Pinsuti to accompany them; royalty was present, and the hostess, whose name I forget, was in despair. My mother, owing to her gift of being able to accompany at sight, saved the situation, and the concert was half over when the crestfallen Pinsuti arrived. He had

taken a nap before the concert, and his servant, who was to awaken him, had fallen asleep himself! Speaking of private concerts, my mother was once asked, professionally, by Lady B——, to arrange a little music for an evening party she wished to give, “Something, dear Madame Scalia, that will make my party go off brilliantly and make people talk.” “Dear Lady B——, I fear I cannot help you,” my mother replied quietly, “as I take music seriously.”

Schira, another Italian composer, was likewise a great friend of my mother's. At that time he was very well known in London, and his works were popular; but now they and their creator are quite forgotten. His *Sognai* is still fresh and graceful, and it is to be regretted that it is no longer sung.

The singer, Ciabbatta, who was renowned for his good looks, my mother had known from girlhood, and often sang duets with him. She used to relate an amusing story of a small dinner at which she and Ciabbatta were guests, and sat next to one another. She was very young and shy, and on the host pressing her to partake of a second helping of some dish which was excellent—this was before the days of serving *à la Russe*, and all the dishes were on the table—she declined out of sheer nervousness. Recovering herself, she turned to Ciabbatta, but unfortunately there was a pause in the general conversation, and she was heard to say in the most earnest tone, “For goodness’ sake, press me, and insist!”



Madame Pauline Viardot, the singer, *née* Garcia, and a sister of the great Malibran, my mother admired much. She had a perfect method, but her intense ugliness was, however, a great drawback. She was remarkably fine in the part of Fides in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and as Azucena in the *Trovatore*; but she wisely refused to appear in parts requiring grace and beauty. She was a consummate artist, and had a most dramatic voice, but it was not sympathetic; and consequently she was more appreciated in oratorio than in opera in England. She is still living.

The Misses Pyne, Louisa and Susan, were also great friends of the Scalias; indeed, the former was a great artist. Both sisters sang extremely well, and were very popular, and Louisa married a Signor Bodda, a man of suitable age, but Susan waited for many years, and then married a man twenty years her junior. I remember her coming to announce this folly to my mother, and saying, apologetically, that she had taken the amorous swain to the looking-glass and had bidden him contrast their faces, but he would not take "nay" for an answer. Only very exceptional women can run such a risk with any chance of success, and poor Susan Pyne was not exceptional.

I have mentioned the gifted tenor, Giuglini. He created much enthusiasm in England. He was a friend of my mother's, and I still possess his photograph, printed on his visiting-card, which he sent

me, with good wishes for my first birthday. He was very eccentric, and died quite young in a lunatic asylum.

Marchesi was a very good friend of my parents and uncle during the exile. He also was a Sicilian, but was not numbered amongst the patriots. On the contrary, he was the son of Colonel Castrone, of the family of the Marchese Rajata, who was one of the favourite gentlemen-in-waiting of Queen Maria Carolina. The colonel's son, who had a fine voice, decided to take up music as a profession, and soon after assumed the name of Marchesi. He married a German singer, Fräulein Graumann, and together they founded the famous Marchesi school of singing—first in Vienna, then in Paris—which has had so marked an effect upon the methods of voice-production, and produced so many admirable singers. Madame Blanche Marchesi is their daughter.

Amongst other friends was the celebrated baritone, Raffaele Ferlotti, who was singing in London for some time during the fifties. He was celebrated in the part of the Duc de Chevreuse in the opera *Marie de Rohan* of Donizetti, which had been, however, written for the great Ronconi, who I have mentioned in connection with Madame Puzzi. And in connection with Ferlotti, I must mention a ludicrous scene which resulted from a gift he had made my parents. Anxious to return the many civilities shown to him by the Scalias,

Ferlotti, on his return to his native city of Bologna, sent them a case of the famous Bolognese Zamponi—a large sausage very much resembling in shape the arm of a child. When the case was unpacked, the cook was at a loss to know where to store this quantity of sausages, and, as a solution of the difficulty, hung them up on a cord stretched across the kitchen. To her utter amazement a crowd gradually collected in the street above, and angry faces peered through the area railings, their owners gazing indignantly upon the sausages. After a little while the front door bell rang violently, and a policeman insisted on coming down to the kitchen, to inspect what appeared to be from the street the dismembered portions of a baby's body hung up on a line. His suspicions being dispelled, he dispersed the crowd, which had become rapidly larger and larger, convinced that it was gazing on the work of a baby farmer.

## CHAPTER IX

FRIENDS OF THE EXILES IN PARIS—PRINCESS BELGIOIOSO, GIACINTO CARINI, MADAME DE CIRCOURT, ETC.

THE Scalias, during their exile in England, were in the habit of regularly paying one or two visits each year to Paris. There they found many compatriots in the same position as themselves. The Italian emigration to Paris began after the birth of the Liberal movement in the Peninsula in 1830, and greatly increased after the abortive risings of 1831 and 1848.

No account of the Italian exiles in Paris would be complete without mentioning Prince and Princess Belgioioso, although they were only slight acquaintances of my parents; and, indeed, the famous and brilliant *salon* of the princess was held before the revolution of 1848. She is one of the great female figures of the Italian *Risorgimento*, and the part she played is admirably told in the life written by Barbieri. Of the highest noble parentage, Cristina Trivulzio was born in 1808. She was an only child and a great heiress. Her father dying when she was four years old, her mother soon married again, taking as her second husband the liberal and broad-



mindful patriot, the Marchese Alessandro Visconti d'Aragona, the friend of Silvio Pellico and Manzoni. The Marchese was compromised in the rising of 1821, and imprisoned for three years. Cristina's girlhood, therefore, was passed amidst the early struggles and sufferings of the Milanese patriots, sufferings which culminated for her mother and herself in her stepfather's imprisonment. She married Prince Belgioioso in 1824. Both husband and wife possessed great natural talent; they were highly cultured, both sang beautifully, were devoted to music, and, above all, were inspired by the warmest and most patriotic sentiments for their country. Yet, unhappily, with so much in common, with similarity of tastes and interests, they could not live together. Both were self-willed and headstrong, and from the first, dissensions seem to have sprung up between them. They lived together, however, until 1829, when the misery of being continually watched by the spies of the Austrian Government, combined with their increasing differences of opinion, led them to separate. Both fled to Switzerland to avoid imprisonment. It was whispered that the princess's secretary, who accompanied her, was on terms of tender relationship with his beautiful mistress. But how much was scandal, and how much was true, in the stories told of her after-life, it is difficult to say; the fact, however, remains that she and her husband continued to be the best of friends, although they

never lived together again. They both gave freely to the Italian cause, the princess, it is said, sending 100,000 francs towards the expenses of the Milan rising of 1831, and nearly a million francs again in 1848. She was deeply involved in the insurrection promoted by Mazzini in Savoy. Ultimately her property in Italy was confiscated by the Austrian Government, and its agents made her position in Switzerland so difficult that she was compelled to take refuge in Paris, where she became the leader and inspirer of the Italian exiles.

In the early part of her life in Paris, the princess was reduced almost to penury, and Thiers, who became her devoted slave and adorer from the moment he first saw her, was often to be found in her little flat, actually cooking the eggs for her luncheon! To please the princess, this self-centred statesman did all in his power to help the Italian exiles in Paris and their cause; and her enthusiasm was so great, that on one occasion, being present at a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies when the question of Italian affairs was being discussed, she rose up in her place, and spoke passionately in favour of her beloved country. Her daring at first paralysed the members, but her great beauty, the vivacious eloquence and ecstatic fervour with which she pleaded the Italian cause, silenced all protest, and finally moved her audience to enthusiastic applause. Such a proceeding must have been without precedent; but unfortunately it had no

effect upon the exigencies of the international situation.

The princess also possessed a decided literary talent, and, whilst she was in Paris, wrote a book called *Essai sur la forme du dogme Catholique*, which made a considerable stir.

Alfred de Musset and Heinrich Heine were amongst the men with whom her name was coupled at that time. It was the latter who said, when speaking of Italy, "It has produced Raphael, Rossini, and the Princess Belgioioso." She succeeded in keeping the friendship of this uncertain-tempered genius, despite the fact that she would not permit the tenderer relation which scandal declared existed between them. De Musset afterwards became her enemy. Arsène Houssaye, in his "Confessions," speaks of the great passion with which the princess had inspired the poet. He gives this description of her: "Cette grande dame qui avait tout pour elle n'était pas bien sûre d'avoir un cœur, car elle n'avait que la passion de l'esprit; elle voulait bien qu'on se donna à elle; mais elle ne se donnait pas. Elle servait avec une grace adorable le festin de l'amour; puis elle s'envolait au moment de se mettre à table." From this we must conclude that the stories against her were untrue. The end of her *amitié amoureuse* with De Musset was due, it would seem, to his having made an unkind caricature of her one evening, and passed it round amongst her guests. When every one had gone away, he

saw that he had offended her, and again made an ardent declaration of his passion. The moment was not well chosen. The princess could not forgive him, and said that it was impossible that he could love her if his eyes could find material for the libellous caricature he had drawn. "Take it away on your heart," she is reported to have said, "for it is all you will have of me." This was in 1842. Balzac was also amongst those who sought the acquaintance of this great lady. But shortly after meeting her, he wrote, "*Elle a le bonheur de me déplaire—sa maison est bien tenue ; on y fait de l'esprit. J'y suis allé deux samedis ; j'y ai diné une fois ; ce sera tout.*"

The princess was eminently a creature of impulse, but of the most generous impulse, and the friendship she inspired in Alessandro Manzoni shows there were sterling qualities in her character far beyond the charms which excited the maudlin sentimentality of poets. This side of her character is also illustrated by her friendship with the French historian, Mignet, a rough diamond, and a man of the people, upon whom the usual feminine charms could have had only a momentary effect.

The prince and princess, though proscribed and exiled, were gradually subjected to less persecution and annoyance owing to the personal intervention of the Emperor Francis I. of Austria, who objected to nobles of their high rank and importance being treated in this petty manner. The emperor also



realised that continual persecution only brought the names of the prince and princess more prominently before the public, and created sympathy for them. On the succession of his son, Ferdinand, the princess's proscription was removed, and her confiscated property was restored.

The now enriched couple, although still separated, occupied two flats in the same house in the Rue du Montparnasse, where they lived some time in the greatest harmony and friendliness; the husband often appearing at his wife's receptions as a guest. Physically they were in marked contrast; the husband tall, fair, with blue eyes, *débonnaire* and easy in manner; the wife with raven black hair, deep dark eyes, a dead white complexion, and an expression of intensity and strenuousness never to be forgotten. Her portrait by Lehmann, now in the Palazzo Visconti d'Aragona at Milan, is considered to be the best that exists of this remarkable personality.

Among the women who frequented the princess's famous *salon* in Paris was Lady Blessington. Georges Sand was also constantly to be found there, and became her intimate friend. Madame de Récamier was another of her friends. No petty female jealousies seem to have marred the princess's friendship with women. She only visited England once, and that for a very short time, and she fled from the house in which she was staying, as she thought it was haunted by spirits. But her visit was not wholly useless, for

she had an interview with the future Napoleon III. immediately after his escape from Ham, in which he promised her to settle the affairs of Italy when he had arranged those of France !

Prince Belgioioso was no less charming than his wife, but in a different way. His popularity in the Quartier Latin amongst artists and the poorer Italian exiles was enormous. To spare their pride, which was as great as their poverty, and at the same time to give them the help they so sorely needed, he used to offer bets, knowing himself to be in the wrong, the payment of which was—a dinner !

With women the prince's success was equally great. His fascination can scarcely be doubted when it is remembered that he was able to secure the affections of the Countess Guiccioli after the death of Byron. Great attraction must have been required to fill such a void, for the lady was almost broken-hearted at her loss. I have already given Abraham Hayward's description of the fascinating countess, who, when she met Belgioioso, had already married her second husband, the Marquis de Boissy. The love of the prince for the Duchesse de Plaisance was more than a passing incident in his life. He lived with her for many years at his villa, *La Pliniana*, on the Lake of Como, in absolute seclusion, refusing to be roused even by the great patriotic movements of 1848. Ten years later he died, at the early age of fifty-four, a sad example of one who had devoted his undoubtedly

great talents and all his later years to what is called a life of pleasure.

The life led by the princess was in as striking contrast to that of her husband as was their personal appearance. She did all that she could to leave her world better than she found it, and her work amongst the poor peasants at Locate, her Lombardy home, was of the highest philanthropic order. And most worthily did this noble lady endeavour to put into practice the social theories she had learnt from Mazzini. Schools for women, soup-kitchens, co-operative stores, the housing of the poor on hygienic principles—nothing sociological escaped her notice—and this was in 1841, at a time when women did not concern themselves with such interests, even in England! She founded a patriotic paper whilst in Paris, in order to make the Italian cause known amongst the French.

In 1848 this versatile and intrepid woman actually organised a battalion of Neapolitan volunteers, and sailed with them from Naples to Genoa in order to aid the rising in Lombardy. Her entry into Milan in a carriage, waving a tri-colour flag, and followed by her troops, to the cries of “Viva l’Italia,” was one of the most thrilling sights in the spectacle of patriotism presented in Italy in those stirring days.

Here again the wife shone out in brilliant contrast to her husband. Whilst she risked her fortune and her liberty for her country, he, like

Mark Antony, was lying at the feet of his Cleopatra by Lake Como, all the entreaties of his friends to come to the aid of Italy being of no avail.

The princess wrote a letter to Carlo Alberto, dated 13th of April 1848, beseeching him to intervene in favour of Lombardy. She uses an expression which may be taken as intended to convey a warning to the vacillating monarch. "My sympathies are not with a Republic, but with the individuals who form the Republican party." That the king attached the greatest importance to the princess's influence is seen by the letter written at his command by Prince Castagneto to the Cavaliere Maurizio Farina, in which it is said, "Find out her conditions" (it was believed that the princess wished Milan to be the capital of United Italy) "and let her know that she is counted on more than any other person." This message may have been sent in order to flatter the princess's vanity, but, even granting this, it clearly showed she was of such importance in the movement that the King of Sardinia thought it worth his while to apply the flattery.

For a short time the princess really believed in the stability of this Monarchical movement, but after the escape of Carlo Alberto from Milan, and the miserable failure of the Piedmontese campaign in Lombardy, her sympathies and interest were again devoted to the Mazzinian party. In the mean-



time the Republican party had triumphed in Rome, and hurrying there, Cristina Belgioioso found plenty of occupation. She took charge of the hospitals during the siege, and personally attending the wounded, imbued the poor sufferers in their country's cause with fresh courage by the example of her enthusiastic patriotism. Her bravery, the excellence of her work, and her powers of organisation, are glowingly described in William Story's book, *Roba di Roma*, published in English, with the Italian title, in 1863.

After the bitter disappointment of the failure of the risings of 1848 and 1849 the princess made a tour in Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria, of which she wrote a graphic account. Besides this, and the other book I have mentioned, she wrote the *Histoire de la Maison de Savoie* some time during the fifties, when all Italy was rallying round Piedmont and the young king Victor Emanuel. It was written in order to popularise the dynasty, but it was not published until 1860. She also contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other literary periodicals.

When the successful rising of 1859 took place the princess was in Paris, but at once hurried to Milan to join in the triumph of the cause for which she had worked so long, and to which she had devoted her fortune as well as her brilliant intelligence.

The last work of this great patriot in furthering

the cause of her country was to found the political newspaper *L'Italie*, written in French, in Milan in 1860. In the following year its headquarters were moved to Turin, when that city became the capital of the then partially-united Italy. When Rome became the capital, *L'Italie* was moved there, continuing the influence it had created in the north by its powerful and outspoken articles on the burning questions of the day, many of which were written by the princess herself. The paper still lives, but it has fallen from its high estate, and is concerned only with gossip of the social world and the Vatican, written in execrably bad French; so altered is its tone and object that those who read it now cannot realise that it was once the organ of the highest intellectual patriotism in Italy.

And now I have said enough of the Princess Belgioioso to show that she was one of the greatest personalities of the Italian *Risorgimento*, and one who must be regarded as a powerful factor in the attainment of the Unity. She lived to see the dream of her life a reality, and Rome the capital of United Italy. In July 1871 came the Angel of Death, whose inevitable call had been the unceasing dread of her life. She died at Milan, the city of her birth.

To return to the Paris exiles. Baron Friddani, who had worked so nobly as a representative of independent Sicily in 1848 and 1849, was their *doyen*, both by reason of his age and his services

to his country. His house was the centre and meeting-place for the Liberals and patriots of Italy, and, being well off, he was able to help the poorer exiles, which he did most generously. My mother was much charmed by this courteous old *gentil-homme* of the old school, and by the warm hospitality he extended to her when she visited Paris as a bride in 1852. He came to London for a few weeks in 1853; unlike the Princess Belgioioso, he did not live to see the realisation of his hopes, for he died in Paris the following year.

Giacinto Carini, who had taken a prominent part in the fighting at Palermo during the revolution of 1848, had also settled in Paris, where in 1853 he founded the well-known *Journal Franco-Italien*; and through his journalistic position he was able to give much pleasure to the poorer exiles by presenting them with free tickets for the theatres. He was one of Garibaldi's earliest followers in the victorious campaign in Sicily in 1860, and one of the famous "Mille." He died in 1877, a lieutenant-general in the Italian army, his death being actually from the effect of a wound he had received in the arm at the gates of Palermo on the 30th of May 1860. Despite all the efforts of the doctors, for seventeen years the wound never closed. Carini was a Palermitan, and possessed extraordinary personal beauty and fascination, especially for the fair sex. He married my father's first cousin, and one of their sons was the learned Padre Carini, whom

I have already mentioned in connection with Mrs. Lynn Linton's visits to my parents.

Some account of this remarkable priest will not be out of place here. For a long time after he was ordained, he was Professor of Palæography at the University of Palermo. His modesty and extreme shyness were only equalled by his generosity and charity, which literally knew no bounds, for he would give the mattress and blankets from his bed to those who were in distress if he had no money; and he had usually given away his month's stipend before the next was due. Leo XIII. had been the personal friend of Padre Carini's father, whilst the one had been Bishop of Perugia and the other in command of the troops in that city. Nothing can emphasise the extraordinary fascination of Giacinto Carini more than this friendship. The different characters of the two men would have appeared to make such a friendship impossible, but nevertheless, the handsome, fascinating, and distinctly profligate Giacinto Carini, and the ascetic, austere Cardinal Pecci were the warmest friends: so great, indeed, that when the latter was made Pontiff a year after Carini's death, he at once sent for the son of his old friend, and made him a Canon of St. Peter's, and later, on the death of Padre Tosti, appointed him Chief Librarian of the Vatican, a post for which his vast knowledge eminently fitted him. Although now a Monsignor, Padre Carini remained a true Liberal, and



devoted to the House of Savoy. He acted as mediator, and was instrumental in settling many knotty questions between the Vatican and the Italian Government during Crispi's ministry. His success with both sides was such that the question of a reconciliation between the Church and the State was seriously considered, and for one short moment Crispi believed that he might attain this glory as the apotheosis of his wonderful career. This was in the winter of 1893-94, which I spent with my parents in Rome, whilst my husband was absent on a scientific and sporting expedition in North Africa, and I remember my father discussing the question with Monsignor Carini, who, after several interviews with Crispi, had been obliged to abandon all hope of the reconciliation being effected. The Vatican insisted that a strip of land, no matter how small, between Rome and the nearest seaport should be conceded to the Pope, in order that he might have free egress from and free ingress into Italy, and thus preserve his neutrality in the event of war, or internal political complications, as well as free international communication with the faithful of the whole world. Crispi, naturally, could not allow the question of the smallest territorial concession; the negotiations, therefore, were abruptly ended, and the dream of the churchman and the statesman ended with idle words.

Monsignor Carini died suddenly in 1895, at the

age of fifty-one; and so mysterious were the circumstances of his death, that it was hinted that he might have been poisoned—he had made many enemies amongst the Intransigent party at the Vatican by his Liberal opinions. An attempt had been made to discredit him in the eyes of the Pontiff by the theft of some valuable manuscripts from the Vatican archives, of which he had the care, and an accusation of gross carelessness in the discharge of his duties was brought against him. This plot, however, failed in its effect, and the Pope was about to make him a bishop, with a view of ultimately giving him the cardinal's hat, when Carini died of what was said to be heart failure. His relatives were not immediately apprised of his death, and when they arrived, they found that the poor Monsignor had been placed in a coffin directly he was dead, and that the lid had been instantly screwed down. Such unusual haste, allied to the fact that he was known to have unscrupulous enemies, led them to demand a post-mortem examination of the body, but the Government, on patriotic grounds, and dreading a possible scandal in the Church being brought to light by the Italian Government, begged them to withdraw their demand—and they gave way. A well-known English historian, who was in Rome at the time, told me himself that he considered the circumstances of the death were most suspicious. The suggestion that poison induced the "heart failure"

was so openly discussed in Rome that the authorities of the Vatican cannot have been ignorant of the charge that was thus inferred, but they took no steps to remove the impression, or to clear up the atmosphere of mystery which surrounded the sudden death of their chief librarian.

Monsignor Carini left many important writings on various subjects, but there is no great work from his pen by which the world may remember his wide knowledge and his talent. He spent nearly eighteen months in Spain in researches amongst the archives, the result being the publication of much valuable historical information. He was too modest and retiring, and his published books, with their infinite care and detail, are more calculated to guide the search of succeeding historians, and to provide them with material, than to enhance his own renown. I remember him telling us how much he enjoyed his time in Spain, as he was able to smoke there, it not being considered good form for priests to smoke in Italy.

To return once more to Paris in the fifties and the exiles there. Duke Cannizzaro, whom I have already mentioned, was still alive; the duchess died in England in 1841. The old duke was very popular in Paris, and showed great hospitality to my parents and uncle. His married life was most curious. The house at Wimbledon bears his name long after he and his wife have been forgotten, and few of those who frequented Mrs. Leo Schuster's

pleasant parties at "Cannizzaro" in later years, knew anything of the odd and interesting couple who had occupied it long before, and who had given it the name Mrs. Schuster wisely preserved. The duchess, who was English, was twice separated from her husband, and at last consoled herself for his pointed attentions to the Marchesa Visconti d'Aragona (the mother of Princess Belgioioso) in Paris, by attaching herself to a young violinist. She left the remnants of her own large fortune, however, to the duke. The title still exists at Palermo.

The Marchese Roccaforte, another Palermitan, and a friend of the Scalias, had also elected to settle in Paris. He had taken an active part in the Sicilian revolution, and had voted against the hereditary House of Peers in 1848, thus willingly giving up his own birthright. A true Liberal, but of a most modest and retiring nature, the Marchese settled at Neuilly, where so many of the Italian patriots found refuge, hospitality, and help. He lived there very quietly, giving himself up to the cultivation of roses, a taste he carried back with him to his native island at the Unity. He made a beautiful garden round his villa in the fertile plain of Bagheria near Palermo; but in his will, he ordered it to be destroyed at his death, as he did not wish his beloved roses to survive him. The Sicilian patriots, Mariano Stabile and Michele Amari, were also exiles in Paris. Nor must I forget Carmelo



Agnetta, whose daring courage in 1848 and 1860 placed him amongst our heroes. He was driven to such straits for a livelihood that one time he was reduced to selling Italian sausages in Paris. Hard, indeed, was the fight many of the exiled patriots were compelled to wage against actual hunger in those days. Agnetta was a special friend of my father, who acted as his second in his historical duel with General Bixio at Turin in 1861, of which I shall speak later.

Although she was not an Italian (and, as far as I know, unacquainted with the Scalias), I cannot write of Paris in the fifties without mentioning Madame de Circourt, the personal and much-valued friend of Cavour. The importance he attached to her influence upon the Italian cause is shown by his words to Count Nigra, when the latter was appointed Sardinian minister to the court of France early in 1860. "I am giving you a letter to the Comtesse de Circourt; take it to her yourself, and frequent her *salon*. This is my final instruction to you, and if you carry it out, you will be able to render sundry additional services to your country, besides getting profit and pleasure for yourself."<sup>1</sup>

This charming and clever woman was devoted to Italy. She had paid visits to the country during her girlhood, and spent three winters there with her distinguished husband, Adolphe de Circourt, in

<sup>1</sup> *Le Comte de Cavour et Madame de Circourt*, edited by Count Nigra.

the early thirties, when they made several great and lasting friendships, notably with the cultured patriot and Dante scholar, the Duke of Sermoneta, whose correspondence in after years with the Comte de Circourt was published for private circulation by the late Duchess Sermoneta, *née* Howard de Walden.

Madame de Circourt was a Russian, the daughter of an officer of high rank, and Countess Vera Tolstoi. In England, which she visited more than once, she enjoyed the friendship of such people as Lady Holland, Nassau Senior, and Cobden. She died in Paris in 1863.

Cavour's letters to her have been translated into English by Arthur John Butler. In one of these, dated from Turin, April 1857, Cavour writes to her: "I venture to hope that you have succeeded in making the select circle which surrounds you share your feeling in our favour. Composed though it is of diverse elements, it numbers none but persons of feeling and intelligence, who could not sympathise with those who wish to accomplish the ruin of poor Italy. In any case, I depend on you to start a propaganda in our favour, for we have great need of the moral support of France, and consequently of finding in the *salons* of Paris defenders of such influence as are your friends of all shades."

Alexandre Dumas was a great friend of Giacinto Carini, and my parents spent many delightful hours

in his genial and brilliant company. I have the portrait of himself which he gave to my father and signed. Dumas' love for Italy is well known. He showed his keen interest in the Unity in many ways besides his friendship for the Italian exiles. Joining some friends on a yacht early in 1860 in Southern Italy, the great writer was subjected to some annoyance and persecution by the Neapolitan authorities because of his Italian sympathies and Liberal tendencies.

Dumas followed the Garibaldians to Sicily. Francesco Brancaccio, in his *Tre Mesi di Carcere*, gives an amusing account of some days he spent in the company of the great French writer during the campaign, and also with the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. Dumas scribbled his fervid articles in pencil on the fly-leaves of books, in the midst of the chatter and laughter of the young patriots over their evening meal.

The Count de la Ferronays, a very different type from Dumas, my parents also constantly met, and I have a water-colour given to them by this distinguished gentleman of the old school, who was the father of Madame Augusta Craven.

During the years of exile spent by the Italians in Paris (1850 to 1860), Lord Cowley was the British ambassador. But he was not favourably disposed towards the Italian cause, and, from what Baron Hübner says of him in his memoirs, it would seem that his sympathies were with Austria.

Baron Hübner was the Austrian ambassador in Paris, and as late as November 1858 he writes: "Lord Cowley, qui revient de Compiègne, m'assure que dans son opinion rien n'est loin de la pensée de l'Empereur Napoléon comme de susciter des complications en Italie"; and again in January 1859: "Le mieux continue. Personne n'en est plus convaincue que mon collègue d'Angleterre. Il m'assure que l'Empereur revient de ses velleités belliqueuses, et qu'il fait le sacrifice de son rêve de predilection, celui de commander une armée." Lord Cowley was sent on a mission to Vienna early in 1859, and did everything in his power to prevent war and to bring about a *rapprochement* between France and Austria, but it was in vain.



## CHAPTER X

### PALERMO FROM 1849 TO 1860

WHILST the Sicilian exiles were struggling on in different parts of North Italy, in Malta, Paris, and London, buoyed up by the hopes of the future liberty of their native island, and forming friendships with Italian exiles from other parts of the peninsula—friendships which gradually led to the conception of the creation of a United Kingdom of Italy—Palermo was not idle. The members of the patriotic families who were too young to bear arms in the revolution of 1848, were working secretly and steadily against the cruel repression of all liberty of political thought or action carried out by King Ferdinand II. and his representatives. Ferdinand's rule was not one of conciliation, with the result that conspiracy followed conspiracy, and many were the martyrs to the cause of freedom, the leaders of the different risings being shot in the public squares as a warning and example.

It will not be out of place here to give an account of the experiences of a son of my father's cousin, Angela Caputo, as it is a comprehensive picture of the life of a young Liberal in those times of persecution. This boy, Giuseppe Caputo,

who was not then seventeen, was invited in 1852 to take part in a patriotic movement headed by Baron Bentivegna and Salvatore Spinuzza, who were in correspondence with Mazzini in England. Mazzini had promised them guns if they could send to fetch them from England. Accordingly a ship, the *Cupid*, was chartered, and, under the command of Captain Strina, with Piraino as second, and the lad Caputo as third officer, it set sail for Liverpool to fetch the guns, but ostensibly for commercial purposes. The voyage was long and even perilous, but the small vessel reached Liverpool safely. Mazzini was found waiting there with 400 guns, which he himself helped to load into the boat. Eventually the little ship with its precious cargo returned without mishap to Sicily, and anchoring off Cefalù on a dark night, landed the guns with the help and protection of the inhabitants. The vessel then sailed for Palermo as if coming direct from England. On its arrival, Caputo was immediately given leave to go to see his mother. But scarcely had he been in the house an hour when a sailor brought the news that the suspicions of the Government had been roused, and that the officers and crew had been arrested, and that the *Cupid* had been sequestered. Giuseppe must hide at once. But what to do, and where to go, were difficult questions to answer. Fortunately the Liberals had many friends willing to help them against the hated Government, and

the captain of the mail packet leaving that night for Naples willingly undertook to hide the boy in his cabin. There was no time to lose, and with a hurried leave-taking of his beloved mother, Giuseppe got away and down to the quay in safety. His first thought was to get to Marseilles and thence to America, but his elder brother, who lived in Naples, met him on his arrival there, and used all his persuasion, and finally his authority as the senior, to induce him to remain in that city, saying he would speak on his behalf to his friend Admiral Pietro Masi. This excellent man, although in the Bourbon service, was willing to save the headstrong young brother of his friend, and at once offered to protect him, making it a condition, however, that he must immediately enter the Neapolitan navy as a midshipman. He could thus escape detection, and when the cloud had blown over, he could tender his resignation. The boy most reluctantly acquiesced. Shortly afterwards, however, the admiral fell ill and died, and Caputo, fretting under the hated uniform he was wearing, sent in his papers to the Admiralty. There was no one now in high quarters to befriend him, and his name being recognised as one of those "wanted" by the police of Palermo, his request to retire was not only refused, but he was degraded to the ranks, and sent as a common soldier into the Marine Infantry as a punishment.

Soon after his degradation Caputo succeeded

in joining a secret society of patriots in Naples which was working for a great revolution, and had cleverly arranged its branches throughout the army. The organisation was most complete, and, contrary to De Cesare's declaration in his important work, *La Fine di un Regno*, that no plot existed, there was a perfected scheme for the assassination of the king, which was to give the signal for a general rising. The plot was cleverly and astutely managed. In each regiment three "enlisters" were chosen, each of whom carefully made a number of associates, who, however, did not know one another—this was arranged to avoid the danger of too much talking and the knowledge that the secret was shared by many others. Caputo was one of the "enlisters" for his regiment, as was also Agesilao Milano, who was destined to play a great part later on. One "enlister" of each regiment was bound to be present at the clandestine evening meetings of the secret society. It was settled that the great rising should take place on the 8th of December 1856, the festival of the Madonna, and a few days before, Baron Andreotti, in the name of the organising committee, asked for a volunteer to give the signal. The conspirators unanimously sought this honour, but Agesilao Milano was eventually chosen, chiefly because of his urgent request, and his declaration that he had a special plan which would ensure success. It was therefore arranged, as he wished, that



he should shoot the king as he was passing before the troops in his carriage, on his way to hear High Mass; this was to be the signal for the men who were privy to the plot in all the regiments to rise. At the all-important moment, however, Milano was unable to obtain permission to leave the ranks for a moment, as he had counted upon doing, in order to secretly charge his musket, and it was only on the return march of the troops after the Mass, and when the king was on horseback, that he was able to take hurried aim and fire at the monarch, wounding him in the thigh. Several of the most important regiments in league with the conspirators had already passed before Ferdinand, and had returned to barracks, and the signal therefore came too late.

Milano was immediately surrounded and carried off to prison. He was hanged on the 13th December, meeting death heroically, and declaring to the last that he alone was responsible for the deed, and that he had no accomplices. On the night of the attempt, Caputo and twenty-three others were arrested, but after a month's imprisonment they were released, as no proofs of complicity could be found against them, and Caputo was able once more to return to Sicily.

There can be little doubt that the interest shown by France and England in the fate of the unfortunate Liberals of the Two Sicilies, and the withdrawal of their envoys from the court of Naples

in 1856 as a protest against the tortures and barbarous cruelties practised by the Neapolitan Government on political prisoners, encouraged the hopes of the patriots, and precipitated this abortive rising. The action of the two Powers had the same effect in Sicily. There was an unsuccessful rising in Palermo in the same month, which resulted in the immediate execution of Baron Bentivegna by the Neapolitan soldiers, and that of Spinuzza in the following March, both dying bravely, and speaking no word that could inculcate their friends. The exiles of the Moderate party had no share in these risings, for, despite the diplomatic action of France and England, they were only too well aware, from personal information they received from those in power in Paris, London, and Turin, that the time of release had not yet come, and that they must wait patiently.

But to return to my story of Caputo. He was not allowed to enjoy his freedom long. Suspicion was strong against him, and it was, doubtless, hoped in high quarters that he would at once throw himself into fresh conspiracies, and so irretrievably compromise himself that his removal could be easily effected. But, utterly worn out by the agitation of the Neapolitan plot, and disheartened by its failure, he remained only a short time at Palermo, and then, by the help of relatives, obtained work in a sulphur mine in the interior of the island. It was, however, apparently considered

unsafe to leave him at large, and after a few months he was again arrested, and exiled to the little island of Ponza as a "dangerous conspirator." On his way there he was kept for some days in prison in Naples, and, his spirit nothing daunted, he entered into communication with the secret society, arranging with its organisers that he should prepare a general insurrection in Ponza, in conjunction with a rising which was to take place under General Pisacane, who was to touch at the little island. The members of this expedition—which created great stir at the time, although the details were never generally known—embarked as ordinary passengers on board a steamer, the *Cagliari*, leaving Genoa. It had been arranged that, once at sea, the captain was to be made prisoner and the vessel seized. The plan succeeded admirably under the leadership of Pisacane himself, and one of the party, a naval man called Daneu, took command of the ship. The two engineers of the *Cagliari* were Englishmen. A Miss Witte (more probably White), who lived in Turin, had given Nicotera a long letter in English to be delivered to them, explaining the patriotic nature of the enterprise, and they, thoroughly entering into the spirit of the adventure, gave all the help they could.

A large open boat, with a supply of arms and ammunition, under the charge of Rosolino Pilo, assisted by a Signor Musto, was to have met the *Cagliari* at some distance from land, but unfortu-

nately the sea was too rough to allow the boat to approach the vessel. But luck still favoured this brave, if foolhardy, little band, for they discovered that the *Cagliari* was actually carrying a cargo of guns and ammunition destined for Tunis. The steamer and its new masters therefore headed gaily for Ponza, where Caputo and his friends were anxiously awaiting them. On nearing the island, the *Cagliari* ran up a signal of distress in order to deceive the authorities. Three boats were lowered, and not only succeeded in landing, but Pisacane actually persuaded the governor of the fortress to go on board with his family. He was immediately seized, and with a pistol at his head, and his terrified wife and niece beside him, it did not take long to make him sign the capitulation of the island. Caputo had done his work admirably. The islanders rose to a man, arms and ammunition were secured, and the young patriot followed Pisacane to Sapri, where the little force met the Neapolitan soldiers, and where, despite its heroic bravery, it was almost annihilated. The great Calabrian patriot, Nicotera, who became Minister of Home Affairs in the Liberal (Sinistra) Cabinet in 1876, received four wounds, yet still went on fighting until he was left for dead upon the field. The leader, General Count Pisacane, was killed. Pisacane was a Neapolitan, and although Hübner calls him "Chef des bandits," he was a distinguished patriot and of high character. His expedition was Republican in object, and was



foredoomed to failure, as the moment was inauspicious. He was also betrayed by those from whom he expected most help. The two English engineers of the *Cagliari* were taken prisoners and placed in irons. Despite the efforts of Mr. William Temple, the British Chargé d'Affaires at Naples, they were kept in prison for a considerable time, and it was only on the receipt of an ultimatum from the British Government that they were released and given an indemnity of £3000 by the Neapolitan Government. In the obituary notice of one of them, Mr. Park, in the *Morning Post* of March 1905, it was said that he never recovered from the ill-treatment inflicted upon him whilst in the Neapolitan prison.

Caputo, who was slightly wounded, was eventually surrounded and taken prisoner, together with five of his comrades, and, after being robbed by the Neapolitan soldiers of everything he possessed in the way of money and valuables, his coat even being taken off his back, he too was placed in irons, and subjected to the most rigorous imprisonment, being for some time chained to Nicotera. By the efforts of a powerful Bourbon friend, Cesare Mazzei, however, this harsh treatment was afterwards modified, and later on he was exiled to one of the small islands off the coast (*domicilio coatto*). In 1860, after eight years of unceasing persecution, the coming of Garibaldi set him free. Caputo is now an old man, but his eye kindles, and his soft

voice vibrates, when he tells the stories of his youthful struggles. He has often told me that corruption in the Neapolitan army, and throughout all the departments of the Neapolitan Government, was personally encouraged by King Ferdinand. As a proof, may be mentioned the following incident, of which Caputo himself was a witness. On one occasion, whilst serving in the Marine Infantry, he was on guard at the prison in Naples when King Ferdinand paid a visit of inspection. One of the prisoners spoke to the king, bitterly complaining of the bad food, and imploring him to inquire into the matter. "Your Majesty pays for our maintenance," he said, "but we do not get the value of what is allotted to us." They were standing in the courtyard, and Ferdinand in answer said to the prisoner, "Take up a handful of that gravel." The man obeyed, "Now," continued the king, putting his two palms together, "pour it into my hands! Now I pass it to another! That one to another—and so on. See, at last, how little remains! So it is with the money I pay for your food; it passes through so many hands before it reaches you that you must be content with what remains." On another occasion Caputo was quartered at Procida when the young Marchese Cesare Mazzei of Cosenza, son of the king's First Chamberlain, arrived there. Caputo had made his acquaintance when he was a midshipman. One day Mazzei came to him,

and, without the least hesitation or shyness, said to him, "You can help me and help all your wretched Liberals who have been in prison since the rising of 1848. The king, wishing to give me a *piatto* (a term used to indicate a perquisite), has handed me some signed pardons. They are in blank, so that I can make a bargain with some of the prisoners. I will give you a good percentage out of the ransoms they are willing to pay me for their freedom, and as some of them are rich, we ought to make a good thing out of it!" Caputo gladly helped to liberate the prisoners, but naturally declined all participation in the disgraceful financial arrangement. It was the same Cesare Mazzei who, perhaps touched by Caputo's rectitude, remembered him after the patriotic outbreak at Sapri, and unasked, obtained from the king some mitigation of his rigorous imprisonment.

The illustrious Professor Mantegazza also told me an anecdote, which he assured me was absolutely authentic, illustrating King Ferdinand's total lack of principle. At one of the weekly audiences that Ferdinand, as a proof of his democratic opinions, was in the habit of granting to any of his subjects who cared to approach him, an employé of the Custom House begged for an increase of pay. Without a moment's hesitation the king replied: "What? You are employed at the Customs and you don't know how to make

a little more money to add to your salary? Go away! I have no patience with fools!" This was the advice given by a king to his people!

King Ferdinand II. was no fool himself, but his innate coarseness and vulgarity, his lack of all proper dignity, and, I might almost say, of self-respect, were not qualities to endear him to his better-class subjects.

Ferdinand belongs to contemporary history, for there are many still living who remember him, and others who knew him personally. Yet his political character has already been misrepresented. It is often thought that he resembled his predecessor, Ferdinand I., but this is a mistake, for he was as strong-minded and shrewd as the other was weak and vacillating. Alessio Santo Stefano, son of the Marchese della Cerda, whom I have mentioned as having distinguished himself in the revolution of 1848, in an article dealing with this monarch,<sup>1</sup> says, "He had a perverted, wicked mind, but it was not a vulgar mind, although in his ways and habits he was vulgar in the extreme. He was bigoted and superstitious as the greater part of his compatriots; but never a hypocrite." Further on he says, "He had a ready wit (if at times of a somewhat scurrilous kind), because he was a true Neapolitan at heart, and who does not know that under the smoke-clouds of Vesuvius, *L'esprit cour les rues*. He would kiss the hand of

<sup>1</sup> "Sul Re Borbone." *L'Ora*, 20th June 1905.



the dignitaries of the Church and bend his knee before them, but it was he who gave them their positions, and he would not allow them to meddle with the affairs of his State. With a profound knowledge of mankind, and of his people in particular, he had the code of the true autocratic king at his fingers' ends." No mere *lazzarone*, such as Ferdinand has been represented, could have kept himself on that tottering throne for twenty-nine years; his energy, hardness, and strength of will alone staved off the disaster that hung over his family throughout his reign.

Ferdinand's violence cannot be better shown than by his conduct towards one of his most brilliant officers, Captain Ascenso di Santa Rosalia, of whom I have already spoken as having taken part in the Sicilian revolution of 1848. Some military manœuvres were taking place under the personal command of the king, and Ascenso interpreted wrongly an order he had received. King Ferdinand instantly spurred his horse, dashed up to the offending young officer, and struck him violently across the face with his drawn sword. Ascenso's life was only saved by his *képi*, which was almost cut through. He bore the insult in silence, but at once left the camp and sent in his resignation. The story of the king's brutality having reached the diplomatic world, such a sensation was created that Ferdinand, in order to avoid a European scandal, was compelled to make Ascenso a public

apology. An eye-witness said that the king's rage was so great that he tore his gloves to ribbons. He never forgave Ascenso the humiliation of this apology, and deliberately thwarted his career ever afterwards on every possible occasion. Little wonder that he found his officers were ready to desert him at the first opportunity.

He married the beautiful Cristina of Savoy in 1832. She was shocked by his common manner and off-hand ways when she saw him for the first time, and already, alas! as her affianced husband. She implored her uncle, King Carlo Alberto of Sardinia, to break off the match, but he answered that the word of a daughter of a royal house could not be broken, and that, if she did not marry Ferdinand, she must retire to a convent and remain there for the rest of her life. The princess begged for twenty-four hours' grace in which to make her decision, and finally decided to obey. Ferdinand's love of vulgar practical joking, it is said, was the direct cause of his wife's death. One day he pulled away her chair as she was about to sit down. This was in 1836, and when her son was born shortly afterwards, the unhappy queen died. She was much beloved by the Neapolitans, who worshipped her memory as that of a saint. In 1837 he married, as his second wife, Maria Teresa of Austria.

The Hon. William Temple, nephew of Lord Palmerston, of whom I have already spoken, was

deeply interested in the fate of the Neapolitan patriots, and his correspondence with Panizzi shows his true sympathy with their cause. In one letter, dated 15th January 1852, he says, "There is no appearance of any change in the police here, as the trial for the affair of the 15th May" (alluding to the rising of 1848) "is conducted in a more [word illegible] illegal way than that of Poerio." Again, in 1855, he writes to Panizzi from Naples, "Things here are either stationary or growing worse. No class of person appears satisfied with the present state of things or their purports, except, perhaps, the police and some of the *lazzaroni*."

Mr. Temple was made a K.C.B. in 1851, and the British Legation at Naples remained in his charge until 1856, in which year he died.

The Hon. William Lowther acted twice as Chargé d'Affaires. Mr. Fagan also had charge of the British Legation for a short time. Mr. Petre occupied that position for the three months that elapsed between Sir William Temple's death and the breaking off of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and the Two Sicilies.

It was in the spring of 1857 that Mr. George Dennis,<sup>1</sup> whilst writing his splendid guide-book to Sicily for Mr. John Murray, penetrated into the prison at Palermo through the help of Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Dennis was afterwards appointed British consul for Sicily, and resided at Palermo for many years. He was a distinguished archæologist, as well as a graceful and accomplished writer.

Goodwin, the British consul, whom I have already mentioned in connection with the Liberal Government of 1848. Mr. Dennis, as a result of these visits, was able to prove the truth of the accusations against the Neapolitan Government, that terrible instruments of torture were used upon the political prisoners to induce confessions, thus absolutely contradicting the assertions to the contrary made by Lord Shrewsbury whilst residing at the Villa Belmonte at Palermo in the early fifties.<sup>1</sup>

Besides Lord Shrewsbury, many English people of distinction visited Palermo in those days, and amongst them Lord Holland, who wrote to Panizzi in 1851, "I delight in this place; there is something in it I cannot define, more pleasing, more *ameno*, than any other place I know. I like, too, the people *much, much* better than the Neapolitans. They are far cleverer and less gross, and natural in their enjoyments. They have their faults, perhaps, but there is refinement in all they do, and this atones, I fear, for many delinquencies in the eyes of those who are not outrageously virtuous."

Mr. Goodwin's name was ever remembered with the greatest gratitude by the Sicilian Liberals. Not only in the revolution itself, but all through the eleven sad years of waiting, he was their constant friend, and again proved his friendship in the successful rising of 1860. His caution, however, was proverbial. An unsigned letter to Panizzi, dated

<sup>1</sup> Lord Shrewsbury's Letters to Panizzi.



from Palermo in 1843, describes him thus: "He is a man who has a great desire to learn, although I do not think he has a very elevated mind. He diligently collects all the books and memoirs which are printed on Sicily, and is about to publish an historical and economical work on the domination of the Bourbons in Naples and Sicily, of which he has shown me the MSS. I should call myself his friend if, when I told him of my wish to leave Palermo, I had not found him deeply embarrassed between the desire to help me, and a timidity and doubt almost comical." About the year 1851 Goodwin gave a dinner to a few of the patriots who had remained in Palermo, choosing the birthday of Ruggiero Settimo, in silent honour of the great exile. I say silent, as it was tacitly understood that no allusion should be made to the date. Goodwin's horror may be imagined when one of his guests arose and made a patriotic speech bristling with burning phrases against the Neapolitan Government. So great was his despair at this breach of etiquette, and its probable consequences, that Andrea Guarneri, the great lawyer and patriot, now Senator (to whom I am indebted for this story), told me that he and another friend, Mr. John Dickinson, were obliged to spend the greater part of the night with him, endeavouring to allay his fears, and promising that no one would divulge a word of what had been said. To such a state of alarm was the kind and worthy consul

reduced that they feared he would commit suicide. Continued years of a reign of terror had their effect even upon a British consul. All the more praiseworthy, therefore, were his constant acts of kindness to the patriots, kindnesses which must have caused him great personal suffering.

Mr. Goodwin, however, owing to his abrupt manners, did not give the impression of having a timid nature; and yet his sharp refusals to help strangers may have been mistaken for a shirking of responsibility. Miss Thomas, an English resident in Palermo for many years, who knew him personally and intimately, assures me she was never under that impression; she tells me an amusing anecdote, however, characteristic of his want of courtesy at times. Once some one, newly arrived in the city, called at the consulate and asked Mr. Goodwin what he should see first. "The outside of my door, if you please!" was the answer.

Mr. Goodwin was a small, slightly built man, lame, with a kindly manner, though, as I have said, sometimes very brusque. He was a strong advocate for the Sicilian autonomy, and clung to that dwindled party even in 1860.

Mr. Dickinson, from whose diary, kept from 9th January 1848 to May 1849, I have quoted, and which is of a certain interest, was a merchant, and also British vice-consul at Palermo. At his death his papers were bought by the municipality, and that body has recently published his diary in English,

amongst the important documents of the revolution, but only for private circulation.

An unbroken correspondence was kept up between the exiles and their families at home, and my parents and uncle therefore received constant although guarded news. Casa Scalia, in the Piazza Marina, continued to be one of the most patriotic houses in Palermo, as it had been before the revolution. My aunt, Giulia Scalia, with wonderful energy for a Sicilian lady of those days and even of these, opened a school for girls, where many distinguished men, who would not take office under the Bourbons, gave lessons, and thus found a means of sustenance. At night, in the big drawing-room, the patriots used to meet, with the greatest secrecy, to work out the plans of the endless conspiracies which were proposed to liberate their island. Amongst these were Baron Pisani and his son, Casimiro, also the young Abele Damiani, who, in after years, became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Crispi, and my cousin, Martino Beltrami, who, after being exiled, had been allowed to return on account of his extreme youth. The latter married a daughter of Baron Pisani.

Such was the tyranny exercised by the authorities that even the cut of a beard, or the shape of a hat, was often regarded by the police as being the signs of membership of some secret society, and often led to the imprisonment of their wearers. The censor interfered everywhere and in every-

thing, Liberal meanings being read into the most simple actions of the daily lives of the citizens. Many of the great houses in Palermo were closed, and their owners were in exile. It may be interesting to mention here the way in which the Marchese di Rudinì saved his son, Antonio, the present Marchese and twice Prime Minister of Italy, from imprisonment. Early in 1860 the old Marchese had moved with his family from Palermo to Naples in order to avoid complications and imprisonment for his son, who was notorious as being the leader of the Liberal nobles. But the police were already on the track, orders having been issued for his arrest on a charge of conspiring against the Government. One morning, whilst sitting with his father and an old friend of the family (who told me the story) in their sitting-room in the Hotel de Rome in Naples, the police entered. It was evident that they did not know the son by sight, for the officer in charge said to the Marchese di Rudinì, "We have a warrant for the arrest of the Marchese Antonio." The father, seeing that his son had not been recognised, turned to him, and, with marvellous presence of mind, and speaking in rather a peremptory tone, as if addressing a secretary, said, "Be good enough to call my son, who is wanted by these gentlemen." The young man bowed and withdrew, and thus made his escape before the very eyes of the police.

Ferdinand II. died in 1859. Early in that year,



although in bad health, he made a journey with the queen through the Puglie, on his way to Bari, to meet the beautiful and charming Duchess Marie Sophia in Bavaria, between whom and his son Francis he had arranged a marriage. He arrived at Bari on 9th January, but rapidly became worse, and when his daughter-in-law arrived on 3rd February, he was so ill that he was obliged to keep his bed during the festivities in her honour. A few days later he was able to be moved on an invalid bed, but died at Caserta on 22nd May, his illness, it is said, being caused by the wound he received when Agesilao Milano attempted his life. In his coarse, rough way Ferdinand was better able to contend with the increasingly dangerous position of the Neapolitan throne than his vacillating, weak, and priest-ridden son, Francis II., who was little fitted to cope with, or even understand, the rising discontent. His stepmother—Francis being the son of Ferdinand's first wife, Cristina of Savoy—also added to the difficulties and complications of his position by openly intriguing against him.

Palermo in 1859 became a hotbed of conspiracy. People of the highest rank, amongst them Princess Niscemi, were hiding patriots in their palaces, and plots were being prepared in almost every class. Baron Riso was one of the Liberals who was of great service to his party. He gave constant balls on the first floor of his beautiful palace in the Toledo, dancing serving as a cloak to meetings of

patriots on the floor above, men in evening dress slipping upstairs between a gay valse or contredanse to help in the making of bombs for the coming revolution. These balls completely hoodwinked the ever-watchful police. On the evening of the 24th June 1859, when the news of the victory of Solferino by the Italians and French over the Austrians reached Palermo, attempts were made at illumination. At both the club of the nobles, and the club of the merchants, lamps were put in the windows as a sign of joy. Numerous arrests were immediately made amongst the members of the clubs by the hated head of the police, Maniscalco, but on this occasion the culprits were released after a few days' imprisonment.

Do what they would, the police never succeeded in finding any compromising documents. In the meantime an indefinite hope of speedy deliverance was sustaining the energy of the people, and this found expression in a small rising in October, which was at once suppressed. But by the end of the year serious preparations were being made for the insurrection which broke out on 4th April, only to be repressed with the utmost severity. In this rising, as I have mentioned, the young Marchese di Rudinì took a leading part, but was able to escape. Thirteen of the supposed ringleaders were shot in the Piazza, which now bears the name of "Piazza delle Tredici Vittime" in their memory. As early as March many suspected Liberal con-

spirators had been thrown into prison—amongst others, an ardent young patriot, Francesco Brancaccio (whose memoirs I mentioned in connection with Dumas *père*), who acted as an important agent between the nobles and the citizens. After this rising Prince Antonio Pignatelli, Baron Riso, Giovanni Notarbartolo (whose cruel murder a few years ago in a railway train resulted in the famous Palizzolo trial, and the exposure of the secret society of the Mafia), and Martino Beltrani, were also arrested. The young Duca d'Arenella, son of Prince Niscemi, wishing to share the fate of his friends, gave himself up to the police. So large was the number of those arrested that ordinary delinquents had to be set free in order that room could be made in the gaols for the political prisoners. But dawn was at hand.

On the 7th June 1859, Napoleon III. and Victor Emanuel had entered Milan after the triumphant battle of Magenta. On the 24th June the great victory of Solferino was won, in which it must not be forgotten that the killed and wounded, nearly 12,000, were the loss of France alone. Suddenly, whilst success was smiling upon the allied forces of Piedmont and France, Napoleon made overtures of peace to Francis Joseph without consulting Victor Emanuel. These overtures were gladly accepted by Austria, and an armistice being declared on 9th July, Venetia was abandoned.

The indignation of Cavour knew no bounds ;

but Victor Emanuel was a great diplomatist as well as a great soldier. Outwardly he appeared resigned to the fact that Napoleon had only partly fulfilled his promise, but secretly he at once encouraged the Republican element to continue the work he was now himself obliged to abandon for diplomatic reasons. By these means the central provinces of Tuscany were soon roused, but when a Tuscan deputation came to offer the allegiance of the grand-duchy to the king on 3rd September he was still obliged to give an evasive answer, although privately hinting that they might read between the lines of his reply.

The interest and help of Sir James Hudson, who at that time represented Great Britain at the court of Turin, were untiring. Sir Horace Rumboldt, in his *Memoirs*, says of Sir James, "The magnitude of his share in the important transactions that led to the formation of the kingdom of Italy is well known." Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell also did everything in their power, finally proposing an Anglo-French understanding by which the Italian question might be settled. But the *pourparlers* came to an abrupt ending when England discovered that France was scheming for the possession of Nice and Savoy, whilst she herself was acting in a spirit of pure disinterestedness.

A treaty was eventually signed on 24th March 1860, by which these two provinces were ceded



to France on the condition that Piedmont should be allowed to accept the plebiscite of the central provinces of Italy in favour of their annexation. At last the longed-for Unity had come, and on the 2nd April the first Italian Parliament met in Turin.

There is no need to give the details of the famous expedition of the "Mille" undertaken by Garibaldi to annex Sicily and Southern Italy. He arrived at Marsala with his two ships, the *Lombardia* and the *Piemonte*, on the 11th May, with his thousand men, and gave the signal for a general rising, which met with little or no opposition. The acting British vice-consul, Mr. Richard Cossins, without waiting to know the issue of the expedition, gave Garibaldi and his chief officers, General Türr, Sirtori, and others, every possible help, and enabled them to enter into communication, through him, with their families.<sup>1</sup> Then came the battle of Salemi, and the entry into Palermo on the 27th May of the victorious Garibaldian redshirts, first seen by the enthusiastic population of the city on the heights of Gibilrossa on the previous day.

Swift as a flash of the most brilliant summer lightning, the news came to the waiting exiles, and all those who were able hastened to take part in the final fighting.

<sup>1</sup> Letters from Garibaldi, Türr, and Sirtori in the Cossins family papers. (Unpublished.)

My father landed in Palermo with the young Marchese Antonio di Rudinì. They formed a lasting friendship, which the statesman is now good enough to bestow on his friend's daughter, a friendship that is much valued by her. I remember the Marchese telling me one day, that, on putting his foot once more on the beloved soil of his native island, then almost a free country, my father stooped down and kissed the ground.

It was a moment of intense emotion even to the younger exiles, who, like Rudinì, had only left the island recently. But to my father, after eleven long years of exile, his mother dead, so many dear ones gone, and, above all, his greatest friend, Rosalino Pilo,<sup>1</sup> just killed at the gates of Palermo, the moment was indescribable. He at once joined the Garibaldian forces, and shortly afterwards crossed over to the mainland and took part in the fighting in the Neapolitan provinces. At the battle of Volturmo he gained the Cross of Savoy (the equivalent to the Victoria Cross of England) for personal bravery. But neither he nor his brother

<sup>1</sup> Rosalino Pilo, son of Count Capaci, and a descendant of the Royal House of Anjou, was a distinguished patriot, and one of the earliest to join the Liberals. He took an active part in the rebellion in Palermo on 2nd November 1847, which was almost immediately crushed by the Neapolitan troops. Carducci, our great Italian poet, whom I have already mentioned in connection with Queen Margherita, thus glorifies Pilo as one of Garibaldi's Thousand in 1860—

“Oh ! Non per questo dal fatal di quarto  
Lido il navigho d' Mille salpò  
Ne Rosalino Pilo aveva sparto  
Suo gentil sangue che vantava Angiò.”

were rewarded by their country as they deserved to be; the revolution of 1848, and its bitter consequences to them both, were forgotten by the Italian Government, and Garibaldi had his personal friends and followers to put forward. My father's years of exile, however, were counted as military service, and he joyfully gave up the more lucrative post in the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's office in London, to return to his country; the Company waited six months before accepting his resignation, and then presented him with a sword of honour. He entered the army of United Italy as major of artillery, but was promoted for personal bravery, before the campaigns of the Unity were over, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and retired in 1880 with the rank of lieutenant-general. Fourteen years later he died in Rome at the age of seventy-one. He had always expressed a wish that he should be buried quietly and without military honours. My mother and I, stricken with the loss that had so suddenly come upon us (my father was only ill three days), and quite alone, for my husband was far away in North Africa on a shooting expedition, consulted our great friend, General the Marchese Pallavicini, the king's First Aide-de-camp, with regard to my father's wish. He said it must be disregarded. We gave way, and the military funeral took place, Crispi and the Marchese di Rudinì, the two rival Sicilian statesmen, being amongst the pall-bearers.

My uncle, Luigi Scalia, soon after his return to Sicily was sent on a special mission with Prince Pandolfina to England. On his return from this mission he was elected a member of the Parliament of United Italy, then sitting at Turin, but after a very short time he found it impossible to carry out his parliamentary duties satisfactorily owing to the great distance between Piedmont and Sicily, the crippled condition of his finances, owing to his long exile, rendering it necessary that he should give his private affairs constant personal attention. He therefore retired to Palermo, where he led a quiet, uneventful life, until his death in 1888, much respected and beloved, and occupying, from time to time, important positions of trust in the financial and municipal government of the city. He took an active part, however, in repressing the foolish rising in Palermo in 1866, for which he was awarded the silver medal for Civil Valour.

Few details of this insurrection, which was called the "Sette e mezzo," from the fact that it lasted seven days and a half, have as yet been published. As it was chiefly organised by the rabble, with no help from the upper classes, the arrival of sufficient troops speedily brought it to an end. Unlike the risings against the Bourbons, it left no after consequences, but there is little doubt that, when careful researches are made, it will be found that Mazzini was its instigator. In 1860 he had spared no effort to bring about the establishment of an



Italian Republic instead of an Italian Monarchy, and, despite his failure, did not lose hope of eventually accomplishing his design. To that end, therefore, he fanned the Republican embers still smouldering in Palermo; it was one of the gravest of the many grave errors of his later years. The nominal cause of this rising was the suppression of the ecclesiastical bodies, but the actual cause was political. During these seven days the populace set fire to the palace of the present Marchese di Rudinì, who, despite his youth, had been appointed mayor of the city, their chief grievance against the brilliant young patriot being that he had caused a local law to be passed by which the people were to be forbidden to hang out their washing on poles in the principal streets! The Marchese, who is a great lover of Macaulay, had made an excellent translation of the *Essays*; but, unhappily, the manuscript was lost in the flames.

But to return to 1860. Rapid indeed was the unification of Italy, Venetia and the Roman States alone excepted. Italy in a few short months had become a nation.

I do not wish for one moment to question the great and heroic help of Garibaldi, nor the value of the personal part he played as one of the chief factors in the Unity, but before closing this chapter I wish my readers to realise a circumstance that has too often been overlooked by the historians of

those stirring times. In 1860 Sicily was ripe for revolt. The faggots were all ready laid ; the match only was needed to start the fire which blazed out so effulgently. Garibaldi applied that match, bringing with him the secret support of Piedmont, upheld by Napoleon. Eleven long years of exile for the proscribed, and of tyranny and unjust oppression for those who remained in the island, had piled up inflammable material that only waited ignition. As I have already said, the independence of Sicily, which had been the dream and the object of the strongest and greatest of her children in the revolution of 1848, had gradually merged itself into the burning desire which inspired the whole Italian people—a desire not for mere regional or local independence, but for one nationality, for a United Italy.

That Sicily was strong was proved by her unaided resistance of Naples for sixteen months, and, by the light of later events, it is interesting to note that others, beside Garibaldi, were discussed as possible leaders of the Sicilians in 1860. Cavour, in a letter to Rattazzi in 1856, describes an interview he had had with Lord Clarendon. “‘Nothing more can be hoped for from diplomacy, my lord. It is time to use other means, at least with the King of Naples,’ I said. ‘Naples must be looked after, as soon as possible,’ answered Clarendon. ‘I will call on you to talk it over,’ I replied.” He then goes on to say to Rattazzi, “I feel justified in pro-

posing to him to get rid of Bomba. What would you think of the idea of sending the Prince Carignano to Naples? Something must be done; could he not be sent also to Palermo, if Murat were preferred for Naples?"

It was generally recognised that the southern provinces were ready for a rising. Garibaldi was eventually chosen as leader of the insurrection. He never realised the extent of the aid he received from the Sicilian people; and he neglected or overlooked their heroes of the great and glorious rising of 1848.

Twelve years before, the little island, alone and unaided, by shaking off the shackles and chains of her oppressors, had given the signal for a movement of revolt which spread to almost every capital in Europe, and sounded the death-knell of that system of government which the French Revolution had shaken to its foundations but could not upset. For sixteen months Sicily had shown the world that a determined people could maintain the independence of a small island against the strength of a large kingdom; that she could by force of patriotism alone constitute herself a separate nation. And had the great Powers so willed it, her independence would have continued. The Powers willed otherwise; but the object-lesson was not lost upon Europe. The French throne toppled and fell; wise concessions alone saved those of Prussia and of Austria.

In 1860 the Neapolitan troops offered little resistance to the Sicilian patriots; and in Naples itself also they were speedily overcome. Cases of actual cowardice were numerous, and this gave rise to a popular saying among the patriots, put into the mouth of a Neapolitan soldier when reproved by his superior officer for running away from the enemy, "Lu curaggio è nu donu di Dio ed io nu l'aggu." <sup>1</sup> It is but fair to note, however, as one of the proofs that the decadence of the Neapolitan kingdom was not due to individual cowardice, that Napoleon I. was so pleased with the bearing of the Neapolitan army at the battle of Lutzen, that he published an order of the day, saying he wished to give a sign of his satisfaction with the Neapolitan troops belonging to the Great Army, and decreed that twenty-six crosses of the Legion of Honour should be distributed amongst them as a reward for their courage. Murat himself personally presented the decorations. At Dantzic, again, they were publicly complimented by Admiral Rapp, and they also showed themselves good soldiers on other occasions. But in 1860 the army was demoralised. Many of its best officers had left, and were openly fighting in the ranks of the revolutionists. Contradictory orders were issued by the vacillating King Francis, the reign of tyranny was dying, and Gaeta swept it away for ever.

Thus was Sicily unconditionally united to Italy.

<sup>1</sup> "Courage is a gift of God, and I have it not."



In a cleverly-written sketch of Sicilian history in an Encyclopædia I was reading a short time ago, I found these words: "In the general stir of 1848 Sicily again proclaimed her independence, and sought for herself a king in the House of Savoy. Again were her liberties trodden on, and in the last change of all, the deliverance wrought by Garibaldi in 1860, if not her liberties, her ancient memories were forgotten. Sicily became part of a free kingdom, but her king does not bear her style, and he has not taken the crown of Roger. The very name of Sicily has been wiped out, and the great island now counts only as seven provinces of the Italian kingdom."

In the aspiration towards Italian Unity, the "great island" was inspired by no pride in her glorious traditions; she desired to be joined with all Italy in one nation; yet the sacrifices she had made, the independence for which she had fought so bravely, have been but scantily recognised and never repaid. Her riches, the wealth of her great ecclesiastical bodies, were wrested from her, and went to enrich the already flourishing northern provinces of the mainland. Sicily was left in poverty. And how little has been spent upon her since the Unity is proved by the few railways she possesses and her lack of seaports. To-day, after nearly fifty years of the Unity, she still awaits proper protection against invasion, and to-day she is still buoyed up by the hope that her past tradi-

tions will be recognised by the coming of a prince of the House of Savoy, to which she has given her all, to reside amongst her people as the Viceroy of the monarch who holds his court in far-away Rome.

## CHAPTER XI

1860 TO 1870—PERSONAL REMINISCENCES—MADAME  
GRAHAM—MARIE AND GRISI—THE PRINCE DE  
JOINVILLE—HAMILTON AÏDÉ, ETC.

MY parents were married six years before their first child, a boy, was born. He died, however, shortly afterwards, and the following year I came into the world, and on me was centred the most devoted maternal care any child ever received. Blessed years of my childhood and girlhood, surrounded and protected by such love! Innumerable sacrifices were made for me, incessant hard work was undertaken cheerfully that my education should be the best possible—sacrifices and labour that I did not then understand or appreciate. And although I have passed for being a good daughter, it was little I could give my beloved mother in return for all she did for me.

With regard to the constantly mooted question of what children owe to their parents, it has always appeared to me that children naturally give as they have received; and that, as it rests with our parents to guide us and protect us, they should so educate our hearts and minds that, when the sunset of life falls upon them, we may be ready

to make sacrifices in our turn, and repay them in their declining years from the store and wealth of the love they gave to us in our feeble childhood. I have never felt any sympathy with the peevish recriminations of those parents who, having provided their children with a well-paid nurse, and, later on, with efficient instructors, and having devoted a formal half-hour daily in the drawing-room to their little ones, arrayed in their best bibs and tuckers, consider they have thus earned the right to claim their children's devotion and gratitude in later years, and are aggrieved when the sacrifices they exact are not made.

When the Unity of Italy came my mother immediately went to Naples, where my father lay seriously ill, the result of exposure on the battle-field. Lady Filmer, in her great friendship, insisted on accompanying my mother. We went by rail to Marseilles and thence by sea, but were nearly shipwrecked, and were obliged to take shelter in the harbour of the little island of Monte Cristo, made famous by Alexandre Dumas, and which now belongs to the King of Italy, and is one of his most favourite hunting-seats. During the storm, Lady Filmer, who was very religious, kept on saying to my mother, "Dear Giulietta, come and pray!" My mother greatly shocked her old friend by answering, "Impossible, dear Lady Filmer! I am too sick to pray! You must do it for me!" We arrived at Naples, however, in time for the



triumphal entry of Garibaldi on the 7th September. My mother used to say she could never forget the scene when the Liberator, looked on as the saviour of the oppressed, entered the city of the Bourbons; the tumult of joy, the women pressing forward to kiss the hem of his white cloak, others holding up their children for a blessing from the man who had delivered them from the tyranny which had held them so long in its grip. Some idea of the extent of this tyranny can be gauged by a despatch of Admiral Mundy's, which describes the cruelty of the Neapolitan soldiers in terms almost identical with those of English witnesses of their barbarities twelve years before. "Families have been burnt alive," he wrote, "with the buildings, while the atrocities of the royal troops have been frightful."

The Republican party at Naples now gave trouble, and were not easily silenced in their clamour for an Italian Republic; but Garibaldi had given his word to Cavour, and on that occasion he kept it most loyally. On the 6th November of that year (1860), in a letter to King Victor Emanuel, he nobly stated that he had taken Sicily and Naples in the king's name, and was now ready to hand over all the southern provinces to him, to be ruled by him as part of the United Kingdom of Italy. For himself he asked nothing. He made only one petition, that his Majesty should take into his service all his (Garibaldi's) brave companions who

had fought and struggled with him in the great enterprise. On the 7th November the great triumphal entry of Victor Emanuel, with Garibaldi riding by his side, took place. It was a scene never to be forgotten, but the welcome lacked the enthusiasm and delirious joy which had greeted Garibaldi two months previously, when, as the liberator of the oppressed, he had come alone, without troops, surrounded only by his staff, and accompanied by his faithful English friend, Colonel Peard,<sup>1</sup> and had placed himself unprotected in the hands of the people. On this second occasion the streets were lined by the regular troops which had already been organised. In the evening the king went to the San Carlo Opera House, but alone, some much-to-be-deplored law of etiquette being given as the reason for Garibaldi not being invited to accompany the sovereign to the first gala performance given in honour of United Italy. But the actual reason

<sup>1</sup> John Peard, a Cornishman, was a younger son of Admiral Peard, one of Nelson's valorous commanders. Against his will he was made to enter the legal profession, for which he was little suited. A lover of justice, liberty, and adventure, he left London in May 1859, and took service with Garibaldi in his campaign in Lombardy. He was not, however, informed in time of the expedition to take part in the descent of the "Mille" upon Marsala, but joined his great chief, who had already entered Palermo, as soon as possible. For his bravery at the battle of Milazzo he was made a colonel. Garibaldi held him in special affection, and he was known as "Garibaldi's Englishman," although there were many brave men of the same nation amongst the great leader's officers. One of these was John Dunne, who raised a regiment which did splendid service at the battle of Milazzo. Dunne was renowned for his courage and daring. He was wounded at the Volturmo, and raised to the rank of general.

was the growing feeling among the king's entourage, both political and of the court, that it was necessary for Victor Emanuel's prestige that Garibaldi should be relegated to the background, the dual enthusiasm, it was urged, bearing many elements of danger.

The patriots never dreamed of any other monarch than King Victor Emanuel occupying the throne of their now free country. Not only did his own great personality appeal to the people of Italy, but the glorious traditions of his house were part of the history of the country. In the eleventh century his ancestor, Umberto della Bianca Mano, was already settled in Piedmont as Count of Savoy. In the fifteenth century, the descendants of Count Umbero became Dukes of Savoy; and in the eighteenth century, as we have seen, Duke Victor Amadeus became King of Sicily, eventually exchanging the crown of that island for the crown of Sardinia. Thus the House of Savoy, a brave, shrewd race of soldiers, the most ancient dynasty in Europe, has descended in a direct line for nearly a thousand years, and its sons were marked out by every right and by every circumstance to be Kings of United Italy.

Garibaldi's proposition to continue the campaign and to conquer Rome and Venetia was set aside by Cavour and the reigning powers, and the great general, feeling that for the moment there was nothing more to be done, withdrew to his home on the island of Caprera, sore at heart but uncomplaining, because his mission was regarded as







GARIBALDI AND KING VICTOR EMANUEL  
*Last meeting at the Palace of the Quirinal at Rome.*

completed and his sword was no longer required. It would have been better if he could have acquiesced cheerfully in what was, after all, inevitable; but unhappily the Republican friends of his youth rallied round him, and, by constantly reminding him of the slight, real or imaginary, put upon him, were responsible for the lamentable dissension between him and Cavour, as well as for the regrettable mistakes Garibaldi afterwards made.

Garibaldi and his followers could not or would not realise that, unless he had been tacitly supported by the diplomacy of the courts of Turin, of France, and of England, the campaign of 1860, in all probability, would only have had the abortive results of that of 1848.

The illustrations I give represent King Victor Emanuel's first and last meetings with Garibaldi. The first was at Teano, during the campaign in the Neapolitan provinces in 1860, when Medici was the hero's aide-de-camp. The last interview took place at the king's palace of the Quirinal in Rome, when Garibaldi, old and crippled, was introduced into the king's presence by his former aide-de-camp, now General Medici and aide-de-camp to his sovereign.

After a lengthened stay at the Hotel Victoria at Naples, my parents left for Sicily as soon as my father was able to be moved. When they asked for their bill, however, the landlord absolutely declined to present it, saying that he had been amply repaid by the honour of receiving one of Garibaldi's

heroes. Such disinterestedness is indeed rare amongst the race of hotel-keepers.

We spent the winter of 1860-61 in Sicily, but after some months my mother was obliged to return to England on account of my health, whilst my father went to Piedmont, and thence to Switzerland, to act as one of the seconds in the historical duel between General Bixio and the patriot Carmelo Agnetta. A terrible quarrel had taken place between these two great soldiers of Garibaldi soon after the landing of the Thousand at Marsala; but for the good of their country, and at Garibaldi's request, it was decided that the matter at issue should stand over until the war was ended. It was not until a year afterwards that the duel took place, Bixio being wounded in the hand, and maimed for life. Nino Bixio was one of the most distinguished of Garibaldi's followers. He was born at Genoa about the time of the first great Liberal movement in Italy in 1821. His mother and the mother of Mazzini were close and intimate friends. Bixio's courage and daring knew no limits, yet he was a great friend of that apostle of gentleness and heroism, the patriot Goffredo Mameli, by whose side he fought at Genoa in 1849. He became aide-de-camp to Garibaldi, and it was to him that the great general said the famous words on the heights of Gibilrossa, the night before entering the Sicilian capital: "Nino, domani a Palermo!" which are inscribed on the monument erected on the spot.

It was in this year that the death of Cavour cast a gloom over prospering Italy. Cavour has been likened to Bismarck because he welded a kingdom from a mass of small states, but Mr. Bolton King's comparison of the two men indicates the essential differences between them. "Cavour's mind," he says, "was bigger, broader, juster, full of faith in humanity and freedom, of hate for tyranny and intolerance. It had none of Bismarck's scorn for others' rights, none of the cynicism which, in the name of lawless might, was built on the wreck of justice. Cavour brought Italy into being without a crime towards a sister nation; and had he lived he might have done much to save Europe from the evil which Bismarck's contagious influence has wrought." Cavour was snatched away, alas for Italy! when his work was only half completed, and when his country most sorely needed his services. His place as Prime Minister was taken by the Tuscan patriot Count Ricasoli, who, although undoubtedly a great statesman, and endeavouring to continue Cavour's policy, had not the necessary breadth of view or power, either over the king or the country, and he speedily fell a victim to the intrigues of Rattazzi, who was supported by Victor Emanuel himself.

Although I was taken to Italy at the crowning moment of her fortunes, my earliest recollections are of London, and of our moving from the house in Wyndham Place, where I was born, to Hanover



Terrace, on Notting Hill, where the air was considered to be better for a delicate child. Notting Hill was then on the borders of the country, and the fields were within ten minutes' walk of our house. I remember the large bunches of wild flowers that we could pick almost within sight of Hanover Terrace, and the horror I had of a certain white flower, which was no doubt poisonous, for my nurse had told me that it was called "Break your mother's heart," since it produced that effect. No better strategy could have been found to prevent me from touching the flower.

I cannot state positively that I remember being taken to Stafford House to see Garibaldi when he paid that historical visit in 1863, which, with his triumphal entry into London and the wild enthusiasm of the people, lives in the memories of all who witnessed it. But I have a vague recollection of the great house, the numbers of people, and of my wearing a red shirt. My mother told me that the great general took me upon his knee, and on his asking me if I spoke Italian, I shouted, "Si! Viva Garibaldi!" But I distinctly remember my mother returning from an evening party where she had met the Duke of Sutherland, and repeating the duke's description of a recent visit he had paid Garibaldi at Caprera, where the general was still suffering from the effects of a wound received at the ill-advised and unfortunate battle of Aspromonte. The duke had taken a large

quantity of stores and luxuries for the invalid in his yacht, and knowing that in all probability Garibaldi's unbending pride would lead him to refuse them, he had the supplies landed after he had taken leave of the general, and when the yacht was on the point of sailing. Among other things was an invalid chair.

The cause of the rising which ended so sadly at Aspromonte, was to be found in Garibaldi's longing, upon which his Republican friends never ceased to work, to give Rome and Venice to Italy. His failure was the result, and he was forced to realise that the great valour and personal fascination of one man were insufficient in such an enterprise, and that he must have the moral prestige given by the support of the Government. The Marchese Colonel Pallavicini di Priola, because of his popularity and personal attraction, was chosen to command the expedition which the Italian Government was compelled to send against Garibaldi. It was also hoped that the Marchese's noted bravery would counteract the unpopularity of his mission. After the short encounter Pallavicini, with the chivalry for which he was famous, went to the wounded hero, who had been laid at the foot of a tree, and with uncovered head and on bended knee, implored him to surrender.

Pallavicini's brilliant career created an aureole round him for the whole of his life. He was a modern Lord Peterborough, with a strain of Sir

Walter Raleigh. His exquisite manner towards women, his wit and culture, made him a charming companion. He was a much-valued friend of my father's, whose humour he greatly appreciated. Like Lord Peterborough, he ran through three fortunes and died poor. Many are the amusing stories told of him. Once, during the campaign of 1848, his creditors in Genoa were in a great state of anxiety, fearing that he had been killed in one of the actions outside the city. The fears of one of them actually induced him to go outside the gates in search of the dashing debtor. Meeting a bloodstained and bedraggled officer of Pallavicini's regiment, he inquired eagerly if he knew anything of the fate of that gentleman. The officer was Pallavicini himself, who, seeing that he was not recognised, as quick as lightning answered, "Oh, poor fellow, dead on the battle-field," and laughing in his sleeve, continued his way. In justice to the Marchese, it must be said that he always paid his debts to the uttermost farthing.

Pallavicini was most popular amongst the English officers in the Crimean War, in which he served with the Sardinian contingent. His campaign against the brigands in Calabria, which freed the province from a scourge that had lasted for generations, also procured him a wife. It was characteristic of his impetuous nature that one day, at Catanzaro, he should turn to his aide-de-camp, Pietro Ilardi (who told me the story), and say, "We must leave to-

night. Those soft dark eyes opposite disturb me. I cannot do my work." Ilardi looked up and saw a graceful, pale girl sitting working at a window. She had a perfect oval face, glorious dark, dreamy eyes, and glistening raven hair. Orders were promptly executed under Pallavicini, and the same evening saw the headquarters established at Cosenza. But the beautiful eyes proved too much for the inflammable general, and early next morning orders were given to return to Catanzaro. The owner of the eyes was the daughter of a lawyer of the town, and Pallavicini married her on the eve of the war of 1866, leaving her at the church door after the ceremony, that she might at least bear his name if he died. The Marchesa's lifelong devotion to her husband has been most touching: whilst he lived he was her only thought. She took no part in his brilliant public career, but was content to be the adoring companion of his leisure, and a devoted nurse when he was ill and suffering.

General Pallavicini was First Aide-de-camp to King Humbert for many years, but his nature was not that of a courtier, although to her Majesty, Queen Margherita, who always showed him much consideration and kindness, he was a devoted slave. He died in 1902.

When my father was quartered at Naples in 1877 I myself witnessed an incident which was characteristic of the general's independent nature. A great ball was given at the Unione Club in honour



of King Victor Emanuel's visit to Naples, a visit which proved to be his last, as he died shortly after. The king was present, and also the son of his morganatic marriage, Count Mirafiori, who was then a young cavalry officer. The count, on arriving in Naples, had neglected to report himself at headquarters, as he should have done according to military law. General Pallavicini was second in command at Naples, and early in the evening pointed out to the commander-in-chief, General Count Pettinengo, that Count Mirafiori was present at the ball without having reported himself at headquarters. Pettinengo was of a timid nature, and, fearing to displease the king, who was very fond of his son, begged Pallavicini to feign ignorance of the offence. This the indomitable Pallavicini declined to do, and sent his aide-de-camp to intimate to the count that he was under arrest for his negligence. It needed some courage to uphold military discipline in this manner under the very eyes of the king, who was watching the dancing, but Victor Emanuel was too true a soldier to disapprove.

The wound received at Aspromonte still gave Garibaldi great trouble in 1866, but at the request of the Italian Government he bravely headed his volunteers in the war with Austria. I have two signed photographs of Garibaldi, one given by him to my father, and the other given me a few years ago by our valued friend, Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, who said he wished me to accept it in order

that each of my children might have a memento of the great Italian soldier.

Amongst my earliest personal recollections are the visits to our house in London of Madame Graham, from whom I take my second name, Pauline. Many exaggerated stories were current amongst her contemporaries as to her birth and origin, but none of them were founded on fact. Madame Graham was a Frenchwoman, and the daughter of an old Orleanist family. She was taken to Palermo at a very early age, her father having followed Louis Philippe when he went to Sicily, and, as the son of Philippe Égalité, claimed friendship with Ferdinand and Maria Carolina, ultimately gaining the autocratic queen's consent to his marriage with her daughter, Marie Amélie. Louis Philippe, however, had little or nothing with which to support his adherents, and, Madame Graham's family having fallen into most straitened circumstances, she became a milliner. It was whilst she was working at this trade that Mr. Graham of Drynie Castle, near Inverness, a Scottish laird, met her and fell in love with her, and, taking her away from Palermo, married her in Naples. They settled in Paris, and for many years Madame Graham's *salon* was the most celebrated in the French capital; my parents were at her house constantly, during the first two years of their marriage, whenever they were in Paris. Towards the end of 1853, however, Madame Graham decided to settle in London, the increasing luxury

and grandeur of the Second Empire becoming insupportable to her. She was always most devotedly attached to the House of Orléans, and, through her great friendship with the Duke Pozzo di Borgo, had helped in no small measure towards the restoration of Louis Philippe.

Although Madame Graham spent the last twenty years of her life in England, she remained entirely French to the last, and always had French servants about her. She was a curious and interesting personality, and became a prominent figure in English society — Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, and Lord Brougham being amongst her intimate friends. I can still see the little round figure, the black wig, the little sharp, beady eyes, as she bustled breathlessly into my nursery just as I was about “to settle off” to the great joy of my nurse. “Un instant pour voir si l’enfant dort,” Madame Graham would say, disregarding the nurse’s anger. These evening visits, with the same formula, were frequent; and as she lived in Cadogan Place, and we lived on Notting Hill, the loss of time they necessitated must have been considerable, and a serious matter in the life of so busy a woman. She adored my mother, and nothing she could do for her child was a trouble.

I myself remember some one saying, “It is fortunate that Madame Scalia *is* charming, for Madame Graham sings her praises so perpetually, that otherwise one might get tired.”

Madame Graham's house in London became the headquarters of the Orléanist party. The exiled Louis Philippe and his sons were constantly there, and it was there that my parents met the Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Prince de Joinville. I remember my mother telling me an amusing remark made by the Prince de Joinville one night at Madame Graham's. The wife of the Brazilian minister, Madame Almeida Areas, had been singing. She had a good voice, but it was too powerful for a small drawing-room; and too powerful even for the prince, who was slightly deaf. Bending over my mother's chair, he whispered, "Madame, il y a des moments dans la vie quand on est heureux d'être un peu sourd." Another story of my mother's in connection with Madame Graham was characteristic of this lady. One morning, my mother, calling to see her friend, found her re-hanging her pictures. Her French man-servant was on the top of a pair of steps, and seemed in danger of losing his balance. On one side of the steps was a console laden with valuable china. "Jean," screamed the old lady, regarding her swaying domestic, "Jean, mon ami, si vous devez tomber ne faites pas votre culbute du côté du guéridon!"

My christening present from Madame Graham was a cot which had belonged to the Comte de Paris, the counterpane for which had been worked by Queen Marie Amélie herself. I remember it well, as it stood in my nursery until our house in



London was given up after the war of 1866. Then, by some unfortunate mistake, it was sold with some worthless furniture, instead of being sent to Italy, as was intended. The cot was hewn out of a solid block of rosewood ; it had green silk curtains, and the famous counterpane was made of squares of crochet stitch, called Tunis, I believe, in alternate magenta and green.

The Grahams figured as defendants in a curious lawsuit, from which they emerged in triumph. For twenty-nine years of their married life they were childless, and Mr. Graham's nephews very naturally came to regard themselves as his heirs. A bitter quarrel, however, took place between the uncle and nephews, and shortly afterwards Madame Graham gave birth to a boy. The nephews immediately declared the child to be supposititious, and brought an action to prove the charge. The case attracted public curiosity, both in France and England, owing to Madame Graham's social position, and argument and partisanship ran high upon either side ; but before the suit came on for its final hearing, Madame Graham gave birth to another son, and the nephews were consequently obliged to abandon further proceedings. The first son did not live, but the second, Paul, attained middle age. The Graham entail was, however, eventually broken, for he left no legitimate heirs to inherit Drynie. It was at the house of Madame Graham that my mother first met Hamilton Aïdé. She little thought

that he would in after years become her daughter's greatest and most valued friend.<sup>1</sup>

We were in England during the war of 1866, at the conclusion of which Italy obtained by treaty that which she had failed to gain by arms. Worked up to fever heat by the Democrats, Italy tried to wrest Venetia from the Austrians; but the defeat of her army at Custozza, where the late lamented King Humbert, then Prince Humbert, distinguished himself so greatly by his courage and military capacity, and of her fleet at Lissa,<sup>2</sup> forced her to accept the arrangement she had

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above Hamilton Aïdé has been called away from amongst us. Many are the friends who mourn him; he has left a place vacant in the world, which no other save himself could fill. He used to say, "To be interesting, one must be interested," and this perhaps was the secret of his own happiness in life, and the happiness he gave to others. Painter, poet, novelist, composer, dramatist, he possessed all the talents, and his wide interests made him a welcome guest in the worlds of art and literature and of music, as well as in the world of society. His greatest joy was to help young people, and there are many actors, artists, musicians, singers, and writers, who owe their initial success to his encouragement, and his unsparing pains to get them a hearing. In a notice of his death the *Illustrated London News* said, "He seemed to have charmed Time as he charmed his friends"; and it was indeed difficult to believe that this spruce, debonnair man of the world, as cosmopolitan as he was courteous and kindly, was eighty years old. Kindliness was his chief characteristic; he never allowed his keen sense of humour to degenerate into sarcasm. His interest in human nature and in art were so keen that life never lost its zest, and he maintained his *joie de vivre* to the end. Only a few days before his death he was seen at a supper at the Beefsteak Club, as young and bright as the youngest.

<sup>2</sup> The defeat at the battle of Lissa, in which Italy lost two of her ten ironclads, was due to Admiral Persano's incompetence and lack of energy. He was execrated throughout the country, and by many was regarded as a traitor. This, however, he was not, and his conduct at the unfortunate battle of Lissa does not minimise the value of his former services to Italy, nor his many merits as a true patriot.

previously refused, that Austria should hand over Venetia to France, and that France should then give it to Italy. Venetia should have been ours in 1860, as it had been included in the price of Nice and Savoy, but even then Napoleon III. was beginning to be aware of the designs and ambition of Bismarck, and, as I have described, had ended his Italian campaign with his promise to Cavour, made in 1857, of an Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic," unfulfilled.

The following year (1867) saw us all settled in Florence, where my father had been given a command with the grade of major-general. One of my earliest recollections there is of a duel between Damiano Assanti and Nicotera, my father being one of the seconds to the former. Nicotera was wounded in the head, and I remember, when he called to see us after his recovery, climbing up on a chair behind him to examine the cicatrice, much to my parents' consternation. I am afraid I was, on all occasions, an *enfant terrible*, and mentioning this fact reminds me of an experience we had with a child of this species when my father was first quartered at Naples in 1875. All the wives of his subordinate officers had called on my mother, with the exception of one, the wife of the regimental doctor. She was a pretty, shy woman, and ultimately came, bringing with her a very pretty little boy. She was all apologies. "I do hope you will forgive me for

not calling upon you before. I had hoped to come with my husband, but he is always so busy. I have been looking forward so much to the pleasure of making your acquaintance." This was the boy's opportunity, for he broke in, his beautiful eyes gleaming, "Oh, mamma, how can you tell such a story? I heard you say to papa only this morning, 'What a bore to have to call on the new general's wife!'" The confusion of the little lady was most painful, indignation and shyness completely paralysing her. My mother pretended not to have heard, and with her usual tact tried to put the poor woman at her ease by talking of other subjects. But the child was not to be repressed, and again his shrill voice was heard. "Mamma, mamma, you won't punish me when we get home, will you? You know you always tell me to speak the truth, although you don't do it yourself, and what I said was quite true, wasn't it?" This singular and amusing opening of their acquaintance resulted in a firm friendship being established between the two families, which no doubt had its foundation in my mother's efforts to be more than civil to the sorely-tried Signora.

To return to 1867 and my souvenirs of Florence. One of my chief joys in childhood were the Sunday afternoons spent at the Villa Salviati, then belonging to Mario and Grisi. The two singers were great friends of my parents. Madame Grisi's grand, generous nature was especially sym-



pathetic to them both, as were also Mario's more brilliant qualities of mind as well as heart. I remember my mother telling me that although the part of Adalgisa in *Norma* was originally written for Grisi, and that she created it at the Scala at Milan when the opera was produced for the first time, Pasta being the Norma, it was the rôle of Norma that she afterwards interpreted so superbly that no other singer has ever approached her. She seemed like a picture of the Virgin Mother, her beauty assuming an aspect almost divine when she sang the great aria, "Casta Diva," her beautiful arms crossed upon her breast, her head raised, and gazing upwards as if she were entranced.

Grisi made her début at Bologna at the early age of fifteen. She appeared for the first time in Paris, in 1833, in Rossini's *Semiramide*, and in London, at the King's Theatre, in the following year, as Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra*, with the great tenor Rubini. For the next twenty years Grisi sang every summer in London, only missing one season, that of 1842, during the whole of that period.

Mario owed his excellent acting entirely to Grisi; for when he began to sing, his histrionic powers were of quite an indifferent order. Arriving in Paris after his flight from Turin, to which I have already alluded in Chapter V., the young Marchese Gianbattista went straight to his friend,

Prince Belgioioso, who was on intimate terms with Meyerbeer, the composer. The latter, on hearing him sing, immediately exclaimed, "Si j'avais cette voix là pour mes opéras!" But the young fugitive was not to be tempted towards the stage, his idea, when the Piedmontese Government and his father refused to forgive him, and return to Turin was therefore out of the question, being to gain a livelihood by painting or sculpture, both of which he had studied *en amateur*. With this object he went to London, but shortly after his arrival there he fell ill with typhoid fever. Prince Belgioioso hurried over immediately, nursed him devotedly, and brought him back to Paris, where he shortly afterwards succeeded in persuading him to go upon the stage as a singer. Mario made his first appearance in *Robert le Diable*. It was in 1839 that he first sang in London—in *Lucrezia Borgia*. His exquisite voice, his beauty, allied to the great charm of his manner, and his distinguished birth, created the sensation of that season; few singers have ever leaped into such instant fame. Mario certainly turned the heads of half the women in London. His three best impersonations, each widely different, were Almaziva in Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, Raoul in Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, and above all, the hero in *Le Prophète*, in which his refined beauty and dignity of manner gave the character a perfect realism. I remember my mother's dis-

appointment in later years when we saw Jean de Reské in the same part, and the comparisons his performance evoked. We once met an old English lady—a Mrs. Colquhoun Grant—who told me that, after hearing Mario in *Le Prophète*, she had journeyed to his house at Twickenham the next day to pick up a few pebbles from the gravel walk, in order that she might possess some of the ground upon which he had trodden!

The hospitality at the Villa Salviati was unique. It was never known how many guests would avail themselves of the general invitation to lunch or dinner, given for Sundays, amongst their friends. I remember on one occasion, when we were lunching there, Madame Grisi drove us in her carriage from Florence. The road from the Porta San Gallo almost to the gates of the villa was lined with beggars, gathered there to await her passing, and she threw handfuls of coppers to them all the way—a form of *largesse* that deeply impressed my childish mind.

Villa Salviati was afterwards sold to Mr. Hogermann, a Swede, and nearly all its art treasures, including the collection of armour made by Mario, were dispersed. It afterwards passed to his daughter, Madame de Pourtalès, and now belongs to Comendatore and Signora Turri, well-known figures in Florentine society, whose hospitality, though more methodical, is no less generous than that of the hosts I remember in my childhood.

A life-sized portrait of Grisi is still in the villa, and hanging in a small room on the ground floor is an interesting little picture representing Mario and Grisi receiving the hero, Garibaldi, as their guest in this famous house.

Mario used to say that he was convinced he had met the Duc de Praslin after he was supposed to have committed suicide in prison in Paris. He was one day crossing London Bridge on foot, when a man passing close to him murmured, "Mario." The singer looked up, and immediately recognised his old acquaintance, Praslin.<sup>1</sup> But the man evidently repented of his indiscretion, and hurried on his way.

Both Mario and Grisi were devoted to England, and two of their three daughters have married Englishmen—Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, so well known in London society for her charming singing, and Mrs. Vaughan. Grisi's love for England is touchingly expressed in one of her letters to my mother, dated 30th of April 1869: "*A me piange il cuore di non andare a Londra! Ne sono così addolorata; caro paese che adoro, e dove vorrei finire la mia vita!*"<sup>2</sup>

It would almost seem that she had a presentiment of her death, and that she would not

<sup>1</sup> It will be remembered by many how Praslin, it was said, had taken poison in order to avoid the disgrace of being executed for having murdered his wife.

<sup>2</sup> "My heart weeps at not going to London; I am most unhappy about it; dear country, which I adore, and where I wish I might end my life!"



see the dear country again, for she died suddenly in November of the same year at the Hotel du Nord, Berlin, whilst on the way to St. Petersburg, where Mario was engaged to sing at the Imperial Opera House. Grisi was older than Mario, and had already retired from the stage. She had not been well, but, defying the doctor's advice not to travel, insisted on accompanying him to the North; she could never bear to be parted from him. There is no doubt the long journey at that season of the year hastened the end. She was a most devoted mother, and placed her family before all things, even before her art.

I remember so well one day in that winter of 1867 at Florence how, after persuading me to sing, she kissed me enthusiastically and clasped a gold bracelet upon my arm. Then as a reward she sang "The Last Rose of Summer" to me. I was only eight years old, but how well I remember the scene—the great singer singing for the pleasure of a little child! The exquisite pathos of the words and the melody seemed to sound a lament for her own passing. I can see now the regal carriage of her head as she sang; the scene is one of the strongest impressions of my childhood.

Grisi is buried at Père la Chaise in Paris; her tomb lies in front of those of Molière and Racine. And they could have no more fitting companion in death than this great tragic actress;

for if Grisi had not been a singer she would certainly have been one of the greatest interpreters of the heroines of these two authors.

Mario we saw again in Naples in 1878. One day Percy French rushed into our drawing-room, saying, "I bring an old friend to see you." A beautiful old man with snow-white hair and flowing beard followed him. My mother looked up inquiringly, then a still very musical voice said to her, "*È possibile, Giulietta! Non mi riconoscete piu?*" (Is it possible, Giulietta! You do not recognise me?) The voice told my mother what the face could no longer tell, and with a joyous and delighted "Mario!" she rushed to clasp his hand. Mario died in Rome in 1883, and was buried in the family vault at Cagliari in Sardinia.

Mario was educated with Cavour, and grew up with that statesman and D'Azeglio from early childhood, and although never forgiven by his family or the Piedmontese Government, he kept his friends. Like them he was an ardent patriot, and was ever ready to help the Italian cause with his wealth, to which, alas! he attached too little importance for his welfare in after years.

It is interesting to note that the fee of Mario and Grisi—certainly the foremost singers of their time—for singing together at a concert in the fifties was only £100, and this was considered a very large sum, vocalists never having dreamt of

receiving such high pay until then. What would the satirical Giusti, who thought this sum large, and who wrote the poem "*Per un reuma d'un cantante*," with its ending, "*Gola e orecchio ci vuole, orecchio e gola, peste al cervello*,"<sup>1</sup> say were he to return now to find Caruso, Calvé, and Melba declining to appear at a private concert under £400, or £500, or even £600!

If one goes back to the seventeenth century the financial position of a good actress or singer is still less lucrative. Samuel Pepys tells us that "*Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever came upon the stage, she understanding so well, that they are going to give her £30 a year more.*"<sup>2</sup> What would Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, or Réjane say to this as an increase of their yearly income? Pepys is further informed by T. Killigrew, who is getting up Italian Opera in London, how many improvements he has made on the stage: "*Now wax candles and many of them; then not above 3 lbs. of tallow; now all things civil, no rudeness anywhere [perhaps this is more than we could say now]; then as in a bear-garden, then two or three fiddlers, now nine or ten of the best. Then nothing but rushes upon the ground and everything else mean; now all otherwise.*" He goes on to say that Killigrew "*hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendom to come to*

<sup>1</sup> "Throat and ear are wanted here, ear and throat—plague take the brain."

<sup>2</sup> Pepys' "Diary," vol. iii. p. 26.

make a concert for the King, which he do give £200 a year apiece to." Certainly the value of money was greater in those days. Mr. Pepys informs us that he has given a tip to his maid for good conduct, the sum being sixpence. And he considers £4 a year good wages for his cook, which was not princely for a gentleman who gave his guests their dinners on silver plates.

Returning to Mario, it is curious to note the severity of the relations that then existed between parents and children. Mario's father died never knowing, apparently, that his son was the singer of European reputation; his gentle mother did not dare to broach the subject to her husband, who never forgave Mario's flight from Turin. It is not improbable that some friend may have informed the father of his son's career and its success, but he remained implacable to the end, and whether he knew or not, always feigned complete ignorance.

The year 1869 saw us quartered for a short time at Leghorn, but my father being soon afterwards appointed to Terni, a place in the Roman Campagna notoriously malarious, my mother thought it would be better, particularly for my education, to take me to London, instead of yielding to the wishes of my father's family, and going to live with them in Sicily.

In 1867 we had been obliged to travel over the Mont Cenis Pass, by diligence (I shall never



forget the glorious effulgence of the sunrise on the mountain top), but in 1869, although we still went over the mountain, we performed the journey in a train, by the Fel railway. The spectacle of the sheer precipices and yawning abysses as the train ascended the mountain was apt to be so disturbing to the passengers' nerves, that the carriage windows (the carriages were like omnibuses) were placed above the level of their heads in order that they might not see too much. On this particular journey, a man sitting near the door was able from time to time to catch glimpses of the wonderful scenery which, perhaps fortunately, was denied to fellow-travellers. But instead of giving us interesting descriptions, he indulged a misplaced sense of humour by saying, "*Messieurs et mesdames, preparez vous ! Votre dernier moment est venu ! Le danger est extrême ! Jamais nous ne pouvons passer la gorge que je viens d'apercevoir !*" Added to this, the train swayed from side to side until some of its occupants experienced the sufferings of those who go down to the sea in ships, and owing to the bad quality of the coal used in the engine, we were constantly blinded and choked with dense smoke, which forced its way even through the closed windows. Once the train stopped for some little time in a tunnel, to the terror of the larger number of the passengers, who thought the prophecies of the would-be humorist were about to be fulfilled. It is, therefore, not remarkable that

the details of this journey should have impressed themselves upon my youthful mind; although at the time it seemed a joke specially designed for my amusement.

The year 1869 might have proved fatal to Italy's legitimate ambition if the Franco-Austro-Italian alliance had been concluded. Madame Rattazzi, in her *Memoirs of her husband*, says it was at this statesman's urgent request that King Victor Emanuel made the stipulation by which he was to have a free hand in dealing with the Vatican, a stipulation that caused the alliance to fall through. Her *Memoirs* are so frequently incorrect that this statement cannot be entirely accepted; an autograph letter, undated, from Victor Emanuel to Napoleon III., has recently been published by M. Ollivier, showing the Italian king made the stipulation that the French troops should evacuate Civita Vecchia.

The following year brought the Franco-Prussian War, which was of the greatest benefit to Italy, since she was allowed to take possession of Rome unmolested by the neutral Powers. The Italians have been so severely criticised for this action, and, in France especially, are considered to have taken advantage of that nation's misfortune, that I feel a few words on the subject will not be out of place, as our young people are generally ignorant of quasi-contemporary history, however well read they may be in that of past

centuries. The question of the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope had been among the dreams of Italian reformers from the moment of the fall of the first Napoleon; and Metternich had actually proposed that the Pope's secular authority should be vested in Austria. Napoleon III. and Lord Clarendon had discussed the subject in all its bearings many years later, and it was international considerations alone that had restrained King Victor Emanuel and Cavour from marching to Rome after the fall of Naples. The presence of the French soldiers in Rome indicated the limits beyond which Napoleon III. dared not go: the new Italy could not risk a war with France for the possession of a city that was geographically and historically her capital. The Pope's subjects were clamorous to be united under the Italian flag with the rest of the peninsula. Yet, because Italy availed herself of circumstances, she was covered with invective by the French, and for years afterwards accused of the basest ingratitude, France declaring that she had behaved meanly in taking advantage of the paralysed condition into which the neighbouring country was thrown by the disastrous war. But did France expect us to wait until she could offer us her help in the capture of Rome, in order that Italy might pay for it with the wealth of a third province?

Victor Emanuel, moved by personal friendship

for Napoleon III., and by the memories of French help in 1859, wished to join France against Prussia. But Sella, whom I have mentioned as having visited London in the fifties, pointed out the cost of such an alliance to the already overburdened finances of young Italy, and the certain loss of the chance of obtaining Rome. He passionately urged strict neutrality on the king.

Victor Emanuel answered, "I know it needs courage to go to war."

"Yes," replied Sella; "but to resist your Majesty it needs even more courage."

"One sees you come from a race of cloth merchants," retorted the angry monarch.

But Sella declined to be put aside. "Yes, your Majesty," he answered calmly, "but of cloth merchants who have always honoured their signature. Your Majesty now wants to sign a bill that you would not be able to pay."

The result of Sella's firmness was that, when the Franco-German War broke out, Italy, being in a strictly neutral position, was allowed to take Rome unmolested by the other Powers.

The retrograde Papal Government, with its mediæval prejudices and lack of all liberty or progress, could no longer be tolerated in the midst of a free and liberal country. Only a little time before the Italian troops entered Rome, an English lady had her Bible confiscated at the frontier of



the Papal States, the reading of the sacred book not being allowed! Even as early as 1851 Gladstone wrote to Manning, "The temporal power of the Pope, that great, wonderful, and ancient erection, is gone."<sup>1</sup> Yet it was not until nineteen years later that the "ancient erection" was swept away.

Shortly after the taking of Rome my father was quartered at Messina, and then at Palermo, with the result that our connection with England was severed for nearly nine years. We paid a three months' visit in the summer of 1879, when my father took leave of absence from Parma, where at that time he commanded the garrison; but we did not go to England again until 1883, after my marriage. During these years, spent entirely in Italy, my mother had little opportunity of seeing her numerous English friends, a loss she felt keenly. She loved England with all her heart, although her soul, as it were, had always belonged to Italy. Her love for England was the love of the tangible; it was the home of her youth with all its memories. Italy had always been a sentiment rather than a reality; she had no old friends, no links with the past, to bring into her daily life, and therefore she was a stranger in her own country. Often I have found her in tears over a letter or newspaper just received from England. I was too young to understand that there are some

<sup>1</sup> Morley's "Life of Gladstone."

tears better shed than repressed. Despite the many years spent in Italy, my mother remained thoroughly English in her ideas and habits, and by Italians was generally considered to be English by birth. She was never able to accustom herself to Italian social customs, and especially with regard to visiting. That the stranger or person of minor rank should call first, after having asked to be introduced, always annoyed her, as she considered that the custom opened the door for undesirable people who wished to force themselves into society.

During our visit to London in 1879 I made the acquaintance of several of my mother's old friends and acquaintances. Maria, Lady Ailesbury, who was for so long a favoured friend of his Majesty when Prince of Wales, and for whose brilliant and amusing conversation he would desert the prettiest woman in the room, was one of these. She was one of the most delightful and original women of her time. I remember being told that, in order to be able to give out the news of the day when she was staying in country houses, she would seize the London papers immediately upon their arrival and sit upon them all. Then gradually pulling them one by one from under her, she would carefully read each one, giving the assembled company any items she thought interesting, with her comments thereon. As she finished each paper she handed it to her fellow-guests. Lady Ailesbury

was extremely kind-hearted, especially towards her dependants, but she strongly objected to any of her servants saying, "This is not my work," and on one occasion she much astonished a shy young footman whom she was engaging, by saying, "And remember that if I ask you to come and lace my stays I shall expect you to do it."

Lady Molesworth was another friend of my parents to whose house we used to go that summer. I remember first seeing Tosti there; he was then beginning to take the place of Pinsuti as the composer and accompanist most smiled upon by the great world. Sir William Molesworth, the distinguished Liberal statesman, and his sister, Mrs. Ford of Pencarrow, had been most kind friends to my parents in exile. Lady Molesworth, like Lady Combermere and Lady Waldegrave, had not been born in the society in which she played so prominent and influential a part; in common with the two other ladies she was, however, socially all-powerful, and it was invitations to such houses which bestowed the *cachet* of admittance upon the new comer. It is curious to remember that until very lately it was the old lady of distinction who reigned in London, and that it was through her doors entrance was first made into society. Who in these days would think of turning to an elderly dowager for admittance into the London world? Fine clothes, money spent freely, *very* freely (and no matter how made), and

“push” form the “Open Sesame,” and the society that has resulted therefrom is called “smart.”

It was at a later date, after my marriage, that I met the late Duchess of Teck (Princess Mary). It was one evening at Lady Howe's. On recognising my mother the duchess crossed the room to speak to her with that spontaneous geniality of manner which made her so many friends—*real* friends, such as royalty rarely possesses. “You remember me, Madame Scalia?” she said; “I am so pleased to see you after so many years.” Then with a shrug of her shoulders, and a little laugh, “We have neither of us grown any thinner since those days.”

But this is straying beyond my limit of 1870; and here I must draw this writing to a close.



## CHAPTER XII

### SOME REFLECTIONS ON MODERN ITALY

IT is now more than forty-five years since Italy was made one country, and thirty-five years since the last shots were fired at Porta Pia, which gave Italy her rightful centre, and made Rome once more the capital of the peninsula. And, looking over these reminiscences of my parents and their friends, and of their struggles and their hopes, I ask myself if the Unity has realised all the patriotic dreams it inspired, if it has justified the countless sacrifices that were so cheerfully made, the noble blood that was so heroically shed, to bring it into being; if the aspirations of those who worked and suffered for its creation have been fulfilled.

From the historical point of view the answer must be in the affirmative, but so far as the actual well-being of the nation is concerned the Unity has only been partially successful; a circumstance that has arisen partly from the chaos of the country's creation, partly as a result of the times, and partly, again, from errors committed by the Government in the earlier years—errors that might easily have been avoided.

In their dreams of one nation, united, free, and obeying the constitutional rule of one sovereign, the patriots took little heed of the different characteristics of the Italian people in the various parts of the kingdom, characteristics which, although overswept by the torrent of patriotism, were bound to assert themselves the moment it came to a question of practical government. In the desire of welding the various States firmly together in those early days, political union was ever placed before economical union, and uniform laws were hastily passed, which time has proved to have been disadvantageous to the general prosperity of the country.

The Unification of Italy was as the birth of a child of great parentage, and the infant country was taught to lisp in laws before it had acquired the rudiments of government or of being governed. It had no traditions of modern liberty, no conception of the high aims for which its parliamentary powers were created, and in consequence, one of the many evil results has been the too general use of the legislature to further local ambitions rather than to satisfy the needs of the people at large. Massimo D'Azeglio and many of the Moderates would have preferred that Garibaldi's aid should not have been sought in 1860 in the formation of the new Italy. They were sufficiently far-seeing to realise that the Radical and Republican influences by which he was surrounded

would cause serious difficulties in a State whose Government was to be Monarchical, especially if those who exerted these influences were given an important part in the actual creation of the country by force of arms. The prophecies of D'Azeglio and his party, unhappily, came true; but I have explained how this was almost inevitable, and it must be admitted that, whatever difficulties arose from these turbulent elements thus being brought to the fore, the Conservative party held the control of the government from 1860 to 1876, and in that long period should undoubtedly have accomplished much more for the benefit of the country than can be laid to its credit. If Cavour had lived, its record would have been brighter: his death was the most serious blow that could have befallen young Italy.

There is one factor in the social conditions of United Italy, the neglect of which, and the consequences of that neglect, have both escaped the notice of her many historians. This is the position of the aristocracy. My opinion, which is based upon a comparison between Italy and England, will doubtless savour of the archaic, even to those who belong to the most Conservative school of thought; but after years of the closest intimacy with English life, I have arrived at the conclusion that many of the political evils from which Italy is suffering to-day may be distinctly traced to the fact that the nobility has no place assigned to it

in the social order, and that the throne is thus deprived of one of its strongest supports. Admitting the principle of heredity in the head of the State, it is an obvious justice that those immediately around that head should be allowed to enjoy the same privilege; that the patricians should exist in fact, as well as in name, in their proper place between the king and the people. An isolated monarchy must more easily lead to a republic, and, as we know by experience, Republicanism may ultimately become Cæsarism, the worst form of autocracy. A Liberal monarchy was the dream of those Sicilian patriots of whom I have written, not a monarchy which is nothing more than the presidency of a republic under a royal mantle.

As I have said, it was pointed out that the Government of Piedmont made a mistake in placing the Sicilian rising under the leadership of Garibaldi, since it led to both Sicily and Naples being conquered by a Republican, hero though he was, and handed over, almost as a gift, from him to Victor Emanuel. Sicily was ripe for the Unity, and was Monarchical to the core, as I hope I have proved in the foregoing chapters. Its adherence could have been obtained by other means, and these would not have brought in their train the unceasing difficulties with which the Italian Government has had to contend throughout its existence—difficulties created by the preponderance



of the Republican interest at the commencement of its career. In the formation of Italy, the nobles, as nobles, had no voice ; they had no interest in the government of the country. Neither officially nor socially was their position towards the throne pre-considered or provided for. This arose, in the first instance, from the fact that when Victor Emanuel became King of United Italy he brought no court with him. He was a bluff soldier, who never understood that his position as a sovereign carried with it certain social duties, and a certain pageantry, the value of which was not to be overlooked, especially with so impressionable a race as the Italians. The absence of a queen at the outset of the Unity was an additional misfortune. After the death of Victor Emanuel's consort in 1855 the court of Turin became more and more simple, until it was little better than a bourgeois household ; and when the seat of government was removed to Florence, and later to Rome, the same tradition was continued. From 1867, when the Prince of Piedmont (afterwards King Humbert) married, the personal charm of his Consort Margherita, "the Pearl of Savoy," made itself felt, but this was only socially ; politically, democracy continued to rule the hour. The nobility was not even of any account at court : its members were given no privileges, and not even their rights. To such an extent is the democratic idea followed that at the Italian court rank has no precedence ;

a Senator goes before the greatest of the princes of Rome or of the other incorporated States. The same rule naturally applies to general society, in which Cabinet Ministers have precedence over the bearers of the oldest and highest titles of the country. The natural outcome of this position of the nobility is that the throne lacks the support of an order which might have been most influential in Italy, and that the country has suffered severely by its practically enforced exclusion from public affairs.

When I see in England how the elder and the younger sons of its greatest houses all work for the good of their country ; when I see the important part the women of these same houses play in politics, in the elections, in the countless schemes for the relief of the suffering and the poor, and compare their labours with the indolent, self-centred lives led by those of the same class in Italy (especially in the south), I ask myself if the Monarchical system, which must to a certain extent be based upon the aristocratic principle, can possibly continue for many generations in Italy. The abolition of the rights of primogeniture in 1848, by Carlo Alberto, was the death-blow to this principle, and prevented the heads of the chief families from maintaining their position. The Senate, being only of life interest, gives no scope for hereditary ambition such as the successful merchant finds in England, where step by step,

his petty vanities ministered to judiciously by a far-seeing Government, he gradually climbs up the social ladder, creating a position for himself and his heirs, to be still further improved upon by subsequent generations. Thus in England monarchy rapidly assimilates into the peerage all the new and powerful elements of wealth and intellect, instead of neglecting them, and by so doing, turning them into formidable enemies of the existing Government.

The Italian Senate is under the nomination of the Ministry in power, and is composed in great part of ex-members of the Lower House who may have rendered good service to the Government, and of highly-paid Government officials. A large number of those Senators who have been nominated to the Upper House by reason of their wealth or position, and who would vote independently of party, live in the provinces, where advancing years or local interests keep them from the capital, which they rarely visit.

How different is the class of which the English House of Lords—the equivalent to the Italian Senate—is composed. Besides his privileges, the head of a great house in England knows that he has hereditary duties towards his country. To the peer's eldest son his father's death brings with it not only the ancestral home, the thousands of acres, high rank, and importance, but also the grave duties of a legislator.

In Italy, on the contrary, if the rich *roturier* wishes to become a prince it is so easy a matter that the title is held in little esteem. It carries no advantages, and is rarely refused if a sufficiently large sum is given to a hospital or any other charity. And since they may be obtained by mere purchase, these titles confer so little honour that, when the king wishes to show his recognition of real merit, he has no reward to bestow, save that of Senator, which, as I have said, is only of life interest, and gives the family of its recipient no position, his wife excepted.

England has adapted herself gradually to the exigencies of these Liberal times, and has thus avoided the shock of revolution—unless we regard the Great Rebellion as such, and as a forerunner of the revolutions which convulsed other countries nearly two centuries later. She has avoided the making of hasty laws which are the natural consequence of revolution, and by carefully thought-out concessions she has arrived at the liberty she now enjoys, and may thus, for some time to come, stay the ever-rising wave of democracy that must irrevocably sweep over the world, before reaction sets in.

In England the process of absorbing the finest intellects and the greatest capabilities into the circle closest to the throne has become automatic, and although the actual selection is sometimes open to criticism, and has on occasions been made to



serve purely party ends, the principle is never lost sight of, with the result that we find the Conservative party bringing in laws for the benefit of the proletariat, which in Italy are left as trump cards in the hands of the Socialists. The young King Victor Emanuel gives the noblest example of industry and capability in his desire to grapple with the many grave social questions which face his Government; but those immediately around him (I do not mean the members of his household, who are well chosen) give him no support, and he is struggling with a leviathan task practically alone, for his Parliament devotes itself to party welfare rather than the good of his people. The neglect of the nobles during the two preceding reigns has left them indifferent to the aspirations of a monarch with whom they never come into personal contact, unless they chance to occupy an official or political position. As a natural result the Italian people can only judge the actions of their monarch from the newspapers, the majority of which inspire little confidence. They never see, as in England, the desires of their sovereign towards the attainment of a certain object—perhaps of a charitable nature or for the national welfare—inspiring a whole class.

The nobility of Italy is in no way encouraged to set an example to the classes below it; gambling and pleasure-seeking are the chief interests of the young nobles of to-day, certainly of the

young nobles in the South. Very few of the large landed proprietors south of Tuscany are in touch with the tillers of their land, and they know nothing of the condition of their dependants and their rightful demands—nor do they care. Many of the *latifondi*, as the large properties are called in Sicily, would be capable of improved cultivation, admitting even the recognised difficulties of irrigation, if they were portioned out by the proprietor to the different farmers. But when this is done, as is sometimes the case, there are so many middlemen between the landlord and the tenant that the latter cannot pay the labourers he employs sufficient wages for their bare sustenance, and the result is the continual emigration that is draining the south of its peasants. The want of proper outlay of capital from the fountain-head, as a rule, prevents the *latifondi* being cultivated as they should be.

Although the law for the southern provinces prepared under the Sonnino Ministry, and passed by the Giolitti Ministry, with some slight alterations, in June 1906, will undoubtedly be of some benefit to that portion of Italy, the relief will not be widespread. The reduction of 30 per cent. on all taxation for those landowners whose incomes do not exceed 6000 lire a year cannot achieve the good for which it was framed, as it will affect only a limited number of sufferers. This sum represents £240 a year, and although this limit is

based on the *imponibile catastale*, and on the low valuations of many years ago, it does not take into consideration that many of the southern properties are so heavily mortgaged that, whilst they represent a much larger income on paper, and do not therefore benefit by the reduction, the interest and claims upon them actually leave the owner with an income less than the necessary 6000 lire. Another weak point of this part of the law is that landowners, drawing even £300 a year income, are rarely able to expend ready money in the improvement of their property; as a matter of fact, many of the larger landed proprietors have not the capital necessary for increased cultivation. The want of water is a great drawback, and in many districts malaria seriously affects all outdoor work in the summer, but the condition of affairs could be greatly improved by proper laws. Signor Majorana has proposed an amendment of the measure—usually known in Italy as the Sonnino law—which will assign a yearly sum to be spent on making roads, and cross roads, in order that some of the districts may be put in communication with their nearest port or railway station. This will be the greatest possible boon, for in Southern Italy there are large villages, and actually some small towns, which lie miles and miles from any carriageable road, and whose only means of communication with the outer world is a tortuous footpath, along which a heavily-laden

mule can only pass with difficulty. The rebuilding of some of the villages in Calabria destroyed by the recent earthquake is greatly hindered by the lack of means of communication and the consequent difficulty of transporting building material. This difficulty, which had entered into no one's calculations, has been experienced by the committee of Milan that had undertaken to rebuild the chief village of the Martirano district; and the Emilian committee which had undertaken to rebuild the village of Martino di Finita have the same trouble in carrying out their charitable intention.

This terrible earthquake, however, has shown the truth of the proverb, "Ogni male non viene per nuocere" (the nearest English rendering would be, "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good"). It has shown Italy the real state of the southern provinces, and has led to the passing of special laws. The one framed by the distinguished member of Parliament and ex-Cabinet Minister, Bruno Chimirri, will bring certain and lasting good to his beloved Calabria, and the Sonnino law certainly may do some good for the other southern provinces, including Sicily, if only put in practice.

As I have already said, many of the richer large proprietors, who could afford to improve their land, are seriously to blame. There are, however, a few notable exceptions to the rule that obtains amongst the southern nobles of leaving their pro-



perties unvisited and entirely in the charge of agents; and both peasants and nobles would be greatly benefited if the latter followed the example of Prince Pietro Scalea, a young Sicilian and a rising member of Parliament, recently Under-Secretary of State, who has obtained the most satisfactory results by cultivating his own land, and dealing directly with his tenants. The happy colony of well-to-do farmers to be found on his estate in the centre of the island forms an oasis in the desert. But he, alas! is almost alone amongst the Sicilian landowners in his efforts to fulfil his duty to the people on his land. In the south of Italy, the *mezzadria*—the division of the crops between landlord and farmer in place of rent, the landlord providing the seed and cottage, and the farmer the labour—is almost unknown. It is universal in Tuscany and some other provinces in the north. The prince has introduced a system upon his estate that is practically the equivalent of the *mezzadria*—an enterprise which was fraught with possible ruin to himself, the Sicilians being the most conservative of races; but his efforts have met with the greatest success, and if his example were more widely followed, the strongest and most capable of the labourers and small farmers could be kept in the south working on the soil upon which they were born, for their own welfare, and that of their country, instead of being forced to seek their livelihood in foreign lands.

Among the few exceptions to the rule I must also mention the dukedom of Bronte, which is most carefully and ably administered. This, however, is not due to a Sicilian, but to an Englishman. The property belongs to the Viscounts Bridport, by inheritance through the female line from Lord Nelson, to whom it was given by Ferdinand I. of Naples. It was left by the late Lord Bridport to his third son, Alexander Nelson Hood, its present owner, who has been solely responsible for the management of this model estate, which embraces every variety of agricultural cultivation.

Emigration amongst the lower classes from the south of Italy is assuming such proportions that the question is causing serious alarm to the landowners, who find it difficult to procure sufficient workers for the proper cultivation of their land. The statistics of the gradual increase in emigration from Sicily alone, will give some idea of the numbers of peasants who leave their native land in search of work. From 1895 to 1900 the average number was 20,800 per annum. In 1901 it was 36,718; in 1902, 54,466; in 1903 it was 58,820; and in 1905 it reached not less than 98,000! The difference in the condition of the north and south is clearly shown by the respective number of emigrants. In 1905 the emigrants from Piedmont, Liguria, and Lombardy together numbered 53,500, while from Calabria and Sicily

alone they numbered 158,000. The emigration is entirely from the rural districts.<sup>1</sup>

Emigration, on the other hand, is rare amongst the upper classes, especially in Southern Italy, a fact in this instance that is greatly to be deplored. The family tie amongst the Italians of higher rank is so strong that it is not easily understood in England. Sons do not part easily from their parents; indeed the link between parents and children is far stronger than that between husband and wife. Married sons live with their parents in the great palaces and villas that are the family homes, and their wives are entirely subservient to the mother-in-law. The young wife's position is anything but enviable, especially if, as is constantly the case, it is complicated by the presence of unmarried sisters of her husband in the same house. The system is patriarchal, and in some families there will be as many as three married sons living in their parents' palace, they and their wives being entirely under the dominance of their mother. So strong is the maternal tie that, when the father dies, the eldest son frequently declines to take his title out of regard for his mother. Such a condition of affairs would be impossible in England. The first incentive to a young married man—the provision of a home for his wife and

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above, Senator Professor Pasquale Villari has held a conference on Italian emigration, his pessimistic views creating some stir, as his competence and patriotism are well known.

children—is thus removed. The father's home provides all the necessaries of life; when he dies, the property is divided by law amongst his children; and very frequently, in order to avoid a partition which would mean a pittance for each child, the whole family elect to continue living together, the eldest son usually administering the estate for the benefit of himself and the others. The natural result is that the younger sons, instead of making their own careers, as in England, become idlers and dependants upon the family purse, which, by reason of the division and subdivision of the family property, becomes more and more slender with every generation.

Another cause that prevents the emigration of younger sons is the passionate affection in which Italian mothers hold their children. This devotion is often both selfish and foolish, and the mothers are only with difficulty persuaded to part from their sons, even when they are grown men. Public schools like those in England do not exist, and the military schools, which were excellent, have lately been reduced; therefore the Italian boy of the upper classes, usually pampered and spoilt at home, attends a day-school, and later a university. Very often he never leaves home until his education is completed—a system that deprives him of all knowledge of the world, and those lessons in self-reliance which English boys of the same rank receive so early. When his



university course is completed he either becomes a loafer, or struggles for a miserable post in the bureaucracy—according to the finances and social standing of his family—and in the latter case will be quite content with a salary of £6 a month, for which he will give the youth and energy of the best years of his life. If this superfluous class of university men would emigrate with the labourers, they might be of some use to their country by forming colonies overseas in which labour and intellect would work side by side; but the tie of home is stronger, and the Italian mother does not yet realise the glory of encouraging her sons to be independent, and thus giving them to their country.

The passionate love of home and of their country is common to all classes in Italy, and throughout all their years of exile the poor emigrants of the south remain faithful to the mother-country and, whenever it is possible, return with their hard-earned gains, to spend their last days in their native place.

This love of their beautiful country on the part of her children makes the emigration question peculiarly sad. In the south the condition of the agricultural labourers of Sicily, Calabria, and Sardinia is deplorable, yet it is only absolute starvation that forces them to leave their homes. Meanwhile the money which is from time to time remitted by the emigrants in small instalments

to the Italian savings banks amounts to a very considerable sum, and forms a source of wealth to the revenue of the country.

To return, however, to the question of the nobles. The great wave of reform which swept through Italy after the French Revolution of 1793, and the ideas of political liberty which were undoubtedly instilled into the minds of the Italian people by the first Napoleon, have scarcely touched the southern provinces, where the petty tyrannies of the feudal system are still exercised, not only by the landlord, but by the local authorities, although they ceased to be legal at the Unity. This exploitation of the peasants' ignorance of their actual rights, and the absence of justice in the real meaning of the word, give the Socialists opportunities of which they are not slow to avail themselves. The northern states are in a far more flourishing condition owing to their commercial, industrial, and agricultural enterprise. But, as I have pointed out, since no personal or hereditary privileges can be offered the newly-made millionaire beyond a life-interest in the Senate, it is not unnatural that the rapidly-growing class of wealthy *industriels* has no strong feeling of devotion towards the present institution of monarchy. Nor can they hope to found a wealthy and powerful family, since the law enacts that the bulk of their property shall be divided equally amongst their children at their death.

That the greatest legislator in modern history, the first Napoleon, recognised the importance of a hereditary House of Peers in the government of the State is shown by a conversation he held with the Comte de Rambuteau, which is published in the latter's *Memoirs* (1905). "Quand j'aurai achevé mon œuvre," said the emperor, "il suffira pour le conserver d'un gouvernement à contrepoids; faire le sénat héréditaire et laisser parler la Chambre des Deputés." Louis Philippe's suppression of the Upper House at the beginning of his reign was a mistake for which he suffered throughout the whole of his occupancy of the French throne, as it alienated many of his most powerful subjects who were ready to rally round him. The Comte de Rambuteau puts the position so concisely (and his words practically describe the relations between the king and the nobles in Italy to-day), that I give the passage in its entirety.

"Ce fut pendant cette nuit d'intervalle qu'on décida Louis Philippe à réserver la question de l'hérédité de la pairie, réserve qui annonçait sa suppression et qui préparait la mesure nefaste dont, pendant dix-huit ans, la couronne ressentit les effets."

"Le principe de l'hérédité était la force de la Monarchie; il rattachait à la nouvelle dynastie l'ancienne noblesse; il l'armait d'une autorité singulière sur la grande propriété. Déjà de cinquante pairs, parmi les plus hautes personnalités de la

Cour et de la légitimité avaient quitté Charles X. à Rambouillet, fait leur sousmission à Louis Philippe, prit part aux délibérations de la Chambre, et voté la déchéance. Qu'arriva-t-il? Blessés par le retrait de l'hérédité, quarante-quatre donnèrent leur démission; les forces conservatrices se divisèrent en deux camps; beaucoup de grandes familles qui se seraient ralliées au nouveau régime dans l'espoir de la pairie gardèrent l'hostilité et d'autant plus que pour les séduire le roi ne disposait d'aucun de ces puissants moyens entre les mains de Napoléon; il n'avait rien à rendre, puisque la révolution de 1830 n'avait rien confisqué; il n'avait rien à donner puisque la pairie ne valait que par l'hérédité."

As a proof that Napoleon's ideas on this subject became a tradition in his family, we have this entry in Lady Morgan's diary in 1835: "Yesterday had a long visit and sofa conversation with Lucien Bonaparte. His Italian ideas—no monarchy without an aristocracy. The reason France is all *à tort et à travers* is a wish to remove the peerage."

In Charles Greville's *Memoirs* we see (vol. i., 1852) that one of the subjects which preoccupied the third Napoleon was the absence of an aristocracy in France, and that he spoke of it at his first meeting with the Prince Consort. The prince told him that any attempt to create an aristocracy in France, akin to that of England, was foredoomed to failure, the social conditions and ante-



cedents of the two countries being so dissimilar. Prince Albert might have added that, since the Napoleonic dynasty was of so recent a growth, the emperor could not expect the old aristocrats of France to rally round him and forget their exiled king, and that he must therefore be content with the military nobility created by the "Petit Caporal."

In Italy, however, the position at the Unity was not the same as the position in France. Amongst the Liberals who supported the nomination of Victor Emanuel as King of United Italy were some of the oldest families in Lombardy, Tuscany, and the Two Sicilies, besides those of his native Piedmont.<sup>1</sup>

It is true that it would have been difficult to create in Italy the perfect system of England, where we see the grandchildren of the greatest duke in the land without even a courtesy title, and being merged into the *bourgeoisie* in two generations only. This makes the English middle class unlike that of any other nation, since, instead of being antagonistic or at best indifferent, it is faithful to the aristocratic idea. The equally constant recruiting of the ranks of the nobility from the middle classes has the same tendency, and

<sup>1</sup> At the Piedmontese court, contrary to the rule which now obtains, the nobles were held in such consideration that, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, no one who was not of noble birth could occupy a box on the first two tiers of the opera, these being in the gift of the queen.

increases the bond between the two. This coalition may be of invaluable service to Great Britain and her present institutions, in combating the newly-discovered strength of the working classes, who are beginning to feel and to use their power. Surely this system of monarchy presents a stronger barrier than a republic to the anarchy which lurks behind the so-called Socialism that so deeply perturbs some of her continental neighbours. When the German Empire was created, the grave mistake made by Italy was wisely avoided. The nobles, instead of being overlooked, were largely considered, and are a distinct factor in the government of the country, and in many of the States of the Confederation seats in the Upper Houses are partly hereditary as well as elective.

We have but to glance at the past history of Italy, to visit her numerous and half-forgotten mediæval cities, in order to realise the powerful auxiliary that might have been secured for the monarchy if her nobles had been allowed to co-operate in its formation and in the after administration of the country.

There have been many difficulties in the making of Italy which are not always realised in England. One of the most serious has been the difference in temperament and character between the peoples of the northern and southern provinces. The difference is doubtless primarily due to climatic influences, but it may also be accounted for, in part,

by the fact that in the south the masses, although naturally of quick perception and highly intelligent, are ignorant, prejudiced, idle, and superstitious, owing to the prolonged Spanish dominion, and the retrograde government of the Bourbons, whilst those of the north are well-educated, alert, and industrious. The Austrian domination, despite its political tyranny, had a healthy influence upon Northern Italy, for it encouraged the industries and commerce of Lombardy and Venetia: it certainly found in the race some of the best and steadiest workmen in the world.

I will not enter in detail upon the great problems that face Italy to-day, for my knowledge of them is not sufficiently deep for me to do so. I can only point to their existence. The most pressing matters before the Italian Government are the mistaken system of judicial procedure, the grave question of the financial administration of the country, and the cruelly heavy taxation upon landed property, as well as upon industrial products and certain imports. A volume far larger than this would be needed to discuss, in any adequate manner, the fatal errors committed by the various Ministries which have succeeded one another so quickly since the formation of Italy.

The great patriots, who chiefly formed the earlier Governments, were not of the stuff of which true statesmen are made, and practical business men, not patriots and soldiers, should have held the

portfolios in those early years when the machinery of State had to be created by Parliament.

In the administration of justice, one of the greatest mistakes is that of submitting all delinquents to the same lengthy proceedings. A magistrate cannot deal out of hand with the boy who has stolen an apple, or thrown a stone at a window. He has to be committed for trial, and after lingering in prison, sometimes for months, whilst his case is being worked up, he may after all be found innocent of the petty charge. Needless to say, his mind has not been improved during his stay in prison, where he has probably been thrown in daily contact with the worst class of malefactors; and he goes forth into the world not only with the stamp of the gaol-bird upon him, but with the seeds of wrong-doing deeply sown, and likely to result in a lifelong career of crime. There are no police courts, nor, as things are in Italy, would it perhaps be wise to delegate to local officials the power therein involved. The pay of a "Pretore" or chief magistrate, in a town say of 20,000 inhabitants, is perhaps 3000 lire (£120) a year. On his appointment all the well-to-do inhabitants take the first opportunity to propitiate him by sending him presents in kind—the produce of their vineyards and *poderi*. When the Pretore has to make a decision in a lawsuit, it is not to be wondered at if the poor man, who has been unable to make these presents, feels the difference,



and if the gratitude of the man outweighs the magistrate's sense of justice, so that he lets it be seen that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. His power, however, is limited; the decision of the jury is final, and the minutest details are provided for by the *Codice*, a complication happily not to be found in the English law. The *Codice* prevents the special circumstances of individual cases being taken into consideration, and whilst it certainly checks abuse of the law by the badly-paid magistrates, the fact that it necessitates every case being judged solely on the bare letter of the law in itself constitutes a grave injustice. Fewer judges, and of a higher class than the present Italian judges, properly paid, and with powers to deal with the numerous petty cases out of hand, would be indeed a blessing to the country, and some guarantee of the fair administration of justice. The Italian judge who occupies the position equivalent to that of the Lord Chief Justice of England (who, I believe, receives £10,000 a year) receives only £600 a year!

The procrastination in legal procedure in Italy cannot be better exemplified than by mentioning the fact that lately, in Sicily, a man, who was in prison for some petty offence, was seized with remorse for having given false witness in an important trial which had taken place previous to his own imprisonment. He wished to retract his evidence, but two months elapsed before the proper

judicial official went to him to take down his deposition !

Freemasonry, which in Italy has no connection with the highly humane institutions of this order in England and Germany, but is merely an association with low political aims and of the pettiest intrigues, is a great power against equity and justice, and is frequently the cause of injustice being meted out to those who do not belong to it.

The question of State administration is too complicated to be considered in a few words. Briefly, the root of the system and its chief evil is centralisation. On the formation of the Italian kingdom the French method was adopted, with a Prefect, appointed by Government, at the head of each province, and directly responsible to Rome. Consequently the smallest questions have to be referred to the capital, where they are considered by a tribunal of numerous and ill-paid functionaries, tied and bound with red tape, who are entirely ignorant of local conditions, and as concerns more remote regions equally ignorant of their geographical situation. Their decisions, therefore, are strongly biassed by personal or political influence. The Prefect is all-powerful in his province, and naturally influences, to a great extent, both the political and administrative elections, as his own position depends upon their result. Each Prefect, therefore, becomes a local wire-puller of the political party in power. This form of administration was the

one least to be desired for a country where some modified form of autonomy in the provinces was essential, not only because of the wide difference in local conditions, but because of the various forms of government and differing influences to which they had been subjected for centuries.

And now to touch on the burning question of taxation. At the creation of the new kingdom money was essential, but no one seemed to realise that hastily-imposed taxation, by paralysing private enterprise, must ultimately harm the State itself. Take, for example, the result of the taxation upon sugar. Italy, the fruit-garden of Europe, cannot export her jams and preserves because the cost of sugar is three times what it is in England. Whether she produces her own sugar or imports it, the taxation makes the price so excessive that she cannot compete with international prices, and is therefore obliged to sell her raw fruit to other countries, with all the cost of transport from the orchards to the railway and steamer, and considerable risk of loss.

No one is allowed to retail salt without a licence, as it is a Government monopoly, and although coarse and of poor quality, it can only be bought at a fabulous price. Again, the tax on distillation is so high that the making of spirit has been almost entirely given up throughout the country. Although there may be no loss in consequence to the Government, but actually a gain, seeing that imported

spirit pays a heavy Customs duty, as well as an Inland Revenue tax, it is a "penny-wise and pound-foolish" policy; for the loss to the country from the industrial point of view is enormous. Nearly every distillery in Southern Italy, the land of vineyards and wine, bears the Government seal which indicates that the distillation tax has not been paid, and that therefore the stills cannot be worked. In the meantime the surplus wine from which the spirit is made is a dead loss to the growers. And again, although Italy is the land of flowers, perfumes and scented soap cannot be manufactured because of the spirit tax, and, like the raw fruit, the raw material for scent has to be sold to other countries.

The impossibility of obtaining cheap alcohol for burning purposes is felt in almost every trade, especially those in which small motor-power could be used, as in America and elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> Industrial enterprise is still further paralysed by the heavy taxation of all commercial companies whose capital exceeds the meagre amount of 50,000 francs (£2000), and also upon all transfer of land or property.

One of the great drawbacks in Italy, and to her commerce in particular, is the defective railway system. A law was, however, passed in the Italian Parliament in the autumn of 1906 for the general

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written an important law with regard to distillation has been passed, and the tax on methylated spirit has been suspended.



improvement of the railway service, an improvement that will include the construction of double lines of rails, the absence of which is the chief cause of the present difficulty. This will be of the greatest value to the railway traffic throughout the country, and has been urgently desired by the king ever since his accession to the throne, in order to facilitate the mobilisation of troops. The State has recently taken back the lines that were leased to the principal railway companies, and although the change has created indescribable confusion from one end of the peninsula to the other, it may ultimately prove of great advantage. One benefit may already be observed in the reduction of fares.

The religious complications arising out of the absolute break between the Church and United Italy, in consequence of the absorption of the Papal See into the kingdom in 1870, are far more serious than is generally admitted, although one might almost say "has been generally admitted," for since the elevation of Pius X. to the Papacy the tension has diminished. The order from the Vatican, that the faithful should not vote in the political and municipal elections, has given the Radicals and Socialists a dangerous preponderance, for the votes of the Clericals would naturally have been given to the Conservatives, as was shown in the general election of 1904, when although the Papal veto was not removed it was not enforced, and the Socialists were

defeated by the aid of the Clerical vote. This election was a splendid answer to the Socialists, who had endeavoured to paralyse the trade of the country by strikes and riots; it showed the common sense of the masses. The Vatican allowed the different bishops a free hand as to whether they should allow their flocks to vote, according to the political circumstances in each constituency. A Socialist success spelt as great a danger to the Church as to the State. This timely aid, bringing, as it has done, more friendly relations and a better understanding between the Vatican and the Quirinal, makes one understand the vast amount of good that would accrue to the country if the Papal *non expedit* as to voting could be entirely withdrawn.

This, however, cannot be expected for the present, although the election of Pius X., with his well-known Liberal tendencies, and his personal attachment to the House of Savoy, has been regarded as one of the many signs that the Church is slowly moving towards an acceptance of the *status quo*. Who, even amongst the most ardent Roman Catholics, now believes the myth that his Holiness is a prisoner and cannot leave the Vatican? If he is a prisoner it is his own cardinals who are his gaolers.

Of the many serious consequences of this division between Church and State, that affecting marriage is the most to be deplored. Hundreds of poor women in Italy believe themselves to be legally

married by the rite of the Church alone, only to find themselves cast aside after a few years and their children declared illegitimate. If some arrangement could be reached by which, as in England, the ecclesiastical and the civil marriage are equally legal, or that the ecclesiastical rite should not take place without the sanction of the Church, how much misery and shame might be spared to many poor innocent women and children. The Italian law only admits of one legal form of marriage—the civil form—and this is not recognised by the Vatican. Quite lately Pius X. has issued a notice to his clergy, urging that, before the religious rite is performed, they should be satisfied that the civil marriage has already taken place, but it is doubtful whether this will be carried out, as it is regarded by the narrower-minded amongst the faithful as encouraging civil marriages without ecclesiastical benediction.

The Italian Government is open to severe blame for its attitude towards the Church with regard to the schools and the army. No religious education is imparted in the Government schools, nor is a chaplain attached to any of the regiments.

Personally I consider one of the greatest curses of Italy is the lowness of the fees paid at the universities. Of these universities nineteen are subsidised by the Government: three are free. The facility for cheap education results in a superabundance of lawyers, doctors, and engineers crowd-

ing into the already over-stocked market every year. They cannot labour with their hands, and outside the professions—for which the supply is far greater than the demand—they find their education is of no use to them as a means of livelihood. As I have said before, they do not emigrate, and thus in the very heart of the *bourgeoisie*, which is the backbone of every country, there is being formed a class of malcontents which goes to swell the ranks of the Socialists and preaches enmity against the existing form of government. This growing class of disappointed young men naturally regards the Government as the creator of the evils under which it suffers. There is a sad difference between them and their immediate forbears, who rose as one man, willing to sacrifice their lives in the just and great cause of liberty. But the descendants of the patriots are suffering from the hasty legislation of the early days of the Unity, when it was believed that a Parliament could create a Utopia.

Sir Norman Lockyer, in his opening speech at the meeting of the British Association in 1903, urged the advisability of increasing the number of universities in England, and deplored the fact that Great Britain possesses only thirteen of those institutions. I am sure that if Sir Norman lived in Italy he would never have advocated such an increase. I know that the higher education of the masses is advocated everywhere, but its intro-



duction into Italy has had the same effect as teaching a child to run before it can walk. What Italy needs is a thorough system of secondary and technical education, for now the higher education threatens to destroy the working class completely, and to replace it with a class of discontented *fainéants*. I am the first to wish that the poorest, if he has talent, should be given his chance, and this could be more fairly accomplished by increasing the number of free scholarships and at the same time raising the ordinary educational fees. By this method real talent would have every opportunity, whilst those whose mental capacities do not fit them for the intellectual professions would not be dragged from their proper place in the community to swell the number of "failures" that can, in every Italian town, be traced to the wrong system of education.

The effect of this system of over-education can be seen in the number of professional men in the Chamber of Deputies. From the statistics of 1905 Signor Vincenzo di Salvo has drawn up the following table of the members and their occupations:—

Landowners . . . . .	12
Industrial and commercial . . . . .	24
Professional men . . . . .	334
Gentlemen . . . . .	95
Army men . . . . .	17
Public officials . . . . .	16

A certain number of officers are allowed to

enter Parliament without resigning their commissions.

Of the 334 professional men 231 are lawyers, and of the 95 who are described as gentlemen, *i.e.* without a profession, nearly all hold a legal degree.

The English House of Commons gives the following table :—

Landowners . . . . .	132
Industrial and commercial . . . . .	231
Professional . . . . .	107
Army men . . . . .	66
Public officials . . . . .	47

The difference can be seen at a glance, and whereas in the English Parliament the country is fully represented in its chief interests of land and commerce, these interests, which are most vital to Italy, are scarcely voiced at all, with the result that rhetoric takes the place of common sense, and practical laws are prevented from being passed by the personal ambition which sends the Italian professional man to the Chamber of Deputies, not to serve his country, but to increase his own prestige and swell the number of his clients.

One of the greatest banes of Italy is the absolute lack of a proper sense of the importance of truth. This is a greater misfortune to the country than would at first sight appear possible, for it is combined with a very false idea of the limits of commercial honesty, especially in the south. I

remember my brother-in-law, the late Professor Tommasi Crudeli, who was recognised as one of the keenest intellects and most powerful thinkers in Italy, once drawing my attention to this failing of our countrymen, and saying, "Remember, Tina, that if an Englishman tells you a deliberate lie, it is safer to beware of him, and you may put him down as a dishonest man. But if an Italian does so, it has not the same significance, and he may still be considered as quite a respectable member of society."

Guizot, at one of his historical conferences held in Paris, remarked on this only too truly, "Italians are not very great lovers of the truth."

A love of truth is not, alas! instilled by Italian mothers into their children's minds from their earliest years, as it is in England; nor does an Italian mother punish falsehood as it should be punished. Later on in life this brings about doubts, and a want of good faith between man and man, which are especially noticeable in commercial and political intercourse: when these doubts are shared by foreigners, this Italian lack of straightforwardness often hinders good international understanding. There is a subtlety in the Italian mind which rejoices in reservations that border on deceit.

On the other hand, this very national failing strengthens the bonds of friendship and of blood. The relations between friends and between kinsmen

form the basis upon which public and private life are founded, especially in Southern Italy. In no other country does this exist, save perhaps in Spain, and there in a lesser degree. A man's relations with his friends and his family serve as a guarantee of his good faith. Neither the ties of friendship nor of blood are easily broken. Friendships are frequently hereditary between families in a manner that could not be realised in England. Justice, truth, nothing counts in the balance against duty to a friend. A man will invite another to dinner at his house although he believes him to be a murderer. "He is my friend," would be a sufficient explanation for Italians of this extraordinary proceeding. Mr. Frank Hird very ably describes this sentiment in one of his excellent articles of 1904 in the *Morning Post*: "Friendship in Italy has a significance of devotion unknown in this country."

Although the days of hope and struggle were chiefly occupied by plots and counterplots, yet they left their mark upon the literature and music of Italy. They gave the world of letters a Manzoni with his *Promessi Sposi*, a D'Azeglio with his *Ettore Fieramosca*, and the productions of the Italian romantic school, which were the inspirations of patriotism. And what shall we not say of Giusti and his satirical poems, galvanising Tuscany into delirious enthusiasm, and obliging Lamartine to retract his *Terre des Morts* by his vigorous



answer, which ended with this exclamation to his friend, Gino Capponi, "Gino, eravam grandi, e là non eran nati" ("Gino, we were great when they were not even born").

To music those days gave Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and, above all, Verdi.

It may scarcely be worth repeating here that the cry, "Viva Verdi!" was used by the patriots to express "Viva Vittorio Emanuele Re d'Italia!" under the very nose of the police, the letters of the name Verdi, by an odd coincidence, making this acrostic, but it may not be known to all my readers, especially those of the younger generation. My father and mother have often told me of the frantic enthusiasm of this cry when Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes* was given for the first time in the early fifties in Paris, when the Italian exiles and patriots made it the occasion for a great demonstration.

In some of the Italian states the censor would not allow any allusion or reference to be made in the libretti of the operas which could in the least degree be construed into having a political meaning. At the Conservatorio of Santa Cecilia in Rome, now so ably directed by its President, Conte Enrico San Martino, and under whose indefatigable and intelligent care it is yearly increasing in value as a musical college, there is a most interesting collection of libretti, with the alterations made by the censors. In *I Puritani*, for

example, "Suoni la tromba intrepida noi pugnerem da forti, bello è sfidar la morte, gridando Libertà," the last word was considered dangerous, and "Fedeltà" was substituted in its place.

In thus attempting to choke every utterance, in carrying their political suspicions into art and literature, and by countless petty tyrannies which affected the daily life of the people, the authorities undoubtedly hastened the coming of the Unity, the condition of affairs in Italy contrasting so bitterly with the glowing descriptions which the exiles sent home of the freedom and liberty enjoyed by other countries; and nowhere was there greater freedom and liberty than in England. It is due to our pride as Italians to say that no mean advantage was ever taken by our exiles of the privileges they enjoyed in that country.

If the Sicilian rising of 1848 produced no great men, it was characterised by an element rare in revolutions—it was organised by, and composed of, respectable and self-respecting men; the rabble amongst Garibaldi's followers in 1860 was unknown in 1848.

As I have said before, the early risings were everywhere precipitate, with no unity of motive or of action. Tuscany was under a Liberal and easy-going Government, but the Grand Duke was scarcely prepared to hand over his duchy to Carlo Alberto and Piedmont, nor was the Pope willing to yield up the temporal power of Rome. The group

of Republicans under Mazzini and Garibaldi had wished for no king at all. "Legge ma non Re, l'Italia c'e," had been their motto.<sup>1</sup> Carlo Alberto had no understanding with any foreign powers, but if he had been more decided, Lombardy and Venetia might perhaps have been added to his kingdom; as it was, Radetzky was given time to concentrate his troops at the battle of Villafranca, and all was lost.

It was immediately after these events, and during the eleven years of exile, that the patriots gradually realised that Italy must be united under one banner, and that banner the standard of the House of Savoy, the only line of truly Italian kings.<sup>2</sup> Very noble was the silencing of party spirit as time went on, and its merging into the great desire for a free Italy.

Looking back dispassionately on the bitter disappointment of the hopes of the Sicilians in Lord Palmerston in 1849, and recalling to my memory all that I have heard from my parents of the events of those days, I see that, notwithstanding the disillusion, we of Italy must feel the deepest gratitude towards that great man. His sympathy for the Italian cause irritated both his queen and his colleagues; and his courage in allowing arms

<sup>1</sup> I possess a seal belonging to my grandfather, Anichini, which he used in those early days, with these words engraved on it.

<sup>2</sup> London was one of the chief cities where the exiles from North and South Italy met and fraternised at many of the hospitable houses I have mentioned in these Memoirs.



and ammunition to be supplied to the Sicilian insurgents from England can never be forgotten by Italy. He would give no help to the King of Naples, although the British Mediterranean fleet, which was close at hand, could have quelled the insurrection, and restored Sicily to that monarch; nor would he encourage Austria in putting down the risings in Lombardy. It is now known that, in acting as he did towards Italy, Lord Palmerston not only went far beyond the wishes and intentions of his Government, but that he actually jeopardised his own position.

Gradually public opinion in England became roused in favour of Italy, and when Mr. Gladstone, in his memorable articles, published in 1851, drew the attention of the world to the fact that men of gentle birth were lying in chains in the Neapolitan prisons, and were being treated like common felons, purely because of their political views, a wave of sympathy swept through the country. The acceptance of the aid of the small Sardinian contingent in the Crimean War, by England, was regarded by many Italians as an act of kindness, in order that the Italian cause might be popularised amongst the English people. The brave little band, with General Alfonso La Marmora at their head, fraternised at once with the British soldiers, by whom they were much appreciated for their courage, powers of resistance, and a certain



reserve which has caused the Piedmontese to be called "the English of Italy." A great English statesman once said to me, "Italy made us poetise in our politics, which is very unusual for us." And this, I think, was true; certainly as far as individuals were concerned.

How different was the conduct of France, which even now sometimes talks of Italy's ingratitude. I will admit it is possible that Italy might not have been successful in 1859 without the material help of France, but there can be no question of gratitude seeing that France demanded a price for her assistance, and that Italy paid for the hiring of French soldiers with the wealth and people of two provinces, Nice and Savoy, the land of the Piedmontese kings. It was a question of barter arranged by Napoleon and Cavour long before the war with Austria, and the compact was sealed by the marriage of the Princess Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emanuel, to Napoleon's cousin, Prince Jerome Bonaparte.

Napoleon III. undoubtedly had many personal sympathies with the Italian cause—and amongst them, perhaps, was the remembrance that, if Napoleon I. was never an Italian subject, his parents and elder brothers were—but it must not be forgotten that his personal animosity towards Austria played no inconsiderable part in directing his policy. He deeply resented Austria's tardy recognition of his assumption of the imperial crown

by the *coup d'état*, and also the refusal of the hand of one of the archduchesses of the Imperial House of Hapsburg.<sup>1</sup> Infatuated by his greatness, Napoleon forgot his early promises to Italy, and it required Orsini's bomb to bring him back to his engagements—engagements he kept, in return for the territorial aggrandisement of France and the alliance of his family with that of Savoy.

Yet, with all her many drawbacks and the hardships with which she has had to contend, Italy is steadily improving. Many evils are being lessened—this is shown by the present state of her finances. She is slowly recovering from the shock of her Unification. Rome, the capital of these several states, so difficult to amalgamate into one nation, gains yearly in strength and vitality, drawing to herself, as she should, all the best elements in the country, despite the deplorable financial mistakes that have been made in her development.

Whether the monarchy will resist the growing power of Socialism time alone can decide, but Italy must and will live, and the memory of the glorious revolutions, which gave her her independence, must ever remain as a precious inheritance for the descendants of those who fought and suffered for their country. This is the reason which prompted me to write these memoirs of

<sup>1</sup> *Neuf ans de Souvenirs d'un Ambassadeur d'Autriche à Paris sous le 2<sup>e</sup> Empire.* By Baron Hübner.

their grandparents for my girls, that they may ever remember the gratitude Italy owes to the silent help of the English nation (if not to its Government) towards the Unification, and the hospitality, magnanimity, sympathy, and kindness with which the exiles were treated in that truly great and liberal country.

THE END





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